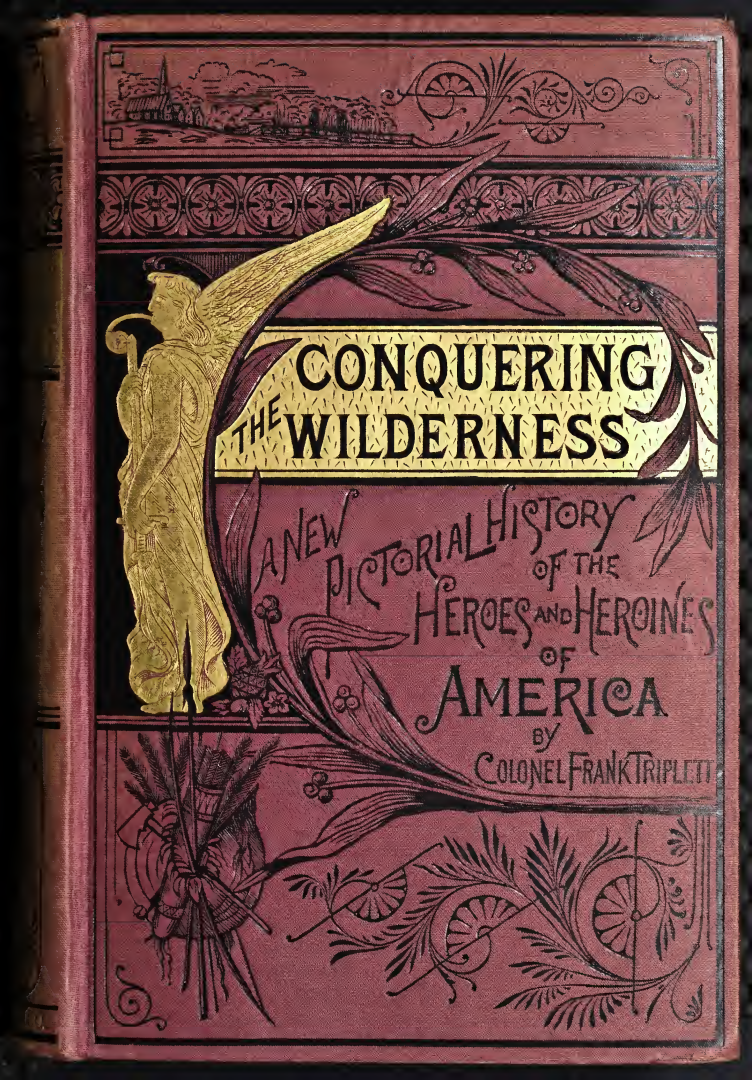

CONQUERING
THE WILDERNESS
A NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE HEROES AND HEROINES OF AMERICA
BY
COLONEL FRANK TRIPLETT

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THE MARCH OF DESTINY
KENTUCKY
CALIFORNIA

CONQUERING THE WILDERNESS;

OR

NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY OF LIFE AND TIMES

OF THE

PIONEER HEROES and HEROINES

OF AMERICA.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF

THE ROMANTIC DEEDS, LOFTY ACHIEVEMENTS

AND

MARVELOUS ADVENTURES

OF

BOONE, KENTON, CLARKE, LOGAN, HARROD, THE WETZEL BROTHERS, THE BRADY
POE, AND THIRTY OTHER CELEBRATED FRONTIERSMEN AND INDIAN FIGHTERS;
CROCKETT, HOUSTON, KIT CARSON, BUFFALO BILL, WILD BILL, AND
ALL THE FAMOUS PLAINSMEN; GRAHAM, SUTTER, MAR-
SHALL. FREMONT, KEARNEY, AND OTHER HISTORIC
NAMES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

WITH

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT; BACKWOODS CAM
MEETINGS, SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS; HEROIC FORTITUDE
AND NOBLE DEEDS OF THE

PIONEER WIVES AND MOTHERS.

FLATBOATING; THE OVERLAND ROUTE AND ITS HORRORS; THE GOLD FEVER AN
FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITIONS; VIGILANCE COMMITTEES; LAFITTE, WALKER,
BRIGHAM YOUNG, ETC.; ECCENTRICITIES AND SELF-SACRIFICING
LABORS OF CARTWRIGHT, AXLEY AND OTHER

CELEBRATED PIONEER PREACHERS

AND DESCRIBING

LIFE AND ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS AND IN THE MINING CAMPS OF TO-DA
INCLUDING HUNTING, TRAPPING, FREIGHTING, RANCHING, HERDING, POST-
TRADING, INDIAN AGENCIES, SCOUTS, GUIDES AND DESPERADOES;
IMMENSE FORTUNES OF WESTERN MILLIONAIRES,
HOW MADE; ETC., ETC.

BY

COLONEL FRANK TRIPLETT,

Author of "Sketches of Western Adventure;" "Prospecting, Assaying and Mining;" "The Enchanted Isle;" "Bebe, a Norman Idyl;" "The Doctor's Daughter;" etc., etc.

WITH **200** PORTRAITS FROM LIFE, AND ORIGINAL AND STRIKING ENGRAVINGS FROM
DESIGNS BY NAST, DARLEY, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS:
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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

In American history there are no more interesting figures than the Heroes and Heroines of the border. Bold, dashing, adventurous and patriotic; loyal to friends, to country and to the interests of society, their work was singularly effective in the advancement of American civilization. Seemingly reckless, their efforts were in the interest of law and order, and the people owe them a debt of gratitude they do not forget. Their page in history is as fascinating as it is honorable, and there is a peculiar pleasure in reading the narrative of their wonderful exploits.

The times which produced these heroes and heroines mark a period in American history of absorbing interest alike to old and young. It is proper that it should be so. These hardy pioneers coupled virtue with courage, humanity and love of country with the stern duties of frontier life and battle, and the example of their lives not only interests but strengthens our faith and admiration in human courage and unselfish purpose.

In American pioneer history there are three distinct eras, marked strongly and clearly by three geographical divisions; from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi constituting the first; from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, the second; California and the Pacific Slope, the third. The settlement of these vast regions developed great leaders, whose achievements have made them justly and widely famous. They have a warm place in the hearts of the people, and a prominent one in their admiration. It is appropriate that their exploits should be recorded.

In the present work not only has vast research been made into all the sources of information regarding "the border" and its heroes and heroines, but the direct and indirect consequences of their actions, their bearing on after-events and in moulding the character of the whole American race have been considered with a philosophic and candid clearness.

With a large and varied experience of plains and mountain life, Colonel Triplett has been able to clear up many of the mysteries that have heretofore hung around both white and savage borderers, and to show forth, in their true colors, the many historic figures that have aided or retarded Western civilization and progress. Stripping the glamour of romance from many long accepted traditions, he has not hesitated to denounce fraud and evil, whether in high or low places, and has fearlessly exposed all of the villainies whose continuance is an outrage upon a great nation.

The field covered by "Conquering the Wilderness" is a wide one, embracing as it does the history of every grade of pioneer; whether of progress, religion, education or conquest. Long forgotten phases of national history are revived, and Walker, the Filibuster; Raousset-Boulbon, the Adventurer; Graham, the Revolutionist; Cartwright, the Revivalist, and other strange forms again fill the stage of action and rehearse the varied exploits that made them famous, or notorious.

Fitzpatrick, Eddie, "Old Bill" Williams, Gordon, Colter, Jack Morrow, and others of the true pioneers of Plains and Mountains—the details of whose lives were gathered by the author amongst the villages of the savages and in the camps of hunters, trappers, gold seekers, and elsewhere beyond the limits of civilization—are here for the first time introduced to those who owe so much to their daring and adventurous spirit.

The subject is one in which the author has delineated the truths of history with thrilling descriptions of battle and adventure, many of which came under his own observation, and in not a few of which he participated. Charming descriptions of sublime and beautiful scenery, laughable occurrences, affecting incidents, pathetic scenes and terrible combats follow each other in rapid succession, and the interest of the reader is never permitted to flag. On laying down the book, every one will doubtless call to mind the old but true saying: "Truth is stranger than fiction;" for although in the entire volume there is not a single fictitious incident recorded, yet the most vivid pen pictures of the master spirits of romance "pale their ineffectual fires" before the thrilling recital of this "o'er true tale."

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PART I.

From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi.

THE ERA OF COLONIZATION.

"Draw him strictly, so
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame."

DRYDEN.

INTRODUCTORY.

CHAPTER I.

HARDY HEROES.

THE PIONEER OF CIVILIZATION——THE MOUND-BUILDER——RELICS OF A PRIOR CIVILIZATION——THE HEROISM OF THE PIONEER——THE MISSION OF THE INDIAN——A DOOMED RACE——COOPER'S SAVAGES——THE AMERICAN ISHMAELITE——HIS WERFARE——IDEAL INDIANS——KENTUCKY——THE SIGN MANUAL OF THE RED MAN——THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE——OUTRAGE AND MURDER——EXTINCTION.

That the position occupied by those brave and hardy men, whose gallant struggles gave to civilization so vast an extent of territory, and through whose heroism and terrible privations was prepared the way for the church, the school, the temple of justice and the other institutions, which enlightenment brings in her train to ameliorate all conditions of society, was a noble one, no one doubts or denies, but the efforts to depict the lives, deeds and aims of these men have, so far, proved alike inaccurate and unhappy. All of these have been characterized chiefly by dryness of detail and have either been devoted to unbounded praise or unlimited blame, and hence have fallen short of truth and justice.

To accomplish the purpose of these attempts, it is necessary that one should not only have been amongst them, but of them—to have been in some manner identified in their aims, to have shared their hardships and to have triumphed with them over difficulties and dangers. Rude and unlettered, as were the most of these rugged heroes of an era without a parallel in the world's history for desperate daring and godlike endurance, they should be given as high a niche in the temple of fame as our more cultivated, but not more deserving, patriots. Ere the destroying hand that sweeps over the all-embracing dial of time has erased alike all record of the courage of the hero and the trembling of the coward, it is not only a duty, but should be a pleasure, to place aright upon historic annals the deeds and aims of our pioneers. Such a task has long

been in contemplation by the writer, and the present is its culmination.

There very naturally exists an undying interest in the heroic and manifestly unselfish work of Boone, Kenton, Brady and Clarke—of Fitzpatrick, Sublette, Leo Pallardy, and Carson—of Austin, Travis, Bowie, Bean, and their comrades, and in the present endeavor to satisfy that commendable curiosity, and to set forth in their true light the remarkable lives and exploits of these men, we feel that we not only render a willing though tardy justice to their memories, but also fulfill a duty toward all who desire to perpetuate with accuracy the varying phases of life and adventure, that have characterized the different periods of American development. To do this intelligently, it will be necessary to take a brief and impartial, but comprehensive view of the condition and conduct of the two warring races in their combats and treaties with each other, as well as of the other relations brought about by the iron hand of destiny.

Preceding the advent of the Anglo-Norman upon the American continent, we find that it had already been the scene of battles, in which the Mound-Builder had annihilated an inferior race, and in turn had himself gone to the wall in a war of extermination, the only warfare ever waged by the savage clans of the implacable red man. To what height the civilization of the Mound-Builder had attained, at the time of his unavailing struggles and final extinction, but a few fragments of carved and colored pottery and more or less extensive fortifications attest, but as these are always an evidence of a fair degree of progress, we know that they were immensely superior to the brutal savages who succeeded them.

Implements of copper, tempered to the hardness and elasticity of our best steel, and gigantic tumuli, constructed with geometric regularity, give additional evidence of the advancement of one or more races prior to the Indian. Annihilated by the swarming hordes of their barbarous enemies, whose origin is, and doubtless will ever remain, wrapped in impenetrable mystery, the subject for vague speculation and unsatisfied conjecture, the latter were destined to make way for the superior energy and higher mental and physical attributes of the white man, who seems ordained by Providence to dominate the world.

To the speculative philosopher there is no more alluring field for the exercise of legitimate conjecture, than the examination of this subject of American civilization, which seems to have alternately risen and fallen, as the waves upon the broad bosom of the ocean,



DANIEL BOONE IN EARLY MANHOOD.

and the conclusions reached by the intelligent mind point plainly to the fact that this civilization was not the work of chance, nor carried out by any, save agents especially chosen and trained for the service. For instance, if anything can be said to be certain, in a

world so fallible as this, we may surely assume that such men as Boone, Kenton, and Clarke did not, by accident, stumble into the places filled by them, as no others could have filled them. Their determination to persevere against the most terrible odds, and their preservation in the midst of countless dangers seem, the one, the result of inspiration—the other, almost, if not quite, miraculous.

Upheld by the consciousness of their mission, we see them boldly, almost rashly (if the inspirations of destiny can be rash), daring the horrors of defeat, capture and death at the hands of their savage enemies, whose superior numbers alone would, with most men at least, have caused a hesitation, which would have been as fatal to the purpose for which they struggled, as would the most cowardly inaction. The souls of these hardy heroes seemed ever to be upheld, as if by the inspiring strains of martial music, and, like the "Lion-Hearted" Richard, amid the scorching sands of Palestine, they beat off the swarms of their opponents, as though they were giants battling with pigmies.

Tallyrand is said to have remarked to some one, who spoke of the wonderful military success of Napoleon, that his firmly fixed belief in the unsetting "star of his destiny" was worth to him five hundred thousand men, in his single-handed combat against the combined nations of Europe, and so to these lesser known, but none the less heroic men, the consciousness of the duty they had to perform was at all times a noble stimulus to prevent the flagging energy and the faltering faith.

Some may sneer at the daring comparison of these "homespun heroes" with the brilliant Emperor of France, whose wonderful career dazzled the eyes of the world and revolutionized modern Europe, and whose imprint, to this day, has never been effaced from the nations, over whose destinies he wielded an influence almost omnipotent. Of such cavilers I would ask if the men, who gave directly to civilization the vast territory lying between the Alleghenny Mountains and the Mississippi River, and indirectly the whole of the boundless West, are not worthy of all honor? This grand empire, fed by a hundred broad rivers, and blooming with the beauty and fertility of its lovely valleys, capable of maintaining the united peoples of Europe, and destined to equal them in population, was certainly as grand a conquest as those of the daring Corsican, and made against odds a hundred-fold more desperate.

As it was his destiny to wipe out the effete thrones and rotten dynasties of the Old World, so it was theirs to supplant the useless and barbarous tribes of the red man with the arts and industries of the Caucasian, in the New.

It does not seem overbold to say, that the mission of the Indian on this continent had been fulfilled, upon the arrival of the European, and while the sentimentalist may lament his picturesqueness, that has departed forever, yet the humanitarian can hardly deplore the fact that an era of enlightenment has succeeded to one of savagery, and that the spear of the hunter has vanished before the plough-share of the agriculturalist.

It is also safe, we think, to say that the red race was a doomed one, even had the white man never set foot upon the shores of the Western continent, as the internecine warfare of tribe against tribe would have eventually exterminated them without his aid or intervention. This view may be somewhat novel, but it is most certainly borne out by the facts, for the Cavalier, in Virginia, and the Roundhead, at Plymouth Rock, found small, fragmentary tribes, that wars, massacres, and pestilences, had already reduced to mere handfuls. Unprolific, improvident, living by the chase and building no permanent habitations, they were liable at any time to become the sport of misery and mischance, the prey of cold and famine. Subject to the ravages of disease, their sole remedial measures were those of the superstitious in all ages, the howling incantations of magicians and medicine-men.

In addition to these causes of decrease, we find that the bow and arrow were their sole missile weapons, and thus their wars of any magnitude must have invariably been settled by the club and stone battle-axe, and any reader of history knows how bloody and bitter has ever been the warfare of nations fighting in hand-to-hand combat.

If it were necessary to offer justification for the establishment of civilization at the cost of a war, in which moral has triumphed over physical force, and enlightenment over barbarism, a thousand excuses strong and valid stand ready to the mind of the moralist, as the following facts prove. In spite of the beautifully drawn and charmingly colored word pictures of Cooper and other novelists, we know that the Indian, with but rare exceptions, was singularly devoid of any traits of humanity and magnanimity, and thoroughly

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THE STRUGGLE AGAINST DESTINY.

imbued with the passion for war and bloodshed. We find him just what we have every reason to expect of a brutal savage, a murdering marauder, and a truer Ishmaelite, than he of the African deserts, "his hand against every man."

The Apache of our Southwestern border and of Old Mexico does not differ in anything, save language and habitat, from the Leni-Lenape of the Atlantic Coast. A chasm of a hundred years lies between the warfare of the one and that of the other, and yet it has changed in nothing, gained in nothing. As in the day of the pilgrim, the wretched captive is subjected to all the tortures that a fiendish ingenuity can invent, and a brutal nature carry out. Joining to the ferocity of the tiger, the cunning of the fox, his warfare is not the open combat of the Caucasian, but the midnight attack with all of its attendant horrors of robbery, rapine and murder. Lacking the unyielding nerve and the indomitable courage of the superior race, he depends invariably on the sudden surprise, the fatal ambush, or overwhelming numbers; and but seldom dares a bold trial of military skill and manly courage in the fair field, and yet, in spite of all his strategy, his struggle has ever been that of man against unconquerable destiny.

The maudlin sentimentalist has deplored in prose and verse the hard fortune of the Indian, whom he pictures as an ideal character of unlettered wisdom, unbounded courage and unparalleled magnanimity, a being of noble mien and majestic mind, one, in fact,

> "Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man."

Truth and a more intimate acquaintance with this "paragon of animals" compel us, however, to doubt his lordly attributes, and on nearer view he is seen to be filthy in person, speech and action; cowardly in conduct; selfish in feeling; brutal in mind, and false in everything. The claims of his apologists, that he has been rendered savage by the injustice of those with whom he has come in contact, and who have in every instance spoiled and degraded him, would speak but poorly for the honesty and generosity of the white race, but happily it is easily proved that such assertions are utterly false.

If we take Kentucky as an example of the dealings between the two races, we find that the following are the facts in the case. This

territory was a neutral land, held by none of the Indians in severalty, but used by all of them as a common hunting-ground. Visited by the Shawnese, Mingoes, Miamics, and all of the Northwestern tribes, and by the Cherokees of the South and their allies, none of them made the slightest exclusive claim to it, and by a tacit consent not a single permanent wigwam was set up in this extensive territory, used only as a hunting-ground, and known, from the bloody broils between the various tribes, as "the dark and bloody ground."

This sanguinary title was a well deserved one, for, like the proverbial Irishman at Donnybrook, who could not resist the chance of hitting a head, no matter who might be its owner, so these savages, in their thirst for blood, never lost an opportunity.of slaughtering any weaker party of Indians, whom they might encounter.

Unable of course to convey any valid title to this territory, we find it sold first by one tribe and then another, and these sales ratified by solemn treaties in ceremonious councils, from which the Indians stole away to assassinate the purchaser, to whom they had so lately extended their hands and hospitality and with whom they had smoked the pipe of peace. Lacking the fidelity of the robber races of the desert, we find that the only "burying of the hatchet," which could be safely calculated upon at all times, was that it would be buried in the brain of the defenseless and unarmed at every opportunity.

On account of these sales, it will be seen that the charge so often made against Boone, Kenton and the other pioneers, that they were trespassers upon Indian territory, when they began the colonization of Kentucky, is a false accusation. Boone, in fact, made his first excursion, for the purpose of settlement, under the auspices of Henderson, who had purchased from the Cherokees and who certainly had a right to survey and people his honestly acquired lands.

In that day, as in this, the selfish avarice of the Indian prompted him to a willingness to despoil his future generations, in order that he might gratify his present appetites and then, equally as now, his innate duplicity made him indifferent to the bonds of his most solemn treaties and obligations. Continuing the traditions of the relations between the white man and the red, we find, at the present time, that the brutal savage has his apologists and instigators, though these now

differ somewhat from those who undertook that office in the pioneer days of the West. Then it was the renegade white man, like Girty



A SAVAGE PARADISE—INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA.

and McKee—now it is the thieving Indian Agent, his ally the trader, and their rascally following of brutal half-breeds and degraded whites.

Some innocent but misinformed apologists, too, may be found in the cities of the East who mourn his banishment from his paradise in the Florida swamps, or Kentucky forests, for there the Uncases and Wingemunds are known only as the god-like creations of Cooper's pages, and not as the remorseless fiends, whose lust and brutality have marked the West with trails of blood and agony, and who have left behind them, on mountain and in vale, their accursed sign manual in the mangled corpses of murdered men and hellish pollution of outraged women.

Mellowed by the wonderful enchantment of distance, and, let us not neglect to add, safety, these truths do not horrify the urban moralist, who utters his plaintive protest against the gradual extinction of savage grandeur and nobility and longs for its reinstatement, but to the lonely miner amid the mountain peaks of far-off Arizona, or to the solitary settler on the Comanche-cursed plains of sunny Texas, a lament for the extirpation of the dreaded rattlesnake, or the extermination of the skulking panther, would seem fully as appropriate.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST DESTINY.

SAVAGE IDIOSYNCRACIES —— "AGAINST HIS MEDICINE" —— A CELEBRATED FRENCH DUELIST——ERRONEOUS IDEAS——THE RESULT OF HEREDITARY INSTINCTS——CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH OF VIRGINIA——MENTAL QUALITIES——THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION——SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY——THE ANGLO-NORMAN——THE BATTLING OF CHILDREN AGAINST GIANTS——THE CHRISTIANS' CREEDS——MORAL SUASION——BRUTE FORCE——HOSPITALITY——NO REDEEMING TRAITS——THE KENTUCKY PIONEERS——THE MARCH OF DESTINY——OPENING UP THE WILDERNESS——FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

To justify the expression of opinion—given in the introduction—which to some may seem harsh, I would state that these ideas were not gathered from hearsay, nor the evidence of others, but are the results of personal observations made during an intimate acquaintance and companionship with the Indians, and of which observations notes were taken upon the spot, for the purpose to which they are now applied. I know that these statements traverse in many things, yes, in most, the opinions of Eastern writers—who so far have monopolized the subject of Western and Indian life and manners—but they may be relied on as correct. To the man unacquainted with the Indian's language, habits and modes of thought, the most intelligent descriptions of his daily life would fail to convey a full and intelligent comprehension of savage idiosyncracies, and only the dweller amongst them can trace to its proper source, the instigation of his deeds, or the inward motive upon which he has acted.

Interwoven with his traditions, and with his very existence, are superstitions and manners, that form the basis of his seeming eccentricities and his unfathomed beliefs. Murder with him depends often upon a whim, or an omen, and a bloody war may result from an unintentional offense against his "medicine." This medicine being an individual adoption of each savage, it is impossible—at all times—to avoid offending against it, as it is never alike in the case of any two of them. I have read nearly every book bearing upon the Indian subject, and have been forced to the conclusion that it is an absolute impossibility for the man, who has not, mingled with

them, to place himself *en rapport* with them. They lack that subtle free masonry of commingling, which alone overcomes an intangible, but nevertheless an otherwise impassable boundary.

"I never like a man, till I have fought him," said a celebrated French duelist, "for until then I never understand him." This is especially true of the American Indian; to understand him, you must have fought him, hunted and trapped with him, slept in his lodge, and joined in his forays. Then his secret thoughts become yours, and you learn to appreciate at his true worth, or want of it, this tawny robber and stoic murderer. Until then, he is a sealed book, or a riddle to which the key has been lost. Of course there are some exceptions to the opinions herein expressed, as every general rule has them, and I am only too glad to admit it—would they were more frequent.

It has long been my intention to endeavor to correct, in some measure, the erroneous ideas so generally prevalent, and no time seems more fit than the present, when these savage marauders are being as rapidly as possible collected upon reservations, and their hostilities and their habits, in a state of unbounded freedom, will soon have passed into history. From the hand, that has wielded rifle and trap upon the plains, and pole-pick and gold-pan in the mountains, may not flow the honied graces of the sentimental scribblers, who paint ideal Indians and benevolent Indian-Agents, but it will honestly record the life of plains and mountains, as seen in the lodge of the Indian, the tent of the prospector and the camp of the trapper.

If we seek for the causes which make the American a being of migratory habits, with no love of place and wanting in the Englishman's strong affection for the home of his forefathers, they are easily found, and like the migrations of birds and other animals, are the results of hereditary instincts. This may not seem clear to the reader, especially since he knows that the earliest ancestors of the Americans were English. That we grant, but they were English adventurers; the brave, the enterprising, the dissatisfied and the restless in all ranks of life, for we find that the first settlers of this continent were younger brothers, discharged soldiers, retired officers, venturesome sailors; men of all arts and trades, of every profession and degree, except staid burgers, and those representatives of the benefits of a law of primogeniture, the eldest brothers.

Look at a representative character of that day, Captain John Smith, of Virginia! Here was a man, whose actual deeds far exceed the ideal exploits of any of the heroes of romance; who had fought in every quarter of the globe, and whose restless spirit had at last led him to the New World, that he might find novel fields of adventure and benefit his countrymen, while gathering additional laurels for himself. How many more might we not name, who added to desperate valor a restless spirit, that, to use a Hibernianism, found peace only in war, and rest only in action?



PRESENT VIEW OF THE BATTLE FIELD OF THE BLUE LICKS.

Descended from such sires, their posterity inherited their mental qualities, as well as their physical characteristics, and as restlessly as their fathers, they pressed ever forward toward the novel and the dangerous boundaries of the unknown wildernesses. Nothing proved so great a lure to them as an exploration, where excitement was tinctured with danger, and how far they carried their love of adventure is shown by the perils they dared and the difficulties they encountered and overcame in that hunter's paradise, denominated by the red man Kan-tuck-ee.

Pouring across the Alleghanies in a flood, at first insignificant, the tide of immigration may not be inaptly compared to a leak in one

of the dykes of Holland. At first a few drops trickle slowly through the mighty barrier, but as the hours go by, these tiny drops become a flowing stream. Their volume increases with every beat of the clock—with every pulsation of the sea—and at last confident of their terrible power, with a hoarse roar they burst all bonds, overleap all boundaries and rushing madly on, in a resistless tide, sweep away every obstacle, and deluge the shuddering earth.

In the settlement of Kentucky, we find first Findley, then Boone, Harrod, Kenton, Clarke,—the multitude. The first were like the spies in Canaan, their tales led on their comrades; the solitary camp grew into the block-house, the block-house into the larger



BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

post, the post into the fort, with proper walls and bastions. These in turn were replaced by villages, and later these last gave way to the towns and cities. All the while the Indian fought stubbornly against his manifest destiny and did not fail to add torture to death, in order to preserve his hunting grounds and the graves of his fathers. Idle hope: the Anglo-Norman was not the pliant Mound-Builder, as he was to learn to his cost, and his time had come to give way to a race, to whom the Almighty, in his inscrutable omniscience, has given the domination of his brother tribes of men.

All other peoples must serve this, or must be displaced by it. The handwriting was plain upon the wall, but the savage could not, or would not, read it. His purposeless warfare of hatred and

revenge was as the battling of children against giants, and its end decreed ages before the arrival of the white man upon his shores. His destiny had been accomplished, he lingered supurfluous upon the scene, and now he must make way for the superior race, and his barbarism must go down before the grand forces of civilization. Is it possible that anyone can regret the result?

The fertile valleys, which could at best supply the game for a few hundreds of wandering savages, were to teem with thousands of husbandmen, and the miserable wigwams and lodges of the Indians were to be displaced by happy homes, where peace was the theme and love the motive, instead of hate and war. Where the miserable savage, in his indolence, paid no heed to the passing hours, there were to spring up industries, that would benefit the world, and where his superstition made him the prey of gloomy prejudices and of horrible sacrifices, there was to arise the pure and noble fabric of the Christian's creeds; the gentle worship of "the lowly Nazarene."

As the eating cancer must needs call forth the kindly surgeon's knife, so too were harsh measures necessary to substitute, for the evils of barbarism, the benefits of civilization. No moral suasion would force the Indian to honor as sacred his solemn treaties; no regard for truth, keep him to the line of honesty in his dealings with the white man. Commiseration he repaid with treachery, and forbearance with midnight murder. His virtues, as well as his vices, were those of a child grown to a man's stature.

He could never comprehend that any being could or would rely on aught save brute force, in his dealings with others weaker than himself. He could never learn truth and honor, either as a policy or a principle, and ever regarded theft as a legitimate acquisition of property.

His bravery was not the steady, enduring courage of the Caucasian, but the fierce, sudden ebullition of the beast, that makes its mad rush and, if it does not carry all before it, retires to make another spring at some future time. Unlike the desert's Bedouins, hospitality, tendered or accepted by the Indian, carried with it nothing of sacredness or protection. Unlike every other nation, he spared neither infancy, sex nor age, in his cruel warfare, and utterly without magnanimity, made horrid tortures the prelude to the death of his prisoners.

In vain we search for any virtues to counterbalance the hideousness of his crimes, for if we except his love of offspring—shared in

common with the fiercest brutes—we find no redeeming traits in his character. His seeming patriotism, in battling for the soil, was merely a selfish consideration for its value as a hunting ground ; his so-called eloquence a noisy flux of words.

"Look upon this picture and on this."

His opponent in the lists, wherein christian civilization stood pitted against pagan barbarism, was an instrument in the hands of Providence worthy of all admiration. If we take Boone as the type of the Kentucky pioneers, we find in him united the philosophy of the stoic, the courage of the demi-god, the firm purpose of the



OLD ROYAL STREET AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

statesman, and the humanity of the Christian. Confident of his mission from the Almighty to colonize Kentucky, no hardships could daunt him, no dangers turn him from his path. No Roman, in Rome's grandest days, was ever more the slave of duty than Boone ; no hero of ancient Greece ever more willingly surrendered all of ease and comfort, that he might benefit his nation.

Brave in action, ready in expedient, wise in council and modest in speech, Boone stands forth a true representative of his people and his class. With no thirst for slaughter, all the outrages of the Indians brought from these men of the heroic Anglo-Norman blood

no retaliation in kind. When they warred, it was upon men ; when they killed, it was in the heat of battle. At no time could the combat between two such races have ever been doubtful. The white man might for a while be retarded in his onward progress, but his march was the march of destiny; his footsteps, those of fate.

That such men have left their imprint not only on their own time, but have transmitted to their posterity their traits and their peculiarities, is not to be doubted. Everywhere we find their descendants men free of heart and noble of soul. Hospitality with them is a duty, and readiness to assist any one in distress as natural to their hearts, as is the warm blood coursing through their veins. Brave even to recklessness and somewhat too ready to avenge an insult, they are yet kind and chivalrous to all, and to such men much of rashness may easily be forgiven. As ready as were their fathers, to venture when danger or excitement was the incentive, we find them opening up the wilderness to settlement, trading and trapping in the midst of hostile Indians, and in the distant Sierras forcing nature's strong box, and rifling it of the treasures she has deeply locked in her rock-ribbed vaults.

Whether on the sandy plains, that stretch their arid expanse beneath the blistering suns of summer, or upon the towering crags and awful chasms of the snow-clad mountains, we find them ever the same—fearless, frank and free. And nobly do these men continue the purposes of their fathers. Without them to-day, we would have no broad and boundless West—the grandest empire the world ever saw. Without their spirit to have planned and pushed our conquest, the close of the Revolutionary war would have found the United States comprised within the bounds east of the Apalachian Range, and all of the rest of our broad territory in possession of the English, French and Spaniards. Had not the hardy pioneers of Kentucky grown impatient of their limits and, pushing up the steep walls of the Alleghanies, burst into the unknown lands beyond, who can doubt but that our boundaries and our destinies might now be widely different from their vast stretch from ocean to ocean; that grand expanse, of such extent that, as DeQuincy quaintly says, "the moon must grow weary in its long course over this enormous continent."

CHAPTER III.

THE INDIANS AND THEIR BRITISH ALLIES.

DARING DISPOSITION OF THE KENTUCKY PIONEERS——THE EXPLORATION OF FINDLEY——THE INHERITED LOVE OF LIBERTY——CONQUEST ON KENTUCKY AND THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY——A SOURCE OF REGRET——OUR VANISHED HEROES——A POWER SECOND TO NONE—— THE WONDER OF THE WORLD——THE TREASURES OF WEALTH AND ART——TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE——CAPACITIES FOR PRODUCTION——THE YOUNG REPUBLIC OF THE NEW WORLD——OUR REVENUES——THE ARBITER OF THE WORLD'S DESTINIES.

Had not Kentucky, first, then Illinois and Ohio, been wrenched from the grasp of the Indians and their British allies, by the adventurous spirit of the pioneers, the Americans would have been cooped up in the narrow territory lying along the Atlantic sea-board and within our present bounds we should now have witnessed the establishment of three, if not four, nations. The unity of our nationality is due to the aggressive and adventurous spirit of these pioneers, whom no dangers could deter, no numbers appal, and before whom not only the savage Indian, but the imperious Briton, the haughty Spaniard and the gallant Frenchman were forced to retire.

If this is conceded, and it cannot be truly denied, it will be seen that the daring disposition of the Kentucky pioneers gave to the United States the richest domain ever acquired by any nation since the world began; a territory not only rich in its unbounded possibilities of products, herds and manufactures, but teeming with the actual wealth of gold and silver in such quantity as was never before dreamed of.

How momentous was the exploration of Findley and the determination of Boone will forever remain a subject of speculation, and of speculation only, but this much we may know with absolute certainty, that it changed the boundaries and the plans of four nations, the grandest on the globe, and blessed one of them with treasures far exceeding those

"Of Ormus or of Ind."

How far ambition may lead the possessors of this vast territory, when the density of its population shall nearly equal that of Europe,

is—happily for us—still in the womb of the future, but let us hope that it will not win us from the republican simplicity, (not only of manners but of government) of those, whose blood and toil and tears gave to us the mighty heritage. The fears of the ultra-timid, that some ambitious ruler may assume the purple and on the ruins of our republic may build up an empire, need cause no fear, until



INDIANS AND BRITISH RENEGADE MAKING A CAPTURE.

the purity of our ancestors' blood is drowned in a strain of that of the servile subjects of Old World monarchies. Thus are we indebted to these noble pioneers, not only for the grandeur of our territory, but also for the inherited love of liberty, that has made us freemen and will keep us free.

So much we have been led to say concerning the general history of the conquest of Kentucky and the northwestern territory, merely by way of prelude to the histories of Boone, Kenton, Clark and others of the pioneers, whose deeds speak for themselves, and whose plainest, most matter-of-fact recital exceeds in interest the imaginary exploits of the novelists' heroes. Kennedy, the novelist, once asked a gentleman to select for him the subject of a novel, and was advised to take the life of Captain John Smith and give it in all its truth, merely disguising names, places and dates. "It would not do," said Kennedy, "not a single reader but would pronounce it improbable—even beyond the bounds of the possible. No, sir, it would not do!" What better proof do we need that "truth is stranger than fiction, when a novelist, whose business it is to manufacture exciting situations and dramatic incidents, acknowledges that he would not dare to serve to his readers a true history of one of the pioneers of America, for fear his readers might cry out: "the novel is not life-like, its characters are improbable, its incidents impossible."

How truly wonderful then must have been the lives of these men, of whom we know scarcely one exploit in ten of their performance! An old friend, who was familiar with Boone in his latter days, once told me that "whenever the old man, (Boone), would get in a good way of talking he was continually alluding—in an incidental way—to various exploits," which my friend had never seen in print, and which Boone seemed to think were hardly worthy of mention. It will always remain a source of regret that fuller materials do not exist, for sketches of these hardy heroes, but their deeds have been handed down chiefly by oral tradition and in the eyes of their actors seemed of so little moment, that no pains were taken to preserve them, and, even in their own families, they were suffered to be forgotten.

Years hence, when the Indian has ceased to be a problem in our political economy, and when his race shall have vanished forever from our borders, every tradition of this frontier warfare will be warmly cherished, and any token of Indian or of pioneer, will be eagerly sought for and as carefully treasured. Then will admiring historians point with pride to the legends of our vanished heroes, more truly demi-gods, than the Grecian braves who sailed with Jason for the Golden Fleece, or battled with bold Achilles beneath the fated walls of Troy.

It should cause us gratitude as a people and pride as a nation, when we reflect on the wondrous achievements, that less than a century has brought to us. In all the records of history we find no parallel. The puny colonies, that put their trust in the God of battles, and opposed the righteousness of their cause and their weakness to the strength and resources of the grandest people the world has ever seen since the days of mighty Macedon and ancient Rome, have become a power second to none. The trading posts and petty villages of that day are now proud cities, smiling with beauty and adorned



HORSE-SHOE KENNEDY, THE NOVELIST.

with all that wealth can give. Where then the unbroken forest spread its leafy masses of verdure and the tangled weeds and grasses of the prairie held undisputed sway, the land is smiling with its wealth of fragrant orchards and its fields of golden grain.

Vast manufactories, institutions of learning, navy yards, railroads and every form and mode of wealth and industry have blessed us beyond anything ever known before. The land is filled with riches, and stately homes now mark the site of Indian camp and

wigwam. Our products serve the nations, and our granaries feed the world. Less than one hundred years ago Louisville, then known as the Falls of the Ohio, was a rendezvous for Indian expeditions, for traders and for boatmen—to-day she counts her population by the hundreds of thousands; Chicago, a rude fort, situated in the midst of a low swamp, was then deemed hardly fit for human habitation—to-day her people number half a million. St. Louis, then a French trading post, now boasts a wealth, a trade and a population, the wonder of the world. Cincinnati, or, as it was then known, Fort Washington, now airs her graces as the Paris of America, outbidding metropolitan New York for favorite musicians, and numbers close to two hundred and fifty thousand people within her borders.

Kansas City, over whose site, less than three quarters of a century ago, the wild deer bounded, and upon whose penitentially steep hills the pensive Indian sat and brooded over his races' ill-starred destiny, is to-day a miniature Chicago, full of energy, alive with industry, and having over half a hundred thousand inhabitants. Memphis, which then existed only in the possibilities of the glorious future, has planted upon the Chickasaw Bluffs fifty thousand people, and New Orleans, the paradise of the keelboatman, with its quaint Creoles and its haughty Spaniards, has, since it was gathered under "the protecting wings of the American eagle," become a port, at whose crescented wharves ride hundreds of steamers, floating the flags of every nation, and enriching the land with the blessings of commerce. Galveston, the site of the capitol of the Baratarian pirate, Lafitte, has from a single bastioned fort, with its collection of rude huts, become a beautiful city, along whose glorious stretch of beach dash hosts of carriages freighted with beauty, and whose vessels reach every port of the civilized world and pour into her lap the treasures of wealth and art.

American tools cut down the rich timbers of the South American forests; American implements till the fertile fields of sunny France; American pork feeds the toilers of the German Vaterland; American beef sustains the brawny sons of Old England, thus bringing to pass the proverb of "carrying coals to New Castle." American locomotives pull the trains of Australia; American dentists pull and plug the teeth of royalty. On every hand the inventive genius of

the American is exhibited, and the first century of American independence has made our country one of the grandest on the globe, and with possibilities far beyond those of combined insular and continental Europe. Another hundred years will have given us nearly if not quite two hundred millions of people, and placed American art, arms and commerce in the van of the world.

Already the enormous public debt, counting into the billions, is being rapidly extinguished, while that of every other nation of the world increases. While kingdoms and empires seek for new modes of increasing their revenues, and their tax-burdened people turn to riot and nihilism, as a remedy for distress and starvation, we ponder on what few articles should still be subject to revenue burdens, so as to relieve the too great accumulation of specie in the governmental vaults—and all this in despite of the fact that half the nations of Europe export to our shores, from the tumbling rookeries of their cities' slums, their thieves, paupers, vagrants and other non-producers. Such capacities for production and such material wealth the world has never before seen.

The gilded empires of Persia, Rome and Greece, in their most glorious eras, when enriched with the spoils of all the then known world, did not begin to compete with the young Republic of the New World, whose shores are laved by the two broad oceans, and whose soil produces every known form of fruit and grain and staple, from those of the fiery tropics to those of Northern Europe. Her lakes are inland seas, her rivers giant arteries, whose throbs bear onward to the outer oceans the grain and meat to feed the world, and the fabrics with which to clothe them. Kentucky furnishes her graded blue grass horses to mount the cavalry of England and France; Missouri sends them her corn-fed mules to haul their heavy artillery, and Texas, the cattle to supply their commissariat. The American hog is rapidly replacing the German porker, in spite of the frenzied efforts of Bismark—the greatest hog of this or any other time—to exclude him.

In 1783 our trade was nothing, our exports nothing, our inventions nothing. Let us see what they are in 1883. By the census of 1880 we find that our yearly imports then amounted to a value of seven hundred and fifty-three millions, two hundred and forty thousand, one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Our exports for that year made up the enormous sum of nine hundred and twenty-one

millions, seven hundred and eighty-four thousand, one hundred and ninety-three dollars. Our revenues, amounting to four hundred and eighty-six millions, nine hundred and forty-nine thousand, four hundred and twenty-three dollars yearly, were rapidly reducing our public debt, which in that year amounted to two billions, one hundred and twenty millions, four hundred and fifteen thousand, three hundred and seventy dollars. Six hundred millions of the debt had been extinguished in a few years.

The civil war had cost the country six billions, five hundred millions of dollars, and yet she was then and is now the most prosperous nation that the wide circling sun, in all his course, shines upon; increasing yearly in wealth, inventions, grandeur and population. The feeble people of 1780, struggling under difficulties, and jeered at by the nations of the globe, in 1880 possessed a population of fifty millions, one hundred and fifty-five thousand, seven hundred and eighty-three, and her commercial importance was second only to that of combined Europe. This is, in brief, the advance made by the United States in a period of less than one hundred years;—what prophet will dare predict the limits of her greatness in another century? With a population then of two hundred millions of people and bounded only, if she choose, by the limits of the North American continent, the traditional power and grandeur of ancient Greece and Rome will fade into insignificance, and there are those alive to-day, who will live to see this nation the arbiter of the worlds' destinies.

CHAPTER IV.

DANIEL BOONE.

THE TYPICAL PIONEER——HIS CHARACTER——HIS DEFENSIVE WARFARE——"THIS WAS A MAN"——DATE OF BIRTH——ANCESTRY——HIS LOVE OF ADVENTURE ——HIS COURAGE——TWO ANECDOTES——THE YOUNG HERMIT——THE PANTHER——HIS EDUCATION——THE LORE OF THE HUNTER——UNKNOWN HEROES——WOODCRAFT——MOVES TO NORTH CAROLINA——MARRIES REBECCA BRYAN——HIS CHILDREN——THEIR FATES——HUNTING EXCURSIONS ——FINDLEY THE DISCOVERER OF KENTUCKY——BOONE GOES TO KENTUCKY——A GLORIOUS SIGHT——DEER AND BUFFALO——FINDLEY'S QUESTION——CAPTURE OF BOONE AND STUART——THEIR ESCAPE——FATE OF THEIR COMRADES——ARRIVAL OF BOONE'S BROTHER——STUART KILLED AND SCALPED——HORRIBLE DEATH OF A COMRADE——BOONE'S BROTHER DEPARTS FOR NORTH CAROLINA——BOONE ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Daniel Boone probably better represents the typical pioneer of his day, the era of colonization, than any of his followers and companions. His character was not that of a reckless Indian fighter, though certainly no braver man ever lived, but we see underlying all of his actions, the motives and determination of the colonist; the intent to benefit his race and, in fact, humanity, by extending the limits of civilization and wresting from barbarism the fertile stretch of country lying between the Alleghany Mountains and the Ohio River.

Unlike Kenton, we do not find him engaging in predatory expeditions against his enemies; nor, like Wetzel and Brady, did he kill for any pleasure of revenge, nor for the keen excitement of pursuing that noblest of all game, as those men would have classed their fellow men. His wars were those of defense and his excursions made to deter the savage foemen from invading his beloved Kentucky, or with some motive equally laudable.

In all that he did we behold no sordidness of action and no pandering to private revenges, but a deep, wide purpose, that had for its aim "the common good of all mankind." Truly of him might Anthony's oration over Caesar's body be pronounced:

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

This man—one of the most remarkable of all who have figured in American history—was born, according to McClung, who studied

the subjects of his sketches deeply, in Virginia; other accounts, however, make Exeter township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, the birth place of Boone. The dates given as those of his birth, vary widely. Peck places it in February, 1735; Bogart gives a more specific date, that of February 11th, 1735; still another account places it as late as 1746, while the family record puts it as early as 1732, (July 14th.)

This last date is that written by his uncle, James Boone, and it would seem as if so near a relative would certainly possess as accurate knowledge on this subject, as contemporaneous or subsequent historians. In spite of all this, however, most writers seem inclined to adhere to 1735, as the year in which the "father of Kentucky" first saw the light.



SEAT OF THE BOONES NEAR EXETER, ENGLAND.

George Boone, the grandfather of Daniel, emigrated from the family seat near Exeter, England, in the year 1717, and purchased large tracts of lands in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, in the last of which he for a considerable time made his home. The father of eleven children, of whom nine were sons, the names of only three of these have reached us; Squire, James and John; the first the father of the great pioneer

Squire Boone, whose wife was a Miss Sarah Morgan, also had eleven children; James, Samuel, Jonathan, Daniel, George, Squire, Edward, Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary and Hannah. Of the Episcopal faith in England, it is said that the Boones tacitly accepted the religion of the Quakers, when they settled in Pennsylvania. If this is

so, it would seem as if the peace tenets of that creed did not make a very strong impression upon the mind of Daniel.

From his earliest years he exhibited a love of adventure, and a daring boldness widely at variance with the mild Quaker doctrines, but indicative of his after life and exploits. When still but a child his mind continually exhibited its peculiar bent, not only in a disregard for danger, but also an unchildish love of solitude, and his manly courage would have done credit to the training of a Spartan youth.

Amongst numerous anecdotes told of young Boone, is one which, if true, plainly shadowed forth his natural fitness for his self-imposed task of colonizing the unbroken wilderness of Kentucky. It is said that the boy, who was accustomed to roam at will the dense forests and trackless wilds of Pennsylvania, on one occasion did not return to his home at night-fall, as had hitherto been his wont. Knowing his ability to take care of himself, his parents were not greatly alarmed, but the next day and the next night bringing no news of him, his father and some of the neighbors set out on the morning of the third day, in quest of the missing boy.

After a long and tedious search, when they had about come to the conclusion that he had been devoured by some wild beast, or abducted by skulking Indians, they beheld a light column of smoke curling upward from the midst of a forest of giant trees. Hastening eagerly to the spot, from which it arose, they were delighted to find a small, rudely constructed cabin, and in it—stretched upon the skins of the animals he had slain—lay the youthful hermit. Upon the bright coals, glowing in the fireplace, was broiling a juicy steak of venison, which young Boone, evidently thoroughly satisfied with his solitude and independence, was contemplating with great gusto.

Another anecdote is given upon the authority of the author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations." Boone, who had become an expert rifleman, while scarcely strong enough to carry that serviceable weapon, was out late one evening with his comrades and on returning home they were passing through some heavy timber, when the lugubrious howl of a panther was heard near at hand. Looking around and seeing the savage animal crouching for its spring, all took to rapid flight except Boone, who, with nerves strung to their highest tension, but undismayed by the danger, threw his rifle to his shoulder and with a quick, but unerring aim, fired, the panther falling to the ground dead.

Thus early in life it seemed natural that he should stand between others and danger; the firm, sure bulwark appointed by the fate, that made him the leader and protector of others less hardy or heroic than himself. The boy hermit of the Pennsylvania woods appears but the prototype of the man, who held for months his advanced post in the wilderness of Kentucky unaided and alone, and faithful as a Roman sentinel, kept his solitary vigil there.

The education of Daniel Boone was necessarily limited and was obtained from a wandering Irish school-master, while his father was living upon the Schuylkill river. He here learned to read and write, after a fashion, and probably to cipher through the first four rules of arithmetic.

This limited schooling was sufficient for this man, who was destined to use a rifle oftener than a pen, and whose books were the broad pages of nature, whereon she had written a lore patent only to the woodsman and the hunter; books whose illustrations were the bright, beautiful rivers flashing in the sun, as they rolled resistless to the sea; the grand forests of titanic trees, whose tops seemed toying with the clouds above them; and emerald valleys, whose glorious beauty seemed almost as of paradise, and whose fertility supplied pasturage for the countless herds of buffalo and of deer, that roamed at will over their swelling bosoms.

Not only did he read in nature's glorious volume these pastoral idyls of grazing herds and babbling brooks, but sterner epics and most diresome tragedies, too, in hues of blood lay hidden there. The graves of unsung heroes, who had fallen in glorious, but unnoted combat, dotted the beautiful pictures, and gruesome murder and vile assassination crept cowering in and out between the noble trees, shunning the day, as foul birds of the night. A knowledge as of the gods did he con from these wide open pages: caution, temperance, self-reliance, courage, patience.

The bended twig unnoted might bring him face to face with imminent peril; the down-crushed blades of grass, if passed unheeded, might lead swiftly up to crouching murder, or fearful ambuscade. Nothing was so grand, that it baffled the view of such a man; nothing so small, that it escaped his vision. Such was the education of the pioneer, caught from the teeming pages of nature's mystic volume, revised by the plastic hand of the "Ancient of Days."

Qualified by his youth, spent in hunting and adventure, for a manhood of almost superhuman daring, we find Boone, at about the age of eighteen years, drifting with the currents of circumstance and, as he himself firmly believed of fate, to North Carolina, where he became acquainted with the man, whose glowing descriptions of the country West of the Alleghanies influenced him to explore that *terra incognito*.

In North Carolina Boone settled with his father near Holman's Ford, on the Yadkin, and it was here that he met, wooed and married Miss Rebecca Bryan, in 1755. From this union there sprang nine children, James, Israel, Jesse, Daniel, Nathan, Susan,



DANIEL BOONE.

Jemima, Lavinia and Rebecca. Of the sons, James was killed by the Indians in 1773, and Israel fell fighting gallantly in the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, on the 17th day of May, 1782. Nathan, the youngest son, held in 1846 the position of captain in the regular army of the United States.

According to the most reliable accounts it was about 1760 that Boone began making his long excursions toward the West. An inscription on a beech tree, near the Wautega River, seems to confirm 1760 as the true date. The quaint legend reads thus: "D. Boon cilled a bar on tree in the year 1760." He was with Dr. Walker on his second trip, in this year, and some accounts say that

he was with him on a tour of exploration in Tennessee, as early as 1748.

It is certain, however, that he first heard of the glories of Kentucky from an adventurous hunter named Findley, of whom, unfortunately we know scarcely more than his name. Returning from an expedition to that territory, in 1767, his glowing tribute to its beauties fired the imagination of Boone, who determined to return with Findley, on his next visit. In was not, however, until 1769 that Boone was able to set out, in company with Findley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Moncey and William Cool, on his visit to the rich territory, where he was destined to found a State.

On the 7th day of June, 1769, this small band of daring adventurers toiled slowly up one of the steep eminences that rise above the waters of Red River, a tributary of the Kentucky. Worn down by the privations, toil and dangers of their long and tedious journey, their clothes torn to rags and their moccasins almost in shreds, all of their hardships were forgotten in the view that met their eyes on reaching the summit.

Spread out before them, and bathed in the brilliant sunlight of the early summer lay the broad, fertile valleys, the dense forests and the clear winding rivers of Kentucky. Drinking in the beauties of the glorious scene, with a joy too deep for words, the soul of each one was filled with the determination to give to his race, in spite of danger and of death, this glorious heritage.

Human eye had never beheld a more beautiful panorama, than these dense forests, crystal rivers and beauteous valleys, over whose broad bosoms they could behold the deer and buffalo in immense herds, feeding and roaming at will. It was a land for which, herolike, they were willing to lay down their lives. Said Boone afterwards, in speaking of this first view: "It was the fairest sight that my eyes have ever seen and I determined that, with the aid of the Almighty, I would colonize it at the risk of my life."

Findley was the first to break the silence. Turning to Boone, he asked: "Did I tell you the truth about this country?" Boone laughingly answered him: "No, not the half of it!" Said Stuart, how prophetically he did not then know; "It is a country I'd be willing to shed the last drop of my blood for."

On this stream, Red River, they built a cabin, and seem to have made no long excursions for some time. On the 22d of December, however, Boone and Stuart set out on a long hunt, and as they

had, up to this time, seen no traces of Indians, were proceeding carelessly along through a dense thicket, when they were suddenly seized by skulking savages, before they could attempt a resistance. Boone, seeing how useless it would be to struggle, calmly accepted his fate and Stuart followed his example.

The Indians' vigilance gradually relaxed, as they found that their captives seemed reconciled to their condition, and about midnight of the seventh day of their captivity, Boone, seeing that the Indians were all sleeping soundly, awoke Stuart, and they succeeded in getting off, without disturbing the slumbers of the savages.

The next day they reached their cabin, only to find it plundered and deserted. To the day of his death Boone never found out what



MRS. BOONE—FROM A PAINTING BY PEALE, NOW IN POSSESSION OF COL. BOONE, OF COLORADO.

had become of his companions. One of his surmises, that they might have determined to return to the settlements in North Carolina, is very improbable; for had they done so, a man so remarkable as Findley must have been, could not have escaped observation. There is little doubt but that they were either killed, or captured and taken to the Indian villages for torture.

Seeing the necessity for caution, Boone and Stuart left the cabin and camped in the neighboring timber. Here they were startled one day by the sight of two men evidently following them. Getting behind trees they called out: "Who are you?" The answer, "White men and friends" was a welcome one, and on a nearer

approach, Boone was delighted to find that one of them was his brother, Squire. The name of the other man has not reached us.

The month in which Squire Boone and his companion joined them was June, 1770. Shortly after this happy meeting, Boone and Stuart were pursued by the Indians, while out hunting, and Stuart was shot and scalped, Boone luckily escaping. It was not long before another misfortune overtook them: the man who had accompanied Squire Boone from North Carolina, was overtaken by night, far from the camp, and was devoured by wolves. The Boones were now alone in the wilderness, and to men of less hardy nerve, their situation would have been appalling, especially as their stock of ammunition was almost exhausted.

In this exigency it was determined that Squire should go back to the settlements to replenish their stock, while Daniel remained in Kentucky. It was an emergency requiring iron nerve and undaunted courage in both, for the long and tiresome trip was beset with dangers innumerable, while probably but one man in all the world—and that one Daniel Boone—possessed the resolution to hold his solitary post in the wilderness, surrounded on all sides by savage enemies, both brute and human.

For this task—of which history recounts no parallel—Boone was peculiarly fitted. His frame was compact and strongly built, more for strength and endurance, than for activity, and his mind was one of those rarely balanced ones, which success does not raise, nor defeat lower, from its admirable equipoise. Cool and phlegmatic, rather than nervous and sanguine, at no time can it be truly said that Boone acted in a rash or hasty manner. Neither was he, as many have supposed, a Timon-like hater of his kind, but his nature was social and affectionate, though not demonstrative.

CHAPTER V.

THE PICKET-GUARD OF CIVILIZATION.

A LIFE AT STAKE——BOONE'S STRATAGEMS——MIDNIGHT ATTACKS——RETURN OF SQUIRE BOONE——THE BROTHERS EXPLORE KENTUCKY——HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY BOONE——RETURN TO NORTH CAROLINA——STARTS TO COLONIZE KENTUCKY——ATTACKED BY INDIANS——DEATH OF BOONE'S SON——INDIANS REPULSED——RETREAT TO CLINCH RIVER——BOONE EMPLOYED BY GOVERNOR DUNMORE——IS GIVEN A CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION——HENDERSON'S PURCHASE——INDIAN TREATIES——BOONE CUTS A ROAD TO THE KENTUCKY RIVER——TWICE ATTACKED BY INDIANS——BOONSBOROUGH BUILT——THE "STATE OF TRANSYLVANIA"——JAMES HARROD——HIS SETTLEMENT——THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATION——BOONE'S FAMILY GO TO KENTUCKY——STORMY TIMES——BOONE'S DAUGHTER CAPTURED——RESCUE——M'CLUNG'S COMMENTS——REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE——INDIAN ATTACKS——LOGAN'S FORT ——CAPTURE OF BOONE——ADOPTED BY INDIANS——TAKEN TO DETROIT——BRITISH EFFORT TO PURCHASE——TAKEN BACK TO CHILLICOTHE——PREPARATIONS FOR WAR——BOONE'S ESCAPE——A WONDERFUL JOURNEY——AN UNPREPARED POST——FUTILE ASSAULTS——AN INCURSION INTO THE INDIAN COUNTRY——WAR PARTY DEFEATED——RETURN TO BOONSBOROUGH——SAVAGES IN FORCE——THE SIEGE.

Knowing that he must use extreme caution, if he would escape capture or death, Boone now availed himself of all the artifices of his ready wit and active mind to baffle his wily foes. The prolonged hooting of owls, where his woodcraft told him that no owls were, caused many a midnight retreat to safer quarters. Often, in the plaintive howling of the wolves, he detected a human significance, and the warning that his keen ear had gathered was not unheeded. Rarely sleeping twice in the same camps, he often found around them, on his returns, the signs of prowling enemies. Not only did the savages cause him uneasiness, but the immense packs of gaunt and famished wolves were a danger almost as great.

At no time, however, did craven fear enter his heart, or the thought of deserting his post cross his mind. Steadfast amidst all dangers, this picket-guard of civilization stood firm to his self-imposed duty, as the grenadiers of Napoleon's old guard, or the legionaries of ancient Rome. His equally brave brother returned to him on the 27th day of July, 1770, and the meeting was no doubt an affecting one. Together the brothers now pushed their explorations over every part of the State, making their excursions continually until some time in March, 1771, when they returned to North Carolina. Words fail to express their devoted courage, or

the countless perils they encountered. In the three years spent in the wilderness, Boone never tasted bread nor salt, nor did he in all that time see the face of a single white man, save the companions mentioned.

On the 25th day of September, 1771, having disposed of his property, he set out with his family and goods to return to Kentucky, confident of his ability to effect a permanent settlement



FINDLEY, THE DISCOVERER OF KENTUCKY.

there. On his way he was joined by five other families and forty unmarried men. His colonization was destined, however, to be deferred; for being attacked by the Indians, when nearing the Cumberland Mountains, Boone's oldest son, James, and five other men were killed and one man wounded. Although they easily beat off the attacking Indians, with severe loss, yet the women—terrified by this ill omen of savage slaughter just at the threshold of

their entrance into the wilderness—persuaded a retreat to the Clinch River settlements, distant some forty miles.

Here Boone remained until 1774, engaged, presumably, in farming. In that year he was employed at the request of Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, to conduct a party of surveyors back from the Falls of the Ohio, whither they had been sent some time before. With his characteristic modesty Boone merely mentions this journey, without giving any details of the part he took in it. That it was satisfactory to Dunmore, however, is proved by his continuing to employ Boone in other affairs.

In 1775 we find him engaged in treating with the Cherokees, in behalf of Henderson, for the purchase of all the country south of the Kentucky River; his time prior to this treaty having been occupied by his supervision of the garrisons of three posts, confided to his charge by Dunmore, during his campaigns against the Shawnese Indians. With this command Boone also received a captain's commission. Although we find no account of his presence at the battle of Point Pleasant, yet it is almost certain that he participated in that furious conflict.

After this battle, the severest ever fought by the Indians in Virginia, the savages retreated to their villages in Ohio, sued for peace, and relinquished all their right to Kentucky. The Cherokees having sold their title to Henderson, and the Six Nations having relinquished their's, in their treaty at Fort Stanwix, in 1768, it will be seen, as we have before stated, that Boone's settlement was no trespass upon Indian property, their titles having been effectually quieted by these sales and treaties.

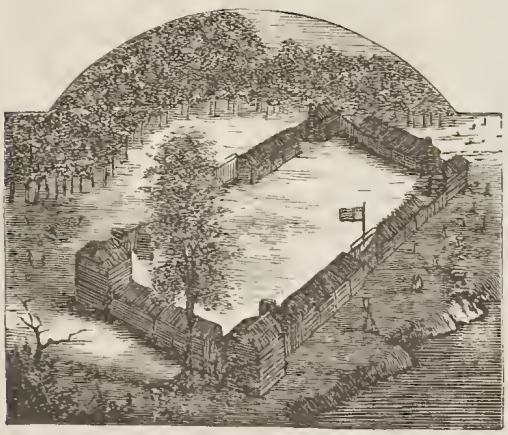
The Henderson purchase being satisfactorily completed and duly ratified, on the 17th day of March, 1775, Boone led a small body of men to cut a road through the wilderness, from the Holston to the Kentucky River. In speaking of this task Boone says that they proceeded rapidly with their work until the 20th day of March, when they were fired upon by skulking Indians and two of their number killed and two wounded.

Beating the Indians off, they were again fired upon, three days later, and had two more men killed and three wounded. After this they were unmolested, and reaching the Kentucky River, on the 5th of April, they began the erection of a fort, (Boonsborough,) "at a salt lick, about sixty yards from the stream, on the south side."

On the 9th of April they had another man killed, but completed the fort on the 14th day of June, without further molestation.

In his report to Colonel Henderson, Boone, writing of the attacks of the Indians, quaintly speaks of "the time to *flusterate* their intentions," but the report is concise and sensible. The Henderson, or, as it was then known, the Transylvania, Company, took possession of its lands on the 20th of April, possession being delivered by an agent appointed by the Indians for that purpose. The States of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee soon after declared this purchase illegal, but granted large tracts of land in lieu of it and thus was the scheme of founding the "State of Transylvania" defeated. Henderson, a remarkable man, died January 30th, 1785, greatly regretted by all.

Early as was the erection of Boonsborough, it is but just to James Harrod, who descended the Ohio in 1774, with a party of Virginians, to say that Gallagher gives to him the credit of erecting the first log cabin in the interior of Kentucky, in the spring, or early summer, of 1774. McClung says that Harrod erected the first *house* in the interior of Kentucky, but Boone the first *cabin* upon its borders.



THE OLD FORT AT BOONSBOROUGH.

The seeming discrepancy in the dates of the founding of Harrodsburg and Boonsborough which appears to have perplexed so many, is easily explained. Though Harrod started his settlement in 1774, yet it was soon abandoned, owing to Dunmore's war, in which he took part, and in 1775 Boone and Harrod returned to Kentucky from different directions, but almost simultaneously. The first occupation by Harrod, it will be seen, was not permanent, and he probably left Kentucky about the time, if not sooner, of Boone's return from the Falls of the Ohio with Dunmore's surveyors.

In this year, 1775, two important events occurred—the gathering of a territorial legislature, in which, amongst others, laws for the preservation of the game and improving the breed of horses clearly show that the imprint of those hardy pioneers has never been effaced

from their descendants. The other event was Boone's trip to Clineh River for his family, and his return, accompanied by them and other families with their followers.

These numbered twenty-six men, four women and four or five half-grown children. Some of these went to Harrodsburg, but most of them to Boonsborough, and it is recorded that "Mrs. Boone and daughter were the first of their sex and color who ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky River." This event occurred in September, 1775.

The closing months of this year were peaceful, the Indians had disappeared and the population rapidly increased. This inaction on the part of the Indians, however, was merely the calm that precedes the storm, and early in 1776 the war cloud, that had been gathering unseen, burst in fury upon the infant colony, and no one was safe from the murderous bands of the savages, except within the stockaded bounds of the forts. They even lurked under the very shadows of the military posts, as the following event shows.

Late in the afternoon of the 14th day of July, of this year, Betsy and Frances Callaway and Jemima Boone thoughtlessly crossed the river in a canoe to a point just opposite the fort, and the three girls were seized by five almost naked Indians, fully armed and hideously painted, who were doubtless waiting for a chance to shoot or capture some of the garrison. Boone and Callaway were both absent, and the rest, fearing a heavy force of Indians on the other side, did not dare to swim across to attempt the rescue. Boone and Callaway returned that night, and the next morning at daylight Boone, with eight men, was on the trail.

The start the savages had got was a great advantage, and after going a short way, they had effaced their trail by wading a long distance in a stream, but the woodcraft of Boone easily divined their course, and pushing on rapidly for thirty miles, he made a turn to cross their trace, and luckily found it in a buffalo path. Following this for ten miles, the infuriated father came upon the Indians just as they were kindling a fire.

In order to save the prisoners from the tomahawk, it had been agreed by the white men, that on sighting their enemies, they should first fire upon them and then by a swift charge give them no time to kill the girls. This plan was carried out with complete success. Two of the Indians were killed and two wounded, but the latter

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CAPTURE OF JEMIMA BOONE AND BETSY AND FRANCES CALLAWAY.

escaped with the unwounded one, and without other arms or ammunition than a single gun. Of this event Boone merely gives the dry details, and McClung says: "We know nothing of the conduct of the Indians to their captives, or of the situation of the young ladies during the short engagement, and cannot venture to fill up the outline from imagination."

If any concerted blow had been intended by the Indians, it was deferred, owing to the vigilance caused by the incident just related, and the savages confined themselves to a desultory warfare, with no important results. An occasional immigrant was added to the settlements until July 25th, 1777, when forty-five men arrived at Boonsborough from North Carolina. They were a most welcome addition to that post, which on the 15th of the preceding April had been attacked by one hundred Indians, though with trifling effect, as they succeeded in killing but one man and wounding four others, when they retreated with much greater loss to themselves.

Attacking the fort again on the 4th day of July, with their numbers increased to two hundred, they kept up the siege vigorously for two days and nights, and again retreated after suffering severely, and made a desperate attack on Logan's Fort, held by only fifteen men. The defense was no less obstinate than the attack, but would have proved futile had it not been for the arrival, from Virginia, of Col. Bowman, with one hundred men. After this last siege, Boonsborough enjoyed a season of repose, but its indefatigable enemies were only giving it a respite.

In January, 1778, Boone, with thirty men, went to the Blue Licks to make salt for the stations, and on the 7th day of February, while out hunting, suddenly came across a war party of one hundred and two Indians, on the way to Boonsborough. The Indians sprang forward in instant pursuit and the grand old pioneer, now over fifty years of age, soon realized that he was no match for the fleet-footed young men of the enemy, who pursued him, and with the equanimity that in the most trying circumstances never deserted him—he turned and awaited their approach.

Escorted by the savages to the Licks, he is said to have advised the surrender of his comrades, they having been promised good treatment. In this he was only acting on his knowledge of Indian character, for he felt certain that they would immediately give over their attack on Boonsborough and return to their villages, satisfied

with these prisoners. How fully he was justified after-events go to prove.

Admiring greatly the noble courage and fortitude of their prisoner, the Indians not only spared Boone, but soon adopted him into one of their families. In his dealings with the savages, he was careful not to excel them in their favorite sports of hunting and marksmanship, and this conduct was no doubt due as much to his kindness of heart as to his well-judged diplomacy.

On the 10th of May, 1778, Boone was taken by his captors to Detroit, and here a ransom of £100 was offered by Gov. Hamilton, who was familiar with the heroic old man's life and adventures. Refusing what to them was a princely offer, Boone was conducted back to their town, Chillicothe. On his return from Detroit, he found the Indian village in a blaze of excitement, a war party numbering, according to McClung, a hundred and fifty picked warriors from various tribes, painted and armed for the war-path, being assembled there.

The fever of anxiety to return to his family—from whom he had now been absent four months—but which had been strenuously concealed by him, was now redoubled and he resolved to make his escape or die in the attempt. Concealing a small quantity of food upon his person, he started out before daylight, on the morning of the 16th of June, to hunt game, as the Indians had for some time permitted him to do—so well had he counterfeited content.

Once beyond the limits of the village, he took a straight course for Boonsborough, distant more than a hundred and sixty miles, and so swift was his march through the tangled forests and almost impassable swamps, that he performed his journey in four days, having eaten but a single meal in all that time; his anxiety not permitting him to stop long enough to kill and cook game.

Had one risen from the dead, before the walls of the garrison, they could not have been more astonished. Every one had supposed him a victim to savage cruelty, and his wife was so well convinced of the fact, that she had sold off her property, gathered her family and returned to her paternal home in North Carolina. The condition of the fortifications, upon Boone's return, showed what would have been the result of any other course than Boone's action in surrendering his companions at the Licks.

The men, destitute of a leader, would have fled after a useless fight, and pursued by their greatly superior enemy, if any escaped to the fort, they would have entered simultaneously with the savages, and a terrible massacre would have been the result. His wise decision prevented the annihilation of the garrison, and Boonsborough still stood, menacing as its founder, the bulwark of the white settlements. The wave of battle had repeatedly dashed against it, yet had invariably ebbed again from these rude bastions, whose uncouth strength seemed a type of their designer.

Though an affectionate husband and a loving father, Boone, held by the iron hand of fate and duty, put off his journey to North Carolina, and bent his energies to complete plans for the defense of this refuge of his people. Renewing bastion, gate and palisade, collecting the scattered garrison, alarming the outlying settlements and otherwise preparing for a lengthy siege, he had everything ready within ten days.

The horses and cattle had been brought into the fort, ammunition laid in, and nothing neglected by the watchful providence of the pioneer. Just at this time one of his companions in captivity escaped, and brought word that Boone's flight had defeated the Indian plans, and deferred their attack for three weeks. In addition to this, the spies sent out by the savages had reported the activity and watchfulness of the whites, upon the return of their leader, and they were waiting until their inaction should disarm suspicion.

In this state of affairs Boone, desirous of bringing matters to a crisis, determined upon an invasion of the enemy's territory. Selecting nineteen men he set out, on the 1st of August, and reaching the vicinity of Paint Creek, an Indian village on the Scioto, encountered all of its warriors, thirty in number, marching to join in the expedition against Boonsborough.

At the first fire the Indians fled, having lost one man killed and two wounded. In the skirmish none of Boone's men were injured. The arrival of two of his scouts from the village, with the report that it was entirely deserted, led Boone to divine that no time was to be lost, if he would reach his fort before the enemy.

Using their utmost exertions to regain their post, the correctness of Boone's intuition was proved by their striking, on the sixth day's march, the trail of the largest war party that had ever been led against his settlement. Making a circuit, he this day passed the

enemy, and the next reached the fort, the Indians appearing before it a day later—the 8th.

Boone has been censured for making this diversion, while an attack was expected, but as usual his judgment was not at fault. The enemy had so long delayed their attack that there were murmurs of discontent at the inaction, and the discipline and vigilance of the garrison was becoming lax, since amongst these independent volunteers no rigid rule could be maintained.

The value the Indians placed upon Boone's courage and military skill will be readily seen when it is found that his escape caused them to delay their attack, until they had recruited their numbers from one hundred and fifty to five hundred. To make this force still more formidable, they had with them Canadian officers, skilled in directing attacks on fortifications.

Parading his five hundred men, so as to give an exaggerated idea of their number, and displaying above them the British flag, their commander, Duquesne, sent an officer with a flag of truce to demand a surrender. To the alternative of good treatment if they complied with his demand, or all the horrors of savage warfare in case of having to storm the fort, Boone shrewdly demanded two days for consideration, and contrary to the dictates of prudence and common sense, Duquesne granted the request.

This respite was employed by the settlers in driving their cattle and horses into the fort, strengthening the defences and collecting stores and ammunition. At its conclusion, Boone returned his answer to his adversary—it was: "No surrender."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST SIEGE OF BOONSBOROUGH.

UNWISE COMMANDERS——A SILLY STRATAGEM——ITS FAILURE——THE INDIANS RUN A TUNNEL——A COUNTER-MINE——DEADLY AIM OF THE KENTUCKIANS——SAVAGES RETREAT——BOONE BRINGS HIS FAMILY FROM NORTH CAROLINA——HINTS OF TROUBLE——THE FATAL BLUE LICKS——DEATH OF BOONE'S BROTHER——BOONE'S ESCAPE——A BITTER CONFLICT——GIRTY, ELLIOT AND M'KEY——THEIR PLANS——HORRIBLE BARBARITIES——THE WHITES OUTMANEUVERED——DEATH OF CAPTAIN ESTIL——OUTRAGE AND MURDER——ATTACK ON BRYANT'S STATION——BESIEGED BY INDIANS——HEROIC WOMEN——A SUPPLY OF WATER——THE SALLY——REINFORCEMENTS——A WONDERFUL ESCAPE——A SHARP SKIRMISH——THE ASSAULT——INDIANS REPULSED——GIRTY'S ELOQUENCE——REPLY OF THE GALLANT REYNOLDS——A MANGY CUR——GIRTY'S FURY——RETREAT OF THE SAVAGES——A BROAD TRAIL——WHITES IN PURSUIT——AN EVIL OMEN——THE FIERY M'GARRY——COLONELS TODD AND TRIGG——MAJOR HARLAN——THE FIERCE ASSAULT——BOONE'S ADVICE——THE AMBUSCADE——FATAL ERRORS——A DIRE DISASTER——DEATH OF BOONE'S SON——ESCAPE OF THE FATHER——AN UNEXPECTED HERO——THE GALLANT REYNOLDS AGAIN——A NOBLE ACTION——RETREAT FROM THE FIELD——THE FIERCE PURSUIT——REYNOLDS' ESCAPE——M'GARRY'S ACCOUNT——HIS FIERCE TEMPER——LOGAN REACHES THE FIELD OF BATTLE——A TERRIBLE SIGHT——CLARKE'S EXPEDITION.

Duquesne now tried artifice, and Boone, with a folly greater even than that just displayed by his enemy, fell into the trap. Whether this foolishness was a lapse from the usual prudence displayed by the pioneer, or whether, as is more probable, he was induced to consent, by the persuasions of others—who wished to try all means in order to avoid the desperate conflict, where fifty men must encounter five hundred—will never be known, but it is certain that Boone and eight of his bravest men went out of the fort to a distance of sixty yards to treat with the savages, as if that treaty could not as well have been performed inside or under the walls. At the conclusion of this attempt, each of the white men was persuaded to shake hands with two of the Indians, according to a pretended custom of theirs.

Going even to this extent of folly, no sooner had two brawny savages seized the hands of each white man, than the others began moving around, endeavoring to get between Boone and the fort. At last awakened to the peril of their situation, they succeeded in shaking off the swarming savages, and by a rapid dash reached the

shelter of the fort, under a shower of savage bullets, without having lost a man; but one of them having been wounded.

Seeing their shallow artifice detected, the Indians now threw off the mask and poured a general and protracted fire into the garrison.



BOONE'S FIGHT OVER THE BODY OF HIS SON AT BLUE LICKS.

This was returned with a rapidity and precision that speedily forced the savages to cover, and not daring to attempt to storm the defenses, they resorted to a stratagem, doubtless the inspiration of Duquesne.

They began a tunnel in the river bank, intending to mine the fort, but the discolored water warned Boone of the attempt, and he began a counter-mine. The dirt thrown over the walls showed that their design was known, and the savages, having exhausted every artifice familiar to them, broke up their siege on the ninth day, to escape the deadly aim of the white men's rifles.

Their loss was thirty-seven killed and a large number wounded, while of the besieged but two were killed and four wounded. Boone says they "gathered up one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets, not counting those lodged in the walls of the fort!"

Thus, for the last time, did the storm of Indian warfare break in fury upon this fort, and dying away in the flight of Duquesne and his painted warriors, the battlements of Boonsborough were never again subjected to its scars, nor did these forests ever after echo to its muttered thunder. These were transferred to the posts beyond, and Boone, now relieved of its defense, made his way to North Carolina, to bring back his wife and family.

From Marshall's account of this return, we get a hint of some family trouble, but if this is the case, Boone makes no allusion to it, and this hero, worthy of ancient Greece, or of Rome in her palmiest days, speaks always with the warmest love of his wife and children.

With them he returned to Boonsborough, in the summer of 1780, and on the 6th day of October, accompanied by his brother, went to the Blue Licks to make salt. Around this spot some fatality seemed to hover, for, on their return, the two men were fired on and Boone was obliged to behold the brother—endeared to him as well by their bonds of long companionship and common dangers, as by their ties of relationship—sink to the earth, the victim of remorseless foes.

Unable even to avenge him, Boone continued his flight, but finding himself trailed by a dog belonging to the savages, he coolly halted until it came up, shot it, and then succeeded in baffling his pursuers, aided greatly by the approach of night.

The next year was one of almost uninterrupted peace and prosperity, and the settlements were rapidly increasing, but the spring of 1782 brought baleful indications that not yet would the clans of the red man relinquish to the settler their beloved hunting grounds.

Ominous signs of their dissatisfaction became apparent, and the wary began a preparation for the coming conflict.

The animosity of the Indians had been fanned to its fiercest heat



BRUTAL MURDERS AT ESTILL'S STATION.

by Simon Girty, the most infamous of all the white renegades, who was strongly seconded by Elliot and McKee, two others of the same class. Collecting the bravest warriors from all of the Northwestern

tribes, small marauding parties were sent ahead to harass the settlements, and by a continual alarm, to prevent their sending aid to each other.

This was to be continued until Girty's superior force should arrive and wipe out the more important posts in detail, when they were to again disperse in small parties over the whole State, and leave no trace of the hated white man within its borders.

A party of twenty-five Wyandots appeared near Estil's Station, committing horrible barbarities. In one cabin they seized a woman and her two daughters, violated them with circumstanees of peculiar atroeity—even for savages—then tomahawked and scalped them. Capt. Estil pursued them with an equal number of men, was outmaneuvered by them, or deserted by his lieutenant, Miller, and routed with heavy loss, he himself being amongst the killed.

Two boys were taken prisoner by another party of twenty savages, in an attaek on Hoy's Station. Overtaken near the fatal Blue Licks by Capt. Holden and seventeen men, the Indians routed the whites, with a loss of four men.

The men composing the garrison at Bryant's Station were preparing to go to the aid of their unfortunate companions, when on the night of the 14th of August the post was suddenly and silently surrounded by the main body of the Indians. The garrison was to march early the next morning, and the Indians seeing their preparations, concluded that they had been discovered.

At daylight a small party of them burst into the open spaee in front of the fort with horrid yells and a rapid diseharge of their rifles. The more impetuous of the garrison were for an immediate sally upon these Indians, but those versed in savage artifice deemed it only a trap, and a eareful survey of the opposite side of the fort convineed them that an enemy was eoncealed there.

The fort being entirely out of water, having been very foolishly built at some distahce from a spring—as were so many of these forts—a eonsultation was held as to the best method of supplying it, and it was determined to send the women for it, as it was not believed that the Indians would uncover their ambush for the sake of capturing these women. Being at last eonvineed of that fact, the women bravely set forth on their perilous mission, and deserved eaeh a laurel erown by suceeding; not one of them exhibiting a

sign of fear or unsteadiness until they were again safe within the protection of the fort.

The water secured, thirteen of the young men were sent to the side on which the enemy had showed himself, and where he was still in plain view. These were to sally forth, and by a hot chase and



FEMALE HEROISM AT BRYANT'S STATION.—BRINGING WATER FOR THE FORT SURROUNDED BY INDIANS.

rapid firing of their rifles, lead the Indians on the opposite side to suppose that the entire garrison were in pursuit, and the fort wholly undefended. This stratagem succeeded admirably, and when he fancied that his way was entirely clear, Girty, at the head of five hundred warriors, dashed furiously at the western gate.

Holding their fire until every shot would tell, the waiting Kentuckians fired volley after volley into the densely crowded masses of their enemies. The surprise of the Indians may be imagined, and they lost no time in seeking cover from the destructive fire. The sallying party entered the fort on the other side at this time, and all were in high spirits.

But fortune, now turned in favor of the whites, had another pleasant surprise in store for them, though the savages had by this time sat down before the post in a regular siege. Two couriers, dispatched to Lexington for succor, had cut their way through the Indian lines early in the morning, and about two o'clock in the afternoon reinforcements appeared in the shape of sixteen horsemen and some forty foot-soldiers. Within pistol shot, along the lane the horsemen were following, lay more than three hundred Indians. Everything was quiet when the troops came in view, and entering the lane at a gallop, they were greeted by a shower of balls.

Riding for three hundred yards through this double line of the enemy, not a man nor horse was touched—owing doubtless to the clouds of dust raised by the horses' hoofs—and they dashed safely into the fort. The valiant footmen were proceeding through the corn field, on one side of the road, when they heard the terrific firing, and like true heroes—without waiting to count the cost—they sprang to the aid of their friends. Here they saw that the horsemen had escaped to the fort, but found themselves cut off by more than six times their number.

Dodging rapidly back through the tall corn, most of them made their escape into the woods, or thickets, and only six whites were killed and wounded, though the skirmish lasted over an hour. Had not the rifles of the Kentuckians been loaded, while those of their enemies were empty, but few of the former would have escaped.

A hardy young fellow, closely pursued by Girty and five or six savages, turned and fired his rifle, and the renegade fell. The Indians halting, the young fellow escaped. Girty's life was saved by a thick piece of sole leather in his pouch, and he was soon able to continue the conduct of the siege. Thus does Providence protect the evil, as well as the good, and for its inscrutable purposes preserve alive the miscreant and the hero.

Owing to their ill success, the Indians were for breaking up the siege at once, but Girty determined to try the virtues of negotiation, and signalling for a truce, he mounted a stump and began a

harangue, by telling the besieged who he was, and of his overpowering numbers; promising good treatment, if they surrendered, and if they did not, his artillery, which he said was coming up, would batter down the fort, and the garrison would be given over to the Indians.

Seeing that this speech was beginning to have quite an effect upon the garrison, who remembered that Byrd had, in his invasion with savages a few years before, used artillery with destructive effect, a brave young fellow, named Reynolds, the embodiment of high spirits, bold determination and indomitable courage, mounted an elevated position and made the following reply:

"It is useless to tell us your name; that is well known; in fact I've got a mangy cur, so utterly worthless and unreliable, that I've given him the name of Simon Girty, on account of his resemblance to you. As for your artillery or reinforcements, if you've got any, bring 'em up and be d——d to you! If any of you, by any accident, should get into the fort, we'll drop our guns and thrash you out with a lot of switches we've cut for the purpose.

In conclusion let me tell you, that the whole country is up and marching to our relief, and if you want your scalps to dry in the sun on the tops of our cabins, just wait twenty-four hours, and you will be gratified." With hypocritical expressions of concern for their fate, Girty withdrew, internally raging at Reynolds' jibes and insults, but the next morning the Indians had raised the siege and vanished. By noon one hundred and sixty-seven men had reached the station; amongst them Col. Daniel Boone, the Nestor of the settlers, and his youngest son, Israel, with a strong party from Boonsborough.

Although it was known that the Indians trebled them in number, and also that a little patience on their part would enable Col. Logan to reach them, with a large body of men, yet so great was the anxiety of the whites to engage their enemies, that they would not hear of waiting, and on the afternoon of the 18th of August, began the pursuit of the foe. The slowness of their retreat, as well as the broad trail they left, gave to the cool and cautious mind of Boone ominous indications, that the Indians courted rather than shunned the pursuit.

Camping in the forest that night, another lowering portent was given when they came the next day in view of the Indian rear guard, at the ill omened Blue Licks, a spot that seemed ever destined

to prove fatal to the whites. This rear guard was moving leisurely along, but it seemed as if nothing could restrain the whites from rushing on to their destruction.

As the Indians disappeared slowly over the hill, a halt was called and Cols. Todd and Trigg, who were in command, assembled Boone and the other officers for a council. In this crisis all eyes were turned to Boone, who, pointing out that the enemy evidently invited battle, advised first, a halt until Logan should come up; second, that a portion of the command should be detached, so as to take the enemy in the rear, at two ravines which joined each other in the road about a mile further on; where, he felt certain, the Indians had formed an ambush.

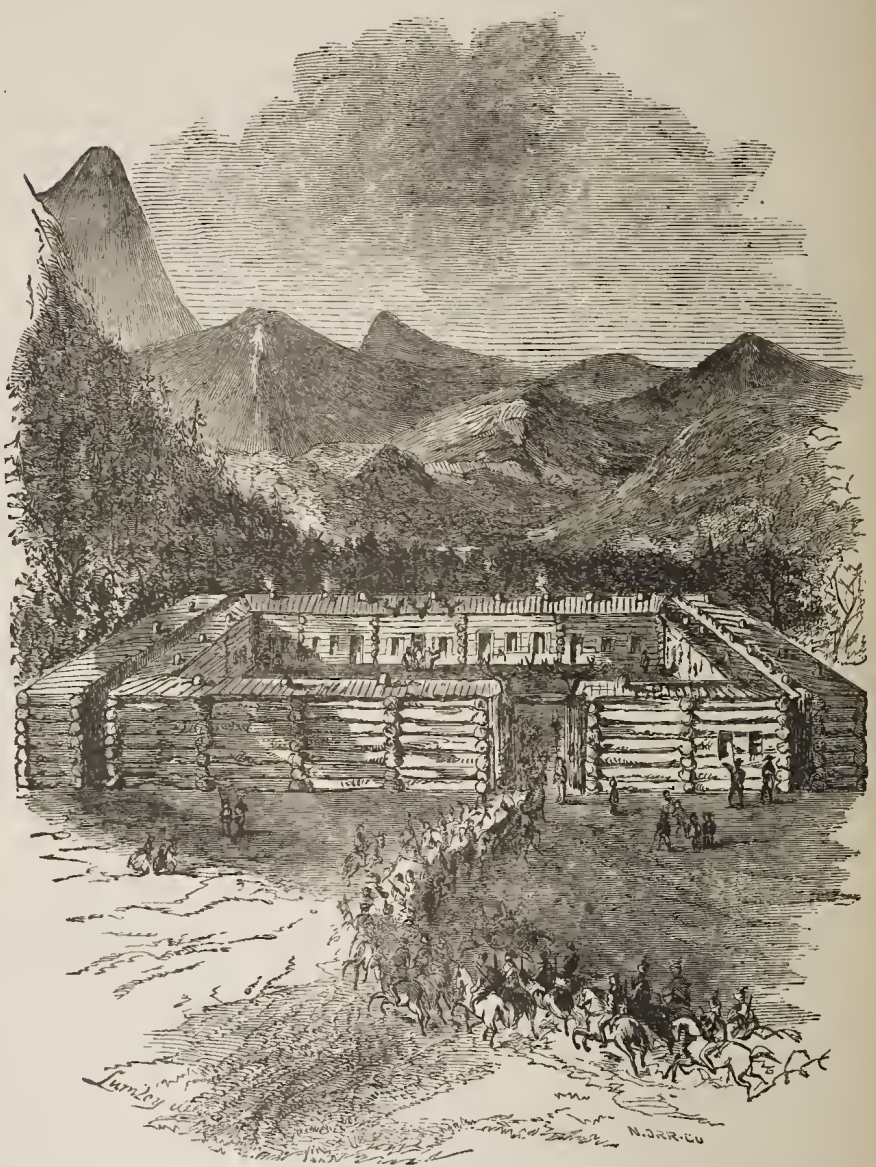
While the other officers were discussing these plans, Major Hugh McGarry—a man at all times of the fiercest temper, and almost a maniac, when nerved by the presence of danger, or a chance of battle—here spurred his horse into the stream, and with the cry: "Let all follow me, who are not cowards," started up the hill, over which the Indians had disappeared, thus precipitating the terrible disaster which ensued.

Horse and foot now rushed into the swift water, each striving to be foremost, and once across, the rivalry for precedence continued. Boone, seeing that his caution had been set at naught, rode with his son into the front rank, and maintained his place by the side of the fiery McGarry. No order was observed, and the troops rushed pell mell into the ambuscade, which enclosed them on each side like the wings of a net.

The combat, which now ensued, was desperate. The whites fought with the fury of tigers, but they were on a bare ridge, in open view; while the savages were, for a while, sheltered in brushy ravines. Seeing how small the white force was, they now began to emerge from their coverts, and the rifles of the Kentuckians told with fearful effect upon their swarming masses.

The officers and men, however, were falling on every side, cut down by the tempest of bullets from the Indian ranks, and the latter began to extend their right wing, so as to cut the whites off from the river. Finding that all was lost, and noting this flanking movement, the Kentuckians at last turned in retreat, pursued eagerly by the flushed and victorious savages.

McClung mentions, among the slain in this action, Colonels Todd and Trigg, Captain McBride, and the universally lamented Major Harlan. In describing McGarry, he says: "He has always been represented as a man of fiery and daring courage, strongly tinctured



REINFORCING BRYANT'S STATION.

with ferocity, and unsoftened by any of the humane and gentle qualities, which awaken affection. In the hour of battle, his presence was invaluable, but in civil life the ferocity of his temper rendered him an unpleasant companion."

The same authority gives McGarry's reason for his hasty action, as stated by the fiery Major himself. "He said that, in the hurried council, which was held at Bryant's on the 18th, he had strenuously urged Todd and Trigg to halt for twenty-four hours, assuring them that, with the aid of Logan, they would be able to follow to Chillicothe, if necessary, and that their numbers *then* were too weak to encounter the Indians alone.

He offered, he said, to pledge his head that the Indians would not return with such precipitation, as was supposed, but would afford ample time to collect more force, and give them battle with a prospect of success. He added that Col. Todd scouted his arguments and declared: "That if a single day were lost, the Indians would never be overtaken—but would cross the Ohio and disperse; that now was the time to strike them, while in a body—that to talk of their numbers was nonsense—the more the merrier!—that for his part he was determined to pursue, without a moment's delay, and did not doubt but that there were enough *brave* men on the ground to enable him to attack them with effect."

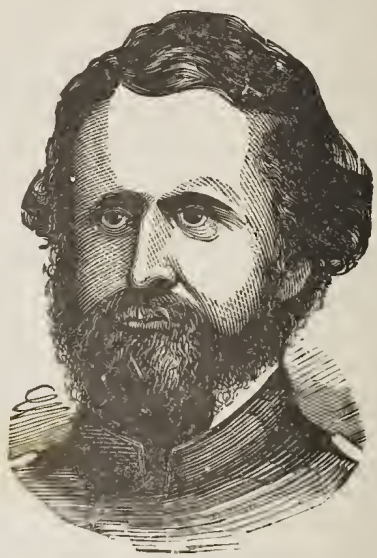
McGarry declared: "That he felt somewhat nettled at the manner in which his advice had been received; that he thought Todd and Trigg jealous of Logan, who, as senior Colonel, would be entitled to the command on his arrival, and that, in their eagerness to have the honor of the victory to themselves, they were rashly throwing themselves into a condition, which would endanger the safety of the country."

"However, sir," continued he, with an air of unamiable triumph, "when I saw the gentlemen so keen for a fight I gave way, and joined in the pursuit as willingly as any, but when we came in sight of the enemy, and the gentlemen began to talk of 'numbers,' 'position,' 'Logan' and 'waiting,' I burst into a passion, d—d them for a set of cowards, who could not be wise until they were scared into it and swore that since they had come so far for a fight —they *should* fight, or I would disgrace them forever!"

"That when *I* spoke of waiting for Logan, on the day before, they had scouted the idea and hinted something about 'courage'—that now it would be shown who had courage, or who were cowards, that could talk big when the enemy was at a distance, but turned pale when danger was near. I then dashed into the river, and called upon all who were not cowards to follow!"

When Logan marched to the battle field, to give burial to those who had fallen, McClung says: "On the second day he reached the field. The enemy were gone, but the bodies of the Kentuckians still lay unburied on the spot where they had fallen. Immense flocks of buzzards were soaring over the battle ground, and the bodies of the dead had become so much swollen and disfigured, that it was impossible to recognize the features of their most particular friends."

"Many corses were floating near the shore of the northern bank, already putrid from the action of the sun, and partially eaten by fishes. The whole were carefully collected by order of Colonel



MAJOR HUGH M'GARRY.

Logan, and interred as decently as the nature of the soil would permit."

The retreat from any field is usually characterized only by terror and selfishness, but this one brought forth some noble traits of character; pure gold sublimed by the fierce fires of affliction. One of the mounted men, named Netherland—whose mild, gentle manners had almost gained for him, amongst the rough borderers, the reputation of a coward—fought bravely, and when the retreat came, in company with other horsemen, rode into the ford and crossed in safety. Here the others, some eighteen or twenty in number, showed no signs of halting. When wheeling his horse, upon the bank, Netherland called

upon them to make a stand, fire upon the Indians, and save the poor fellows struggling in the water.

Roused by his example, they followed his command, and poured so deadly a volley into the pursuers, that they were glad to seek cover, while the footmen crossed in safety. The Indians, however, were crossing in numbers above and below, and the flight was again continued; most of the whites, who had crossed, succeeded in making their escape, though the pursuit was kept up furiously for twenty miles.

Here, too, the gallant Reynolds, whose taunts had so irritated Girty, proved himself a man of deeds as well as words. Fighting with distinguished gallantry throughout the entire action, he had, amongst the very last, turned his horse in retreat and some time before reaching the river overtook Captain Patterson, infirm from wounds received in former actions, and now almost spent with exertion. The other horsemen had passed him, leaving him to his fate, but young Reynolds—a hero, whose name should resound throughout the ages—dismounted, helped Patterson to the saddle, and dashing from the field, the latter succeeded in saving his life.

The Indians were now almost upon Reynolds; some, in fact, having already passed him, and death seemed inevitable, but evading his foes with marvelous agility, by darting back through their lines, he dashed into a ravine and swam the river below the ford. Sitting down upon the bank to remove his buckskin breeches, which were soaked with water and whose weight checked his efforts, he was taken by a band of Indians. Wishing to convey him to their towns for torture, they compelled him to accompany them in the pursuit; and fortune seems for a while to have done a shabby thing in thus treating our hero, but this was, as we shall see, only a semblance of her ill will.

His captors, seeing a small party of Kentuckians ahead, confided him to three of their number, and two of them becoming impatient to join in the chase, left him with the third man, who was armed with a rifle and tomahawk, while Reynolds, of course, was unarmed. Jogging leisurely along together, the Indian stooped to tie his mocasin, when Reynolds, who had been waiting for some such chance, knocked him down with a terrific blow of his fist and darted off into the thicket, making good his escape.

Boone had seen the fall of his son with the anguish that can only come to a heart of such affection, and when the retreat began, he, with a small body of his men, dashed under a heavy fire, into one of the ravines, which had sheltered the Indians, and beating off the few detached bands still there, they made their way to the river, swam it at the very point afterward crossed by Reynolds, and escaped to Bryant's station in safety.

Of the Kentuckians, sixty were killed and seven taken prisoners, of whom four were put to death, with horrible tortures, by the savages.

The position of the enemy, his after-attack, and the arrival at Bryant's station, on the very day of the battle, of Col. Logan with four hundred and fifty men, justified all of Boone's advice, and proved the value of his suggestions.

Most of the Indians engaged in the battle of the Blue Licks, followed the usual custom of returning home immediately with the prisoners and spoils, but a few of them, leaving the main body, beat up the white settlement on Simpson's Creek, in Jefferson County. Attacking in the night, they had made their way into the houses, before the whites fully comprehended what was going on. Making as brave a defense as was possible under the circumstances, still the Indians captured a number of women and children, besides killing several men.

The deeds of Thomas Randolph are worthy of record. When his house was entered, he killed several of the savages, before they succeeded in murdering his wife and infant. Escaping then through the roof with his remaining child, he reached the ground, only to be attacked by two Indians. Although encumbered with his child, and entirely unarmed, he beat these off and reached the woods in safety.

Of Boone's exploits with the army of Gen. Clark, who marched upon the Indian towns, to avenge this terrible slaughter, the old pioneer says nothing, and, in fact, beyond destroying the towns and crops of the savages, the expedition was a failure, the Indians flying without giving battle, though the white scouts managed to take five scalps and seven prisoners.

While the troops under Clark were carrying the war into the Indian country, a party of the savages made a dash into the Crab Orchard settlement. Sending one of their number to reconnoitre a

detached house, he found only a woman, her children and a negro man. This was a chance to monopolize the glory of conquering a garrison of non-combatants, and the savage immediately seized it.

Pushing his way into the house, he boldly seized the negro, but soon found that he had "caught a Tartar," for, putting forth all of his strength, the negro threw the Indian to the floor, and called to his mistress to take the axe and cut off his head. This was promptly done, and none too soon, for the others were seen hurrying to their comrade's aid.

Having no gun in the house, the woman barred the door and siezed an old rusty rifle-barrel, and pointing it rapidly out of the different portholes in the walls, the Indians took to their heels, and made no other attempt at mischief in the settlement.

Though the Indians were giving the settlers but little trouble at this period, yet small parties of them occasionally ventured into the settlements for the purpose of spying out the affairs of their enemies, and if occasion offered, doubtless to murder or abduct any one they might find unprotected. Boone's escape from them had never been forgotten or forgiven, and it would have been a grand achievement for any of their warriors who could again capture him.

On one occasion he was curing some tobacco, he had unselfishly raised to accommodate his visitors, for it is said that he himself never used it, when four burly Indians suddenly entered the covered pen in which he was hanging it, tier above tier, and pointing their cocked rifles at him, told him to come down and go with them. "We got you now, Boone. No git away no more. We carry you back to Chillicothe. No cheat Indian no more."

The faces of some of them were familiar, and Boone spoke to them kindly, telling them he was glad to see them and as soon as he had got his tobacco hung, he would be down. The Indians did not take their eyes off of him, and gathering an armful of the dryest tobacco he could find, he adroitly dropped himself upon them, filling their upturned faces with the pungent tobacco, which, with a right good will, he rubbed into their eyes and noses. Sneezing frantically, and blinded with the stinging dust, the Indians roared with pain, and Boone, darting out of the narrow door, made good his escape.

CHAPTER VII.

MISFORTUNES OF BOONE.

PERIOD OF REPOSE——LAND SHARKS AND SPECULATORS——A DASTARDLY OUTRAGE——KENTUCKY'S SHAME——M'CLUNG'S HINTS——BYRON'S EULOGY ——REMOVAL TO VIRGINIA——STARTS FOR MISSOURI——FRIENDLY RECEPTION BY FRENCH AND SPANISH——REACHES ST. LOUIS——AUDUBON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PIONEER——AN ANECDOTE RELATED BY BOONE—— HIS POWERS OF MEMORY——SURROUNDED AND CAPTURED——IMMINENT PERIL——IN THE INDIAN CAMP——HIS STOIC BEHAVIOR——HIS BOTTLE OF WHISKY——SEARCHED BY THE SQUAWS——A MIDNIGHT ORGIE——SAVAGE REVELRY——A FREE TREAT——THE MIDNIGHT SHOT——THE COUNCIL.

We now approach a period of repose for Kentucky, which was destined to endure, and the country, which no longer had need of his strong arm and wise counsels, did not hesitate to cast off her grand old pioneer without remorse. Defects were picked in his titles, and swindling speculators, invoking the aid of the legal

"Scales, wherein law weigheth equity down,"

robbed him of all of his lands, including even his farm at Boonsborough, which had so often witnessd his wisdom and his prowess.

It was a dastardly outrage, that the State of Kentucky should, under the aegis of her laws, have afforded protection to the despoiler, in his old age, of one whose manhood was given to her glory and defense. It was a burning shame that the comrades, by whose side he had ever stood in the hour of danger, had not risen up in their indignation, and demanded the redress of his wrongs.

Of this era of his life, McClung—who says nothing of his spoliation—writes in a rather flippant, though it may be an unintentionally unkind vein: "As refinement of manners advanced, and the general standard of intelligence became elevated by the constant *arrival of families of rank and influence*, the rough old woodsman found himself entirely out of his element. * * * For several years he wandered among the living group, which thronged the courtyard or the churches, like a venerable relic of other days. He was among them, but not of them. He pined in secret for the wild and lonely forests of the West—for the immense prairies, trodden only by the buffalo or the elk."

How many, we wonder, of those—of whom he deemed the "rough old woodsman" an unfit associate—ever won tribute from such a source as did Daniel Boone from the immortal pen of Byron, who says of him:

"Of all men, saving Sylla, the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names, which in our faces stare,
The General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere;
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude; Health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boone lived hunting up to ninety;

And what's still stranger, left behind a name,
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the man of Ress run wild.

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation—
When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease.
The inconvenience of civilization
Is that you neither can be pleased, nor please;
But, when he met the individual man,
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

He was not all alone, around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unwaken'd world was ever new
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on nature's, nor on human face;
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall and strong and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain, the green woods were their portions—

No sinking spirits told them they grew gray,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage, and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;
Not yet too many, nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts its spoil;
The lust which stings, the splendor which encumbers,
With the free foresters divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

Impatient of "the law's delays, the insolence of office, and the spurns the patient merit of the unworthy takes," the unmurmuring old man, weighed down with years and trouble, removed to Virginia, and settled on the Kenawha River, near Point Pleasant, and remained there from 1790 to about 1797. From there he started for the wilderness of Missouri, then Upper Louisiana, to find a home in lieu of that of which he had been robbed, in Kentucky. According to Peck, this emmigration occurred in 1795, but Perkins, on the authority of Thomas J. Hinde—a neighbor of the old pioneer, who saw him set out with his pack-horse and a solitary companion—places it in October, 1797. Reaching St. Louis, he found that his fame had preceded him, and the kind-hearted French and Spaniards extended to him a hearty welcome. Audubon, the distinguished naturalist, passed a night with Boone in Missouri, and thus speaks of the old pioneer: "The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise and perseverance. He related to me the following account of his powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may prove interesting to you:

"I was once," said he, "on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, when the lower parts of that State (Kentucky), were still in the hands of nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, amongst the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race, as I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous animal.



BOONE ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS OF KENTUCKY.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was as unexpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them. The trick had been managed with great skill, for no sooner had I extinguished the fire of my camp



BOONE STARTING TO MISSOURI.

and laid me down to rest, in full security, as I thought, than I felt myself seized by an undistinguishable number of hands, and was immediately pinioned, as if about to be led to the scaffold for execution.

"To have attempted to be refractory would have proved useless and dangerous to my life, and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles distant, without uttering even a word of complaint. You are aware, I dare say, that to act in this manner was the best policy, as you understand that by so doing I proved to the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of death as any of themselves.

"When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were exhibited. Two squaws and a few papooses appeared particularly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured by very unequivocal gestures and words that in the morning the mortal enemy of the redskins would cease to live. I never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some scheme, which might enable me to give the rascals the slip before dawn. The women fell immediately searching about my hunting shirt for whatever they might think valuable, and fortunately for me soon found my flask filled with Monongahela, (that is, reader, strong whisky).

"A terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of their intoxication. The crew immediately began to beat their bellies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. How often did I wish the bottle ten time its size, and filled with aqua fortis! I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors, and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet. The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand, and I saw, with inexpressible joy, the men walk off to some distance and talk to the squaws."

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS OF BOONE.

ANECDOTE CONTINUED——WARRIORS LEAVE——SQUAWS LEFT ON GUARD——BECOME DRUNK——BOONE BURNS HIS BONDS——HIS FIRST DESIRE——SPARES THE SQUAWS' LIVES——MARKS A TREE——A DISPUTED BOUNDARY——BOONE'S TREE IN QUESTION——TRIP TO GREEN RIVER——REFLECTIONS OF BOONE——THE CHANGES OF THIRTY YEARS——IDENTIFIES HIS TREE——THE LAW-SUIT WON——CONCLUSION OF AUDUBON'S ANECDOTE——BOONE'S DEBTS PAID——WILLING TO DIE——BOONE ROBBED——A NOBLE MAN——COL. THOMAS HART'S LETTER——HIS OPINION OF BOONE——ATTACKED BY OSAGES ——FORCES THEM TO RETREAT——HIS WANT OF FEAR——SURROUNDED BY INDIANS——A CLOSE PRISONER——BOONE'S PETITION TO CONGRESS——MISERLY ECONOMY OF THAT BODY——LAST DAYS OF BOONE——DEATH OF HIS WIFE——BOONE'S DEATH——ACTION OF THE MISSOURI LEGISLATURE——KENTUCKY'S TARDY JUSTICE.

"I knew that they were consulting about me, and I foresaw that in a few moments the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected that the squaws would be left to guard me. Well, sir, it was just so. They returned, the men took up their guns and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and in less than five minutes had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whisky.

"With what pleasure did I see them becoming more and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for the women tc be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about and began to snore, when I, having no other chance to free myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over toward the fire, and after a short time burned them asunder. I rose on my feet, stretched my stiffened sinews, snatched my rifle, and for once in my life spared that of the Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk, but when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

"But, sir, I determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large chips and ran off. I soon

reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the cane-brakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me.

"It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the whites' settlements, which I might probably never have visited again, had I not been called on as a witness in a law-suit that was pending in Kentucky, and which I really believe would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. This is the story, sir: Mr.——moved from old Virginia into Kentucky, and having a large tract granted to him in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash tree on which I had made my mark, and finished his survey of several thousands of acres beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, 'at an ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man.'

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks, but somehow or other Mr.——heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come, and try at least to find the tree or the place. His letter mentioned that all of my expenses would be paid, and not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky, I started and met Mr.——. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for a while, and began to think that, after all, I could find the very spot as well as the tree, if it was yet standing.

"Mr.——and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green River bottoms. After some difficulties—for you must be aware, sir, that great changes have taken place in these woods—I found at last the spot where I had crossed the river, and waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash tree grew. On approaching the place, I felt as if the Indians were still there and as if I were still a prisoner amongst them. Mr.——and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited until the return of day.

"At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash tree, then in sight, must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as if there could be no doubt

of it, and mentioned my thoughts to Mr.——. 'Well, Col. Boone, said he, 'if you think so, I hope it may prove true, but we must have some witnesses; you stay here about, and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know.' I agreed. Mr.——trotted off, and I, to pass the time, rambled about to see if a deer was still living in the land. But, ah sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years make in the country. Why at the time when I was caught by the Indians, you could not have walked out in any direction for more than a mile without shooting a buck or a bear. There were then thousands of buffaloes on the hills in Kentucky; the land looked as if it would never become poor, and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of Green River, I dare say for the last time in my life, a few signs only of deer were to be seen, and as to a deer itself, I saw none.

"Mr.——returned, accompanied by these gentlemen. They looked upon me as if I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash tree, which I now called my own, as if in quest of a long lost treasure. I took an axe from one of them and cut a few chips off of the bark. Still no signs were to be seen; so I cut again until I thought it was time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher knife until I did come to where my tomahawk had left an impression in the wood. We now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree with care until three hacks, as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr.——and the other gentlemen were astonished, and I must allow I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in presence of these gentlemen. Mr.——gained his cause. I left Green River forever, and came to where we now are; and, sir, I wish you a good night."

The few debts which Boone left behind him in Kentucky, were paid by the noble old man out of the proceeds of the sales of the furs he trapped in Missouri. Going back to Kentucky, he went to each creditor, asked him the amount of his debt, and without asking further evidence, save the man's word, promptly paid it. Returning to Missouri, a number of his friends gathered to congratulate him on his safe voyage, and to these he said: "Now I am ready and willing to die. I am relieved from a burden that has long oppressed me. I have paid all of my debts, and no one will say, when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man.' I am perfectly willing to die."

This anecdote is given on the authority of Peck, and is doubtless authentic.

When the Virginia Legislature established its commission to settle Kentucky land claims, Boone disposed of what property he had accumulated, to invest in land warrants. Of this money—about twenty thousand dollars—together with other large sums intrusted to him by friends, Boone was robbed, while on his way from Kentucky to Richmond. Heavy as was his own loss, it did not weigh as a feather in his estimation, compared to the losses of his friends. So highly did these friends esteem his integrity, that but little was ever said of the affair; but that there was some unfavorable comment, is proven by the following extract from a letter, written at the time by Col. Thomas Hart to his brother, Captain Nathaniel Hart, both of whom had lost large sums by this misfortune of the old pioneer:

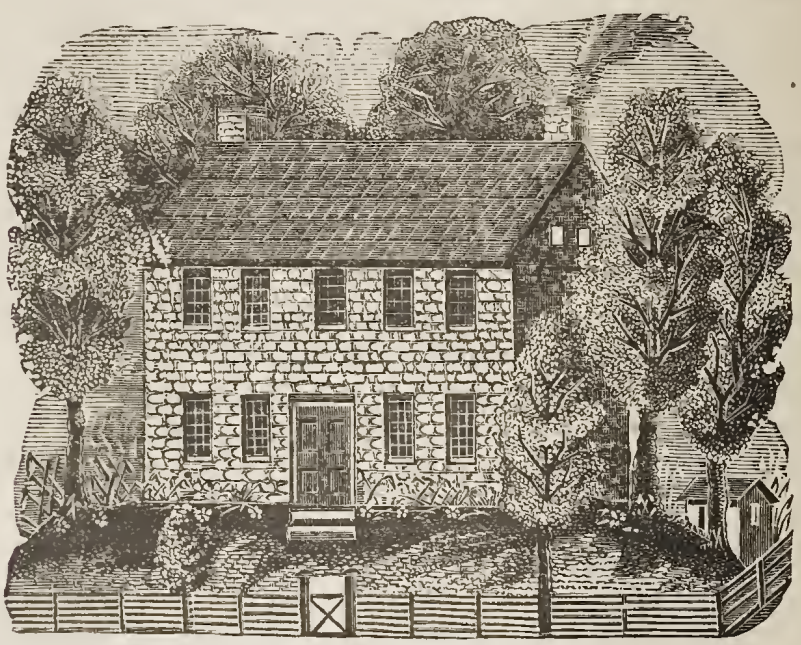
"I observe what you say respecting our losses by Daniel Boone. I had heard of the misfortune soon after it happened, but not of my being partaker before now. I feel for the poor people who, perhaps, are to lose even their pre-emptions, but I must say, I feel more for Boone, whose character, I am told, suffers by it. Much degenerated must the people of this age be, when amongst them are to be found men to censure and blast the reputation of a pioneer so just and upright, and in whose heart is a seat of virtue too pure to admit of a thought so base and dishonorable I have known Boone in times of old, when poverty and distress had him fast by the hand, and in these wretched circumstances I have ever found him of a noble and generous soul, despising everything mean, and, therefore, I will freely grant him a discharge for whatever sums of mine he might have been possessed at the time." Truly a most noble tribute from a noble man.

During his hunting excursions in Missouri, Boone was often subjected to danger from the Indians. On these excursions it is said that he was usually accompanied only by a negro boy, and on one of them he was attacked by the Osages, when he had no other assistance. The Indians greatly outnumbered them, but the old veteran experienced no difficulty in causing them to retreat with some loss.

To show how calmly he looked on the approach of death, it is told that on one occasion he was taken seriously ill while on a camp

hunt, accompanied by his faithful servant. Using only the simple medicaments of the woods, that he had learned in his intercourse with the Indians, and from his own experience of their effect, he soon recovered. No sooner, however, was he able to leave his couch of skins, than, fearing a relapse, he gave his negro thorough directions as to the place he wished to be buried, and also what disposition he wished made of his furs, rifle, etc.

Once, while out on one of these hunts, a large number of Indians selected the same neighborhood for the same purpose, and for the space of twenty days he was compelled to use the utmost caution,



HOUSE IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MO., IN WHICH BOONE DIED.

keeping himself secreted all the time, and being able to cook his food only late at night, when the Indians were sound asleep.

When Louisiana was ceded to the United States, Boone—to whom the Spanish Government had given ten thousand arpents of land for his military and civil services—lost his possessions through the cold formalities of the American laws; finding his countrymen less grateful and generous than strangers. Petitioning Congress, in 1812, for a restoration of his lands, his petition was indorsed by the Legislature of Kentucky, but after due deliberation and finding that he was most certainly entitled to eleven thousand arpents of land, Congress

allowed to Boone one thousand arpents—*just what every settler was entitled to.*

This parsimony toward a poor, old man—who had given to the Union one of her proudest States—is in marked contrast to the prodigality, which has since thrown away, with reckless profusion to lobbying railways, tracts of territory richer than European dukedoms and principalities. The remainder of Boone's life was spent in obscurity.

His wife, who had so long accompanied him upon life's weary and uncertain road, died in 1813, and for seven years he journeyed alone toward the "Valley of the Shadow." At last, on the 26th day of September, 1820, the once strong frame of the grand old hero—now wasted by the accumulated infirmities of age and sickness—was composed to its last sleep. For him the patient struggle against injustice was over; he had exchanged human law for God's equity, and the brave and noble soul was at rest. The Legislature of Missouri adjourned for one day, and adopted a badge of mourning for thirty days, and on August 20th, 1845, his bones and those of his wife were taken to Frankfort, Kentucky, by its people, and interred with august ceremonies—thus doing to his memory a tardy justice, which the State denied to the man, and honoring themselves in glorifying him.

CHAPTER IX.

SIMON KENTON.

A WONDERFUL LIFE——DATE OF BIRTH——HIS EDUCATION——A LOVE AFFAIR ——A RIVAL——TERRIBLY IN EARNEST——A BATTLE——FOUL PLAY—— KENTON WORSTED——BIDES HIS TIME——A SECOND DUEL——HIS RIVAL LEFT FOR DEAD——HIS FLIGHT——THE BRAND OF CAIN——FINDS A COMPANION——JOINS AN EXPLORING PARTY——GOES DOWN THE MONONGAHELA——MEETS STRADER AND YEAGER——YEAGER'S TALES OF KANTUCK-EE——CHARACTER OF KENTON——IN SEARCH OF ELDORADO—— A FUTILE VOYAGE——RETURN——ATTACKED BY INDIANS——TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS——VOYAGE DOWN THE OHIO——ABANDON THE CANOES——A SECOND JONAH——KENTON FEARS TO ENTER VIRGINIA——CRESAP'S INFAMY——THE PARADISE FOUND——VISIT TO BLUE LICKS——SETTLES IN KENTUCKY——FINDS TWO WHITE MEN——ONE RETURNS TO THE SETTLEMENTS——HORRIBLE FATE OF THE OTHER.

The brilliant mind and active fancy of the Bard of Avon never imagined so strange a "Comedy of Errors" as the simple recital of the career of this man. From his first plunge into the sad realities of life, we find him the sport of circumstances, tossed like some compassless bark upon fortune's waves, to drive upon the rocks, or drift into harbor, as fate might decree. His whole life reads more like an unsubstantial fiction than a cold portrayal of actual occurrences, and it is rendered the more wonderful by the knowledge that not more than one event in five has been handed down, so as to reach us.

His natal year was one of more sorrow than joy; his birth-day being the 15th of May, 1755, the year when Braddock's terrible defeat cast such a gloom over the entire State of Virginia. Born in Fauquier County, in that State, his parentage was obscure, and his education was fully as limited as that of Daniel Boone. The tale that he was unable to read or write, is false, though almost universally believed, the writer having seen documents bearing his signature in a fair hand. Seeming, from his meager attainments and his obscure situation, born for a life of farm drudgery, when he had attained his sixteenth year, fate opened up to him a wider path in life.

Obscure and ignorant as was the rude, unlettered boy, yet his heart was not proof against the assaults of beauty, and we find him

at the age of sixteen madly in love, and more than usually well supplied with rivals, his inamorata being the belle of the neighborhood. Young as he was, and poorly as we may suppose that he was supplied with this world's goods, yet our hero had certainly won second place in the race for beauty's approbation, but—if we are to judge from after events—a stalwart farmer, named Veitch, stood at the head of the list. What Kenton, at so immature an age, wanted with a wife somewhat puzzles us, but it may be that he claimed a privilege we once heard asserted that "one man has as much right to starve a woman to death as another."

Be this as it may, Kenton was terribly in earnest in tendering his devotion, and as he and Veitch each felt that "one world was all



SIMON KENTON AT THE AGE OF 76.

too narrow for them both," a collision occurred, in which, through the interference of Veitch's friends, the boy received an unmerciful drubbing. Whether this "cooled off the frenzy in his blood," so far as his love was concerned, we are not told, but if it did, his heart was certainly none the lighter, for it now carried a burning desire for revenge. Smothering his animosity beneath an appearance of composure, Kenton waited until the next year, when, having attained to a height of six feet and an uncommon degree of activity, he challenged his more mature rival to a combat.

Veitch, himself a man of more than ordinary strength, was nothing loth, and together they repaired to a convenient spot, where, without spectators, they determined to see who was the better man.

When they had stripped for the combat, there was little to choose between the men, so far as physical appearance went, for the swelling muscles and iron frames of each spoke equally of strength and endurance. Some might have wagered that the lad would go down before Veitch's more matured physique, but the close student of human nature would have detected in the gleam from Kenton s eye the indication of a soul to which defeat could never come, save in the guise of death.

The battle, which immediately began, raged with all the fury that mutual hate, jealousy and taunts could lend to it, and after a long, fierce round, in which victory remained doubtful, Kenton went down before his brawny antagonist. Down, but not defeated, Kenton endured with equanimity the blows and kicks he could not avoid, and without a thought of surrender bided his chance. Fortune, who had cheated him of his sweetheart, was about to make amends. Veitch's hair, after the manner of the rustic beaux of that day, was worn long, and Kenton, in the intervals between kicks, evolved a scheme that he thought would give him the victory. It was to wrap the Absalom-like locks of his rival around a sapling growing near, and finish him at leisure.

Making one final effort, and eking out his failing strength with the fury of his determination, he effected his stratagem, and Veitch, in spite of his struggles, was at his mercy. Now was the time to avenge all his former injuries, and to return upon his enemy the taunts and blows under which he had for a year been fretting. Day and night he had waited for this revenge, and the delay had whetted his anger to such a pitch that before he fully realized the extent of his fury, Veitch was gasping as though in the agonies of death. This was more than he had bargained for, and after a remorseful glance at his now insensible victim, he turned from the spot, and, with the speed of the deer, fled into the wilderness.

Never doubting but that he was a murderer, Kenton sped on until he had reached the limits of the settlements, before he felt safe from the hue and cry which he was sure would succeed to the discovery of his rival's body. For months afterward any allusion to Virginia called up to Kenton's mind the scene of his duel, and the corpse of Veitch lying in the lonely wood, its long hair wound around the fatal tree. It was not until long years after that this nightmare was to be lifted from his mind, and revisiting the scenes of his childhood,

he found Veitch the father of an interesting family, and his wife—the former belle—a matron of quite comfortable avoirdupois.

The supposed murder had turned out the first of the many shrewish tricks that Fortune yet had in store for him, and his delight at finding that he did not bear the brand of Cain was so great that he



YOUNG KENTON'S TRIUMPH OVER HIS RIVAL.

at once began a friendship with his former rival that lasted until his death. History does not tell us how much the fading looks and increasing girth of madame had to do with his reconciliation to his fate, and we leave that for the reader to guess.

At the verge of the wilderness he met a traveler from New Jersey, named Johnson, and uniting their fortunes, they journeyed

together, until the latter reached his destination, on Cheat River. He needed a friend, and Fortune—determined never to let him get to the lowest depths—had thrown Johnson, his pack-horse and his small store of necessaries in his way. Johnson's after-path in life is unknown, and he is remembered only from having aided a brave and unfortunate man; but Kenton—or as he had renamed himself, Butler—joined a small company of explorers, which had been organized by Greathouse and Mahon.

Building a large canoe, they voyaged down the Monongahela, until they reached Provines' or Province's settlements, and here Kenton met with Strader and Yeager, the latter of whom gave our hero his first information of a wonderful country down the Ohio River, which the Indians visited for the purpose of hunting, and to which they had given the name of Kan-tuck-ee. Yeager had been taken by the Indians when but a child, and had afterwards roamed over this country with their hunting parties, and his descriptions of its beauty and fertility vied with those which Findley poured into the willing ear of Boone.

At this time, young as he was, Kenton had attained his full size, and as no description has ever been given in any of his numerous biographies, one may not come amiss. His frame was of the order denominated as "raw-boned," that is, without superfluous flesh. His size approached the gigantic, being six feet one inch in height and broadly built. His weight was never under one hundred and ninety pounds and his strength was enormous. His complexion was light and his disposition amiable, but, when aroused, his eyes flashed like fire, and the whole countenance of the man underwent a change terrible to the beholder.

Lacking the deep-seated purpose of Boone, we find him fully the equal of the latter in courage and fortitude. In his moral and intellectual nature he was, without doubt, inferior to Boone, and yet a grade above Wetzel, and, of course, his weight and influence would not compare with that of the "father of Kentucky." Even the Indians seemed intuitively to recognize this inferiority, hence Blackfish's question: "Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?" Brave, hardy, patient, and willing to undergo any risks for his people, yet the infant colony could have better spared a hundred Kentons than the moral weight, patient vigilance and indomitable determination of Boone.

This paradise to which Yeager proposed to conduct Kenton, if the latter was desirous of seeing it, was not only the loveliest that a beneficent Creator had ever given to his creatures, but its soil was the most fertile ever seen by man, while over its vast plains and grassy valleys the deer, elk and buffalo wandered in countless thousands, and its forests were filled with bear, turkey and smaller game. Yeager was confident that he could find the country, and his comrade and Kenton, being anxious to visit it, a canoe was quickly built, and they started down the Ohio in search of the new Eldorado.

Down the placid waters of the beautiful river they drifted for many weary days, but, like Poe's wanderer,

> "O'er their hearts a shadow
> Fell, as they found no spot of ground
> That looked like Eldorado;"

and the others were not slow in expressing to Yeager their doubts as to this somewhat mythical region. With all the persistency of truth, Yeager stuck to his story, and at last insisted that they must have run by it in the night, and convinced by his earnestness, they started to return, examining the country as they went, and finally settled on the Big Kanawha, for the purpose of hunting and trapping, without having obtained a glimpse of the "promised land." Here they remained for nearly two years, and here they were attacked, in March, 1773, by the Indians, and Strader killed. Flying for their lives, Kenton and Yeager escaped with great difficulty, having to abandon to their enemies everything except the clothing they had on.

After five days of the greatest hardships, and untold agonies from cold and hunger, they reached the Ohio, finding there a party of traders. Returning with these men to the Little Kanawha, Kenton obtained a rifle and ammunition, and again set out to try the fortunes of the forest. In the early fall he joined a party going down the Ohio in canoes. At Three Islands they were alarmed at a large number of Indians, and plunging into the timber, Kenton and his companions abandoned their canoes to the enemy, and made their way with great difficulty to Virginia.

That Kenton was not the only Jonah in the party may be inferred from the fact that they were obliged, in the midst of their perils, to wait fourteen days for Dr. Wood to recover from a bite of a copperhead snake. On the borders of Virginia, there was a general

breaking up of the party, and Kenton, who did not care to venture into his native State, determined to brave again the uncertainties of the forest, and building a canoe, descended once more to the Big Kanawha, where he hunted and trapped, until the spring of 1774.

Cresap's murder of Logan's defenseless family united that magnanimous chieftain in a league with other eminent warriors, and brought on the war known as Dunmore's war. Throughout this



KENTON RESCUING BOONE.

war Kenton's services as an outlying scout or spy proved of great value to the whites, and after the disbanding of the troops, brought about by their great victory over the Indians, he determined to set out once more in search of the country described by Yeager. Taking two friends with him, they started off in a canoe, and after quite an extended trip down the Ohio, they made their way to the Lower Blue Lick, where immense herds of buffalo and numbers of

elk were found. The beauty of the country through which they had passed, and the great plenty of game, convinced them that at last they had found "Yeager's paradise," as they denominated the object of their search.

Penetrating the country in every direction, they visited the Upper Blue Lick also, and built a cabin on the present site of Washington, making a small clearing and planting corn. Thus, even in the breasts of the hunters of that age, we find the spirit of a permanent settlement firmly implanted, and, working toward each other from different directions, we discover the rude but efficient agents of a civilization that was destined to crush the barbarism of the Indian between its upper and nether mill-stones.

On one of their excursions to the Lower Blue Lick, they found two white men, who had lost their arms and other effects by the capsizing of their canoe in the Ohio. One of them, Hendricks, remained with them, but the other, Fitzpatrick, frankly confessed that he was not of the stuff of which pioneers are made, and being furnished by them with a rifle, they took him across the river, and it is to be hoped that he reached the settlements in safety. While they had accompanied his companion to the river, Hendricks had been left at the cabin to recuperate, and in their absence it was raided by the savages, and Hendricks carried off a prisoner.

Returning, the disordered state of the cabin told the tale of Indian outrage plainly enough, and seeing, at a little distance, the smoke of a camp fire, they became panic stricken and fled with all haste from the scene, without making a single effort to ascertain Hendricks' fate, or the number of those who had captured him. This was ever a source of regret to Kenton, for, venturing back late the next day, they visited the camp-fire and there found the charred bones of poor Hendricks, who might have been rescued had timely effort been made.

CHAPTER X.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

KENTON'S RASH BRAVERY——A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE——NARROW ESCAPE ——A FRESH SCALP——KENTON REMAINS IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY——THE CAPTURED HORSES——ESCAPE——REACH LOGAN'S FORT——A SECOND EXPEDITION——TOO GREAT TEMPTATION——A SLOW PURSUIT——ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE OHIO——FRIGHTENED HORSES——THE STORM——A DAY AND NIGHT LOST——THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY——UNPARALLELED RASHNESS——THEIR GOOD GENIUS WEARIED——LOVE OF HORSEFLESH——CAPTURE OF KENTON——DEATH OF MONTGOMERY——CLARK ESCAPES——BLACKFISH'S QUESTION——ABUSE——TORMENTED BY THE SAVAGES——THE RENEGADE'S REPLY——RUNS THE GAUNTLET——RESOLVES TO ESCAPE——TOO LATE——HALTERED——MEETS SIMON GIRTY——BRUTAL TREATMENT——"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

Kenton—who had left his settlement and taken up quarters at Boonsborough—was, with Boone and others, attached to Clarke's army of invasion, that destroyed the towns and crops of the savages, in retaliation for their incursions into Kentucky. Acting as a scout, Kenton's bravery and rashness forced him into many dangerous situations, and some of his escapes were truly wonderful. The foot-ball of fate, Fortune seemed never to weary in her efforts to amuse herself at his expense. Seeing Indian sign in the trail one day, he was just about to explore a heavy thicket to which it led, when he heard sounds of boisterous merriment issuing from it.

Quickly secreting himself, he saw two burly Indians emerge from it, riding one pony and evidently excessively amused at the situation, which the pony did not seem to greatly relish. Aiming full at the breast of the foremost rider, he was pleased to see both fall, one dead, the other badly wounded. Laughing now in turn—as if he did not realize that Fortune, of course, intended to make him pay for such an extra stroke of luck—he darted forward to scalp the one and tomahawk the other.

While the the latter was making considerable objection to this operation, he heard a noise close at hand, and looking up, saw within twenty yards of him two Indians taking aim. Springing like a flash to one side, the two bullets whistled harmlessly by him, but fearing that others were near, he bounded rapidly to cover. At the moment

he reached shelter a dozen savages rushed into view and would have pressed him closely, had not Boone and some others appeared on the scene, and by a rapid fire driven off the Indians. Owing to the hurry of their retreat, the dead Indian was left on the field, and was promptly scalped by Kenton.

When Boone returned from this expedition in such haste to reach Boonsborough, Kenton and a friend named Montgomery, remained behind, in order to see if they could not inflict greater injury upon the enemy, but, after waiting patiently near the village for one day, they found the men all gone, and despairing of killing any of the warriors, they went into the village that night and carried off the four best horses they could find. With these they safely escaped to Logan's Fort; Boonsborough being then surrounded by a large force of Indians.

A day or two after their return, Kenton was employed by Colonel Bowman to visit an Indian town on the Little Miami, which he was desirous of attacking, could he obtain full information of its location and the number of its warriors. Taking with him Montgomery and another man, named Clark, they penetrated to the Indian town in perfect safety and secrecy, and even walked through its streets and examined its houses without being discovered. All would now have gone well, had it not been that, in their exploration, they had come across the herd of horses belonging to the village.

This was too great a temptation to men who used every opportunity to despoil their enemies. Taking the halters they found near the enclosure, they entered and began to halter the horses. Some of them, alarmed at the sight of white men, began to kick and squeal, and in other ways to show their displeasure, and the noise at last roused their masters. Seeing that they were in for it, Kenton and his companions could not make up their minds to give up a single one of the horses they had had so much trouble in haltering, and two of them riding ahead led the drove while one following with a whip did not permit them to lag.

Their boldness so confused the Indians that they supposed their enemies to be in force, and it is doubtful if they were followed very far that night; but, had former misfortunes taught Kenton any thing, he should have known that he was still in debt to luck for his last success, and it was now time for another reverse. Riding all night, they attempted to swim the horses across the Ohio the next



SIMON KENTON'S MAZEPPA RIDE.

morning, but a violent wind-storm prevailing, they were unable to do so. Baffled in repeated attempts, their after-course is almost a miracle of folly. Instead of moving up or down the river, so as to preserve the start they had gained on the Indians, they sat on its banks, waiting for the waters to become still. The day was lost in this proceeding, and at night the waves were more violent than ever. Losing the night in the same foolish inaction, they found the water quiet on the morrow, but could not force the thoroughly frightened horses into it.

Wasting valuable time in useless attempts, they at last determined to mount a horse each and endeavor to reach Louisville. This move might have proven their salvation, but it will be scarcely believed that, once mounted, they actually determined to ride back and make an effort to collect and carry off the scattered horses.

McClung, says: "They wearied out their good genius, and literally fell victims to their love for horseflesh. They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards, (Kenton in the center, the others upon the flanks, with an interval of two hundred yards between them), when Kenton heard a loud hollo, apparently coming from the spot they had just left."

This should have stimulated them to the swiftest flight, but, incredible as it may seem, Kenton actually dismounted, and walked slowly back toward the sound. Here he found three Indians and one white man, all splendidly mounted. To alarm his companions, he raised his rifle to fire and it flashed. At last, when it was useless, he turned in flight, but was speedily overtaken and captured.

The Indians very properly, as it seems to us, took out their ramrods and belabored him well, at the same time giving him their opinion of any man who would steal a poor innocent Indian's horse. While this was going on, Montgomery appeared and endeavored to discharge his rifle, but, like Kenton's, the powder had become wet. Two of the Indians started in pursuit, and in a few minutes the report of two rifles was heard, then the scalp halloo, and they shortly returned with Montgomery's scalp. Clark, after hearing the first hallo, dashed spurs to his horse and escaped to Louisville.

On the return to the village, the Indians continually beat and abused Kenton, tying him at one time upon a horse in regular Mazeppa style. The horse—the wildest they could select—dashed

fiercely through the wood for a short distance, and then, to the great disgust of the Indians, fell into the ranks and jogged soberly along. Just before reaching Chillicothe, Blackfish, one of their principal chiefs, came up to Kenton, and in a lordly manner thundered out: "You've been stealing our horses." "Yes," replied Kenton. "Did Captain Boone tell you to do it?" asked Blackfish. "No," answered Kenton, "I did it of my own accord." At this honest avowal the chief applied a hickory rod to Kenton's naked shoulders and excoriated him terribly.



KENTON AND THE RENEGADE GIRTY.

He was met at the distance of a mile from the village by every man, woman and child in it, and amidst the hooting and yelling of the howling mob of savages, some one suggested the burning of the prisoner. This was welcomed by a general yell of delight, and while the fiendish squaws tore the tattered remnants of clothes from Kenton's body, the men set up a stake and all began their devil's dance around him. Kicked and beaten with sticks, switches and their fists, he expected every moment the torture of fire. This,

however, was reserved for another time, and about midnight he was released and taken to their village.

The next morning he was led out to run the gauntlet—that torture lesser than the stake, and usually preceding it—and stretched on a hoop, he saw poor Montgomery's scalp drying in the sun. Escaping with but a few blows from this ordeal, a council was held to find out whether they should burn him there, or take him around to each village and exhibit him before treating themselves to this amusement. This deliberation resulted in the order that he should be taken to a village (Waughcotomoco) on Mad River, and there be tortured.

Asking of a white renegade what they had decided to do, his reply was: "Burn you, G— d— you!" Kenton asked no more questions, and being clothed, he was delighted to see that they did not intend to bind him. This was a boon he did not expect of fortune, and he determined to escape or die. The country through which they were passing greatly favored such an attempt—the timber being full of undergrowth—and if he failed, it would not affect the result in the slightest, or increase the pangs of death by fire.

With his mind fully made up, Kenton put off the execution of his attempt until he heard a loud hallooing ahead and the sound of a drum, and knew they were approaching another village. Stimulated at last by the thought of another running of the gauntlet, if not the torture of the stake, Kenton darted into the brush, and with the speed of the wind, soon distanced all pursuit. Had this been done sooner he would have escaped scot free, but while running furiously away from those behind him, he burst at full speed into a party coming up from the village to meet them.

A minute before he had, with a glad heart, heard the sounds of pursuit die out, and he had felt himself a free man; now his hopes were again dashed to earth. Cruel indeed was the disappointment.

Being securely haltered, he was led into the village and tied at the door of the council house, as a wild beast might have been, subject to all the abuse and blows the savages saw fit to bestow upon him. Luckily for him he was not compelled to run the gauntlet here, but was taken the next day to another village, where he was forced to go through that ceremony, and was severely hurt.

Another council was here held. It was determined to burn him at this village. Just before this council the two Girtys, James Ward

and an Indian entered the cabin where Kenton sat, bowed down beneath the weight of his misfortunes, and awaiting a horrible death. With them they brought several scalps, seven children and a white woman. Kenton was removed, and after a long deliberation, he was called back to hear the announcement of his doom. This, however, was an unnecessary formality, as their scowling faces told him plainly enough that it was useless to cherish hope.

Girty, throwing an old blanket on the floor, ordered Kenton to sit down, and not complying soon enough, he siezed him roughly by the arm and jerked him down upon the blanket. Girty next asked him the number of whites in Kentucky. To this he replied that he did not know, but that he could name about all the officers, and this he proceeded to do by naming every man in the State who had a title, whether the commander of any men or not. This was done to magnify, in the eyes of the savages, the number of the Kentuckians, as he feared they might contemplate further raids. "Do you know William Stewart?" next asked Girty. "Perfectly," answered Kenton; "he is an old friend." "What is your name," now asked Girty, with some curiosity. "Simon Butler," was the reply; and never did the announcement of a mere name produce so great an effect.

CHAPTER XI.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

GIRTY'S SURPRISE——AN EARNEST APPEAL——BROTHERS-IN-ARMS——EFFECT OF GIRTY'S ELOQUENCE——THE REPLY——THE VOTE——REPRIEVE OF KENTON——A TIME OF REST——THE DISTRESS HALLO——WARM FRIENDS COOLING—— THE NEW COUNCIL——ANOTHER TRIAL——KENTON CONDEMNED——GIRTY'S EFFORTS IN HIS BEHALF——THE MARCH TO DEATH——GIRTY'S LAST ATTEMPT——FAILURE——ESCAPE FROM THE GAUNTLET——AN IRATE INDIAN——A TERRIBLE WOUND——INDIAN HUMANITY——MEETING WITH LOGAN——HIS EFFORTS TO AID KENTON——A REMARKABLE MAN——OF NO AVAIL——DRIVEN TO SANDUSKY——THE GOAL OF DEATH——THE STAKE PREPARED——ANOTHER RESCUE——TAKEN TO DETROIT.

The name of Butler touched a secret chord in the heart of the monster Girty, a chord that even he thought had years since ceased to vibrate, and like a flood long pent up his emotions burst their bounds, and swept away the brutal cruelty and callous indifference of the renegade. Serving together as spies during Dunmore's war—before Girty had become the ally of the savages and the enemy of his people—Kenton's bravery and sunny good nature had endeared him to the renegade, who, in the midst of his Indian followers, no doubt often turned with regret to those days of happiness and innocence.

The effect upon the savages must have been almost magical to thus see the fierce and sullen renegade fly to the man, against whom he had so lately exhibited the intensity of his malice, and fold him in his arms like a brother. Turning next to the assembled warriors, he begged for the life of the prisoner, who, he said, was endeared to him by the ties of a friendship as close as those of brotherhood. They had hunted together by day and shared the same blanket at night; the wigwam of the one was the dwelling place of the other, and their joys and sorrows had been in common.

Together they had roamed the forests like brothers, and upon the war-path they had marched side by side; neither had known a danger that the other had not shared, and now he begged them, if his services had been of any value to them, not to refuse him the life of this the only captive he had ever asked of them. They knew, said he, that he was true to their cause, and his hands were as deeply

dyed in the blood of the hated whites as those of any warrior amongst them, and now, after years of faithful service, would they refuse him the only favor he had ever asked, and force him to look upon the fierce torture and terrible agony of his comrade, done cruelly to death by them, his adopted brothers?



THE WARRIOR'S REPLY TO GIRTY, DEMANDING KENTON'S DEATH.

At the end of his speech, which was full of the figures that strike the imagination of the red man, he saw that he had made an impression upon several of the chiefs, while others evidently did not favor his request. A young warrior, rising to reply, said that the fate of the

prisoner had been settled in a full and solemn council, and that they would be deemed squaws could they be thus influenced to change their minds every hour.

For his part he was sorry that it happened to be the friend of their comrade, Girty; he would have preferred it to be some stranger to him, but that all of their people had set their hearts on seeing this white man burn, and what a disappointment—if not an absolute cruelty—it would be to discommode so many people for the sake of one, or at most two, even if the prisoner had any feeling in the matter, though for his part he rather believed, from the white man's actions, that he courted such an honor as a fiery death at the hands of their brave warriors.

Girty's reply was filled with an indignant energy, and he slyly interjected into it threats of a retirement from their councils and their war parties, if they refused to him what he felt sure would have been quickly granted to any of his red-skinned brothers. At the close of this harangue, a vote was taken, by passing to each warrior a war club. Those in favor of the stake struck the ground heavily with the club, as it was handed to them; the others passed it in silence, and Girty smiled in triumph to see that the latter were the more numerous, and Kenton, who had entered the cabin a doomed man, left it reprieved.

For fully three weeks fortune decreed no change in the rest and tranquility that fell to Kenton's lot, who, now protected by Girty, enjoyed perfect freedom in everything except permission to leave the village. At the expiration of this time he, Girty and an Indian named Red Pole, were walking together, just out of the village, when they were approached by another Indian, who at intervals uttered a peculiar cry. Informed by Girty that it was the distress hallo, and that they must all repair to the council-house, poor Kenton's heart sank within him, for his sad experience caused him to think himself the especially selected victim of all hallos and councils.

The conduct of the approaching Indian, who shook hands with Girty and Red Pole, but refused his own, convinced him fully that he was in trouble once more. Upon entering the council chamber, he offered his hand to several of the Indians, but was refused by all, and dejectedly took a seat.

Girty's better nature had been thoroughly aroused by the companionship of his old-time comrade, and with burning eloquence, as

though pleading for his own life, he begged for Kenton's release, but it was of no avail. Aided by the large number of chiefs who had gathered from the other towns, those who had before voted in favor of torture now carried the day, and sad and disheartened, Girty announced to his friend: "You must die!" Thanking his former comrade for his efforts, Kenton was surrounded by the strange Indians, and being strongly bound, was instantly marched off with a long rope around his neck, to which his guards kept a firm hold.

Fortune was again at zero with Kenton, when, about three miles from the village, Girty passed him, telling him he had friends at the next town, and was going to see what he could do for him. Life now took on a more roseate hue, but this was destined to be of short duration; for Girty, finding he could do nothing for his friend, rode sadly back to Waughcotomoco by a different route, to avoid seeing the comrade whom he could not aid.

Passing through the village where Girty had hoped so much, no stop was made, but some ten miles beyond, Kenton paid fully for his escape from running the gauntlet in the village he had just passed. Seated by the pathway was a filthy Indian indolently watching his wife chopping wood. Lazily removing his pipe to give occasional instructions to the poor woman, he caught sight of Kenton toiling painfully along, and the appearance of the white man aroused all his ire.

Here was a safe chance to exhibit his prowess, and hastily snatching the axe from his squaw, he rushed at Kenton, and with a furious blow cut through his shoulder, crushing the bone, and almost lopping off the arm. Noble savage! brave deed! Just as he was on the point of repeating the blow, the guard interfered, soundly berating him for his inhumanity—in attempting to rob them of the sport of torturing their prisoner—and closing around Kenton, they marched on.

Soon after this event they reached a large village on the Scioto, and here Kenton beheld an Indian—the most noted of his race at that day. This was Logan, the Mingo, whose eloquence, bravery, and magnanimity had won him the respect alike of the whites and savages, and his desire to benefit Kenton seems wonderful, when we know that his entire family had been murdered in cold blood by a white man, Captain Cresap.

Approaching the prisoner, he said, in a soft, musical voice: "Well, young man, these warriors seem very mad at you."

"Yes, sir," said Kenton, surprised as much at his kindness as at the purity of his English, "they certainly are."

"Well" said Logan, "don't be disheartened—you are to go to Sandusky—they speak of burning you there, but I am a great



KENTON AND LOGAN.

chief, and I will to-morrow send two runners to speak good for you." Again Kenton's spirits began to rise, at this evidence of interest in his fate by one whom he afterwards described as the noblest and most remarkable looking Indian he had ever seen.

On the following morning, true to his word, Logan dispatched two runners, and until their return Kenton was permitted to spend

much of his time with the great chief, who treated him with every kindness. That evening the runners returned, and were shut up with Logan in his cabin, Kenton not seeing him or them until the next morning. This was probably done to keep from the prisoner the knowledge of the dreadful fate in store for him as long as possible, and in the morning Logan came sadly and silently to him, gave him a piece of bread, told him he was to be taken to Sandusky at once, and turning off, left him to his guard. He knew from the chief's manner that his intercession had failed, and his heart sank at the dreadful intelligence.

Driven before his captors into Sandusky, with the halter around his neck, he felt that at last the crucial point in his wanderings had been reached, and here, after so many alternations of hope and despair, he was to die miserably, the victim of a barbarity too horrible to be thought of. When he reached the town, the stake had already been set, and every preparation made for burning him on the morrow, but here again fate—never tired of using him as a shuttlecock—interfered once more, and in the person of an Indian agent, named Drewyer, rescued him from the torture.

Anxious to obtain information for the commandant at Detroit of affairs on the Ohio, he urged so earnestly that the prisoner be given to him, that the Indians were forced to comply, and once again Kenton's heart went bounding upward at his release from a fiery death. Drewyer agreed with the Indians that, when the desired information had been obtained, he would return their prisoner to them, to use according to their pleasure. This agreement, he assured Kenton, he had no idea of keeping, and endeavored to ascertain the number of troops in Kentucky, their situation, the fortifications, etc., but seemed satisfied when Kenton told him that, being only a private soldier, he, of course, knew but little of affairs outside of his own post.

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH OF KENTON.

[illegible] AT DETROIT——RESOLVES TO ESCAPE——SOUNDS TWO KENTUCKIANS——KENTON OBTAINS ARMS——A FRIEND IN NEED——START FOR KENTUCKY——TRAVEL BY NIGHT——REACH HOME——CONSIDERATIONS OF KENTON'S CONDUCT——HIS AFTER-SERVICES——LEARNS THAT HE IS NOT A MURDERER——VEITCH ALIVE——DROPS THE NAME OF BUTLER——RETURNS TO VIRGINIA——BRINGS HIS FATHER'S FAMILY TO KENTUCKY——DEATH OF THE ELDER KENTON——BECOMES A MAJOR——TWO ANECDOTES——COMING OF PEACE——TROUBLES OF KENTON——HIS LAST CAMPAIGN——MISFORTUNES——GOES TO KENTUCKY——HIS SAD PLIGHT——MEETS AN OLD COMRADE——THE GUEST OF HONOR——A SUCCESSFUL MISSION——DEATH OF KENTON.

At Detroit he was well treated, restricted to certain bounds, and obliged to report once daily to a British officer. Under these circumstances, his wounded shoulder healed rapidly, and he became strong and well. He remained in Detroit until some time in June, 1778, making his stay there nine months, when he set about perfecting measures for his escape. For this he would need a gun and ammunition, and companionship would also be welcome, if it could be obtained. The dangers were fully weighed, and also the improbability of any interposition in his behalf by the English, should he again fall into the hands of his enemies, but he determined that, come what might, he would make the effort.

Sounding two young Kentuckians, who were taken with Boone at the Blue Licks, and whom the British had purchased at the time they offered to ransom Boone, he found them willing to brave the dangers of the two hundred miles that lay between them and their homes. What these dangers were they fully knew, and they set about making their preparations to encounter them.

Kenton, affecting a great friendship for two Indians employed by some of the citizens as hunters, and knowing their weakness for liquor, gave them all the rum they could drink, and bought their rifles and ammunition for a song. Another rifle was needed, a [illegible] that was obtained from a sympathetic friend of Kenton's, named Edgar, whose wife cheerfully seconded him in procuring the gun, with an ample supply of powder, balls and other necessaries.

These were next taken, one by one, out of the town, and carefully secreted until such time as they thought most favorable to put their plan into execution. This occurred soon after, and after a perilous journey of thirty nights—for they did not dare to move during the day—they reached Louisville.



SIMON KENTON AND COLONEL FLETCHER.

Kenton had been gone from Kentucky ten months, and had been subjected to greater dangers and more hardships than had ever fallen to the lot of any of the pioneers. From the time of his capture he seems to have made but one effort to escape, and that so ill-timed, that it was doomed to failure from the very first. From that day,

until his escape from Detroit, we find him passively resigned to fate, the alternate sport of his good and evil fortune.

After his return to Kentucky, Kenton served uninterruptedly in various capacities, until late in 1782, when, through some lucky accident, he learned that his old rival, Veitch, was alive. It was now eleven years since he had visited his home, or rather, since he had left it, as he supposed, with the brand of Cain upon his brow, and dropping his assumed name of Butler, he determined to return once more to the scene of his boyhood's days. When again ready to return to Kentucky, he persuaded his father's family and some others to accompany him, and they formed a settlement on the pres-



KENTON'S CABIN ON MAD RIVER—IN WHICH HE DIED.

ent site of Maysville. On the way to Kentucky, Kenton's father, —who had reached the promised "three score years and ten"—died, and was laid to rest under the shade of one of those giant trees whose gnarled and storm-scarred trunk fitly typed the rugged life of the old patriarch.

Kenton had now attained to the rank of Major, and as such served under Clark, and also under "Mad Anthony" Wayne, though no account is given of his having taken part in the final victory, which crowned the campaign of that irascible old hero.

Two of Kenton's exploits, which occurred during a siege of Boonsborough, should find a place here. They are as follows: A

small party having for some purpose made a sally from the fort, one of them was shot down, and an Indian rushed up to scalp him. As the savage bent over his victim, with his knife to the dead man's head, Kenton fired, and the Indian fell across the corpse dead. At the same time Boone who had sallied out to rescue the survivors, was shot down, and all of his men immediately started for the fort.

Kenton, who was just at the gate, dropped his rifle, and exerting himself to the utmost, reached Boone before the Indians, and with a supreme effort of his herculean strength, took him in his arms and bounded off towards the gate, entering it in safety, amidst a perfect shower of Indian bullets. All of the scouts worshipped the old pioneer as a demi-god, and Kenton felt a thousand times repaid when Boone sent for him, and said: "Ah, Simon, you are a noble fellow, a noble fellow."

Another time Kenton had been out on some outlying duty, and returning to Boonsborough, thought he saw Indian sign. The way to the fort seemed clear, but he determined to secrete himself until night and then enter. When night came, he made his way cautiously to the gate, finding, as he did so, the corpses of three men who had attempted to enter that day and been waylaid by the savages, thus paying with their lives for their want of judgment and caution.

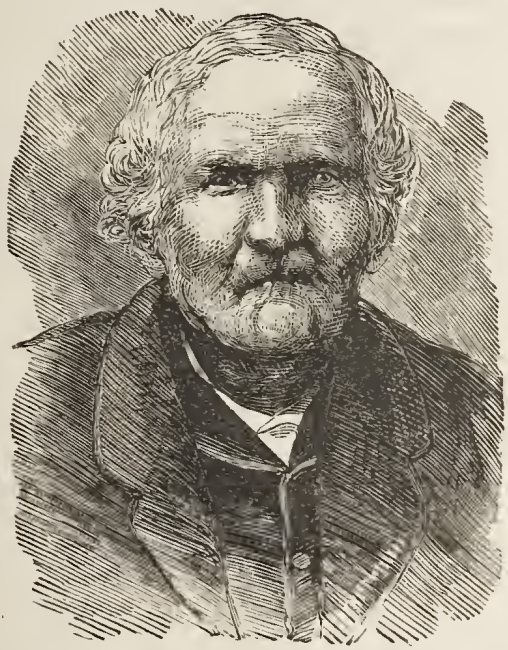
At last peace came to the border, and the tide of savage war ebbed forever from the ensanguined soil of the "dark and bloody ground." Instead of the horrid war-whoop of the fiendish savage, the lowing of herds and the busy hum of industry filled the land with their music. The angry note of the warrior's rifle was supplanted by the silvery tones of sweet church bells, that chimed out "Peace on earth, good will to man."

But to Kenton, as to Boone, the cessation of warfare brought other troubles. His titles, too, would not stand the close scrutiny of the land-sharks, and in their anxiety to press their claims against the man who, in one little month, had endured more for the State than all their miserable tribe, they even attempted to imprison him for alleged debts.

Flying from these persecutions with more alacrity than he had ever displayed in avoiding hostile rifles, he sought the wilderness of Ohio. This was about the year 1800, and in a rude cabin he dwelt uninterrupted, until the year 1813, when he joined the Kentuckians, under Governor Shelby, and played a gallant part in the battle of

the Thames, fought during that year. This was the last time he ever joined with his old comrades in battle, and after disbanding, he returned to his farm, near Urbana, Ohio. In the year 1820 he removed to the site of the old Indian town of Wapatomica, the scene of an eventful epoch in his life, nearly half a century before.

Followed by misfortunes continually, he at last, in 1824, by the advice of friends, determined to appear in person before the Legislature of Kentucky, and petition for the restoration of his lands, which had been forfeited for taxes. The rudely-clad figure and tattered equipments of the man spoke poorly for the gratitude of a country which owed him so much, but it would have fared badly



SIMON KENTON—FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH.

with the incautious individual who would have dared to say aught against the land for which he had so bravely battled.

One of his friends, commiserating the plight of the brave old man, did hint at the miserable ingratitude of a country that could let its old war-worn heroes suffer, when he was instantly and indignantly stopped by Kenton saying: "Never repeat that, my friend; if you do, I'll never speak to you again—never darken your doors again. You are my friend, but don't say that."

Reaching Frankfort, he felt himself a stranger in the streets of the prosperous town, over whose site he had chased the deer and

watched the marauding bands of the savages, and his sorry steed, with its poor and worn trappings, shared with his master the ridicule and jibes of a generation which knew not the native worth and heroic services of Kenton. In this plight he was found by one of his old-time comrades, the noble Colonel Fletcher, and by him fitted out so as to make a suitable appearance. Taken to the capitol, he was given the post of honor in the speaker's chair, and every citizen, now cognizant of the man and his deeds, crowded around him to offer homage, and to assure him of the place he held in their esteem.

When he returned to his cabin, on the banks of Mad River, it was with the satisfaction of knowing that his mission had been a success, for with something of shame that it had been so long delayed, the Legislature confirmed his title to his lands, and his newly-found friends so exerted themselves as to secure for him a small though ample pension for the remainder of his life.

At last—at the ripe old age of eighty-one years—the silent visitor, who comes alike to all, whispered his call into the ear of the brave old pioneer, and he passed from the scenes of "shadow-casting" men. In 1836, after a long and useful life, which had had somewhat more than its share of sorrows, somewhat less than its measure of sweet, he passed away calmly and peacefully, his fading eyes fixed in a loving gaze toward the land for which he had given and suffered so much. "The wheel had come full circle," and here, almost on the very spot where, fifty years before, he had been first fastened to the stake, they made his grave, and laid him down to the eternal sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WETZELS.

THEIR BIRTHPLACE——CHARACTERS——DESCRIPTION OF LEWIS——A TERRIBLE EVENT——TAKEN BY SAVAGES——ESCAPE——A BOY'S BRAVERY——ON THE TRAIL——LEWIS KILLS THREE INDIANS——TRAGIC DEATH OF THOMAS MILLS——"HE GUN ALWAYS LOADED"——THE DEATH OF A HERO——THE AVENGERS' OATH——THE SCOUT FROM WHEELING——RETREAT OF WHITES ——LEWIS WETZEL ALONE——KILLS AN INDIAN——A HUNT——FOUR INDIANS "TREED"——ONE GETS AWAY——MURDER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON——HARMER'S FURY——CAPTAIN KINGSBURY ATTEMPTS TO ARREST WETZEL——NARROW ESCAPE OF THE OFFICER——CAPTURED ON AN ISLAND ——PINES IN PRISON——ALLOWED TO EXERCISE——WETZEL'S ESCAPE—— EAGER PURSUIT——REJOINS HIS COMRADES.

The four Wetzel brothers were Virginians, of German descent, and were as remarkable as any of the brave borderers who held the outer posts of civilization against the savage enemy. Lacking the grand moral purpose of Boone, they were yet as brave men as ever lived, but their bravery was tinctured with a ferocity more admirable in their enemies than in themselves, though by no means to be commended in either.

This ferocity was the result of the inhumanity of the Indians, which, thus recoiling upon themselves, the more certainly and quickly brought about their expulsion from their ancient hunting grounds. To such men as Boone—sustained by the consciousness of a mission to perform, and blessed with a high moral sense, not common even to those more highly endowed with education and refinement—the savage barbarity could never touch an answering chord in the heart. At no time in Boone's career do we find him guilty of a mean or cruel action.

Taking Lewis Wetzel (or as the older accounts spell the name Whetzel) as a type of the family, we find him a man five feet nine inches high, with broad shoulders, deep chest, sinewy limbs, and dark skin. His face was deeply pitted with small-pox, his eyes were black, and his hair—of which he was very proud—reached down to the calves of his legs. A man of uneven temperament, he was alternately grave and gay, and was one of those who make

strong friends and bitter enemies. Utterly fearless, his bravery was the unthinking animal courage of the tiger, tinged with its fierce thirst for blood, and almost as unsparing. That such men as these were necessary for the settlement of the wilderness is self-evident.

Waging a war of extermination themselves, the Indians called down the vengeance of the whites, and some of the latter adopted in retaliation their own methods, so far as it concerned the warriors, though none of them descended to the infamous slaughter of women and children, as did their savage foes. The initiation of the Wetzels into the horrors of Indian warfare occurred while they were but youths. Their father, John Wetzel, left his isolated cabin one



MRS. WETZEL, MOTHER OF LEWIS.

morning for a hunting and fishing excursion, and during his absence his cabin was surprised; his wife, her aged father, and three youngest children were killed and scalped, and Lewis—whom they had wounded—and his brother Jacob, carried off.

At this time Lewis was about thirteen years old, and Jacob eleven, but they were of heroic mould. Encouraging his younger brother to renewed exertions, that he might not drop behind on the march, Lewis bore the pain of his severe wound with the courage of a stoic. He knew the fate of an Indian prisoner who lagged, or whose agony caused him to make a noise, and he wished to avoid the tomahawk, that he might obtain revenge.

The night of the second day the Indians camped twenty miles beyond the Ohio River, and thinking such children unable to escape

them now, they did not bind them, and lying down, were soon soundly sleeping. The savages had underestimated the daring courage which animated the heart of Lewis Wetzel, for no sooner were they fast asleep than, touching his brother, they stole away into the darkness. After going a few hundred yards, Lewis saw that they would be unable to get over the rough ground without moccasins, and leaving his brother in the forest, he went back to the Indians' camp and got a pair for each. Returning to his brother, they had hardly fitted on the moccasins when he thought of the necessity of a rifle, with which to kill game for their support, and again making his way to the camp, he secured a gun and ammunition.

Speeding on through the night, Lewis listened anxiously for the pursuit, which he knew would be made, and just as the dawn began to light up the gloomy depths of the forest, he heard behind him the savage shouts of his enemies. Telling his younger brother to walk backward a short distance and enter the dense undergrowth, Lewis followed him, covering their trail as carefully as possible. They had lain in their covert but a few minutes, when their captors bounded past rapidly, furious with rage.

As soon as they were out of sight, the two boys sprang into the trail and followed as fast as they could. In a few hours they heard the Indians returning, and repeated their former maneuvre. Late in the afternoon they again heard the sounds of pursuit, and secreting themselves, they saw the savages dash by on horses. These, however, were no more successful than the others had been, and making their way to the river, the boys fastened two logs together and succeeded in crossing it, and soon after reached the house of a neighbor.

The young heroes were highly complimented on their courage and fortitude, and this exploit seemed to all an indication of their fitness to take their places as defenders of the border, when age should have given them experience, and maturity had fitted them to endure the hardships of camp and battle, and to their native strength and courage had added the caution of the trained scout, and the agility of the athlete.

Lewis was the strongest and most active, not only of his family, but of all the youths on the western borders of Virginia, and he had by long practice gained the ability to load his rifle while running at full speed, an accomplishment which was of immense advantage to

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WONDERFUL EXPLOIT OF WETZEL AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

him in after-life. The first exploit in which he put in practice this feat of loading while at full speed, happened when he was about seventeen years of age. Thomas Mills, who had accompanied Crawford in his ill-fated expedition, escaped with his life, riding in his flight to what was known as Indian Spring, a few miles from Wheeling. Here—the country being very rough—he dismounted, tied his horse, and reached the settlement on foot.

Not wishing to dare alone the dangers of a return for the horse, he induced Lewis Wetzel to accompany him. Arriving at the spring, they saw that the horse was still tied there, and some intuition told Wetzel that this was ominous. Warning Mills that it would be dangerous to venture to the animal, the older man neglected the caution, and was proceeding to untie the horse, when Wetzel, seeing the head of an Indian protruding from behind a rock, fired on him, at the same time calling to Mills to tree.

The Indian fell, but at the same time his comrades fired on Mills, killing him instantly. Starting off at a run, Wetzel was pursued by four of the Indians, who—knowing the white man's gun to be unloaded—had dropped their own, and so had quite an advantage in being unencumbered.

For half a mile Wetzel exerted his utmost speed, and finding that he could not distance his pursuers, turned and fired upon the foremost, having loaded his rifle while retreating. The Indian fell, and the white man bounded off again, but when, after a race of a half or three-quarters of a mile—having succeeded in again loading—he turned to fire, one of his enemies was closer upon him than he thought, and when the rifle was thrown forward to fire, he darted rapidly upon Wetzel and seized the muzzle of his gun. The two men were nearly evenly matched, and it was only by the greatest exertion of his strength that the white man succeeded in wresting loose the hold of the Indian, and shooting him. During the short struggle the other two Indians had gained upon him, and it required all of his speed to increase the distance between them, so that he could again have an opportunity to load his gun.

This being at last accomplished, he turned to fire on the Indians, but they had gained knowledge from the sad experience of their comrades, and both treed. Turning whenever fatigued, he forced the Indians to take to shelter, and thus gained short rests. At last he had reached a limit beyond which he did not think the savages

would pursue, and, in order to get a chance to kill at least one more, he left the timber and ran across an open space, stumbling, as if entirely exhausted. His artifice succeeded, and wheeling rapidly, he caught both of his foes in the open space, and before they could reach cover, one of them fell beneath his unfailing rifle. The other Indian, fearing pursuit in turn, dashed rapidly back upon his tracks, howling out: "No catch dat man; he gun always loaded."

Up to this time, and for some four years after, the Wetzels did not make a business of hunting Indians—only killing them incidentally, as they happened to come across them—but in 1787 an incident occurred, which made of the brothers Indian hunters in the fiercest sense of the word. John Wetzel, the father of the boys, was returning from one of his hunting excursions, upon which he had been accompanied by his son Martin. As they were gliding down the river in a canoe, the Indians hailed them, and ordered them ashore.

In answer to the summons, the white men pulled rapidly to the farther side of the river, but not in time to escape a volley of bullets, one of which inflicted a desperate wound on the father. Feeling that it would prove fatal, he ordered Martin to lie down in the canoe, and the heroic old man—his life and strength ebbing out together at every stroke—pulled on through volley after volley of the savages, and expired immediately after reaching a place of safety. The brothers now took a solemn oath to avenge their slaughtered parents, and right fiercely did they keep it, as the few incidents in their careers which have been preserved will amply prove.

A week or two after the murder of old man Wetzel, the Indians made an incursion near Wheeling, and killed one man. This aroused the settlers, and they organized an expedition under the command of Major McMahan, to follow and punish the savages. To encourage the men to activity and vigilance, a purse of one hundred dollars was made up, to go to the first man taking an Indian scalp. Striking an Indian trail, this was followed rapidly for several miles, and at last the advanced scouts returned with the information that a large body of the enemy was encamped a few miles ahead. The numbers were decided to be too great to be attacked with a prospect of success, and fearing they might be discovered, they determined to return to Wheeling with all the speed possible.

When they set off on their return home, they noticed that Wetzel did not move. Asking him, if he did not intend to accompany them, he told them that he had "set out to hunt Indians, and thought that had also been their purpose. That his object in hunting Indians was to kill them, and now that he had treed his game.



DEATH OF JOHN WETZEL WHILE RUNNING THE CHUTE.

he didn't intend to run off from it without a shot." His banter had no effect on them, and leaving him, as they supposed, to a lamentable fate, they started off in full retreat. Though brave to desperation, Wetzel possessed the quality of caution, and before starting off on his dangerous mission, thoroughly examined his arms, and advanced slowly along the trail.

Searching for the large body of Indians, he failed to find it, but seeing Indian signs in plenty, he determined to persevere, and on the morning of the second day, he found a camp with two Indians in it. Thinking there might be more, and wishing to kill as many as possible before his return, he struck out into the forest, determining to come back that night, when he supposed all the Indians would be there. Game was abundant, and he fared sumptuously during the day, returning at night to the Indian camp. Here he again found the two Indians of the morning, and one of them was on the point of starting off.

Seeing with chagrin that he would now have to put up with a single scalp, he waited until the Indian was sound asleep, and walking into the camp, he tomahawked and scalped him. With a slight hope that the other might yet return, he wrapped himself in the dead Indian's blanket, and lay down by the fire, but after waiting for several hours, he gave up all hope of getting another scalp, and set out at full speed for the settlements, which—owing to his greater strength and agility—he reached just one day, instead three, behind his comrades.

Another time, while out on a hunt, Wetzel came suddenly upon a camp containing four Indians. Seeing that they had not discovered him, he dodged back into the brush, and made his plans for attacking them. The odds were too great for an open attack, so he concealed himself until midnight, and made his way into the hostile camp. Here he rested his rifle against a tree, to be at hand in case of an emergency, and drawing his tomahawk, cleft the skull of the nearest savage. Yelling like a demon, he cut down two of the others in rapid succession, while the fourth darted off into the woods. Wetzel pursued this one some distance, but was unable to overtake him, and returned to the camp for the scalps of those he had slain. He is said to have replied to some one, who asked him what success he had in his hunt: "Not much; I treed four Indians, but one got away."

The murder (for it was nothing else) of the Indian warrior, George Washington, by Wetzel and a man named Dickerson, casts an indelible stain upon the former's character. It occurred upon the gathering by Gen. Harmer of several tribes of Indians near his fort on the Muskingum, (now Marietta, Ohio,) for the purpose of making a treaty with them. Ambushing themselves near the Indian

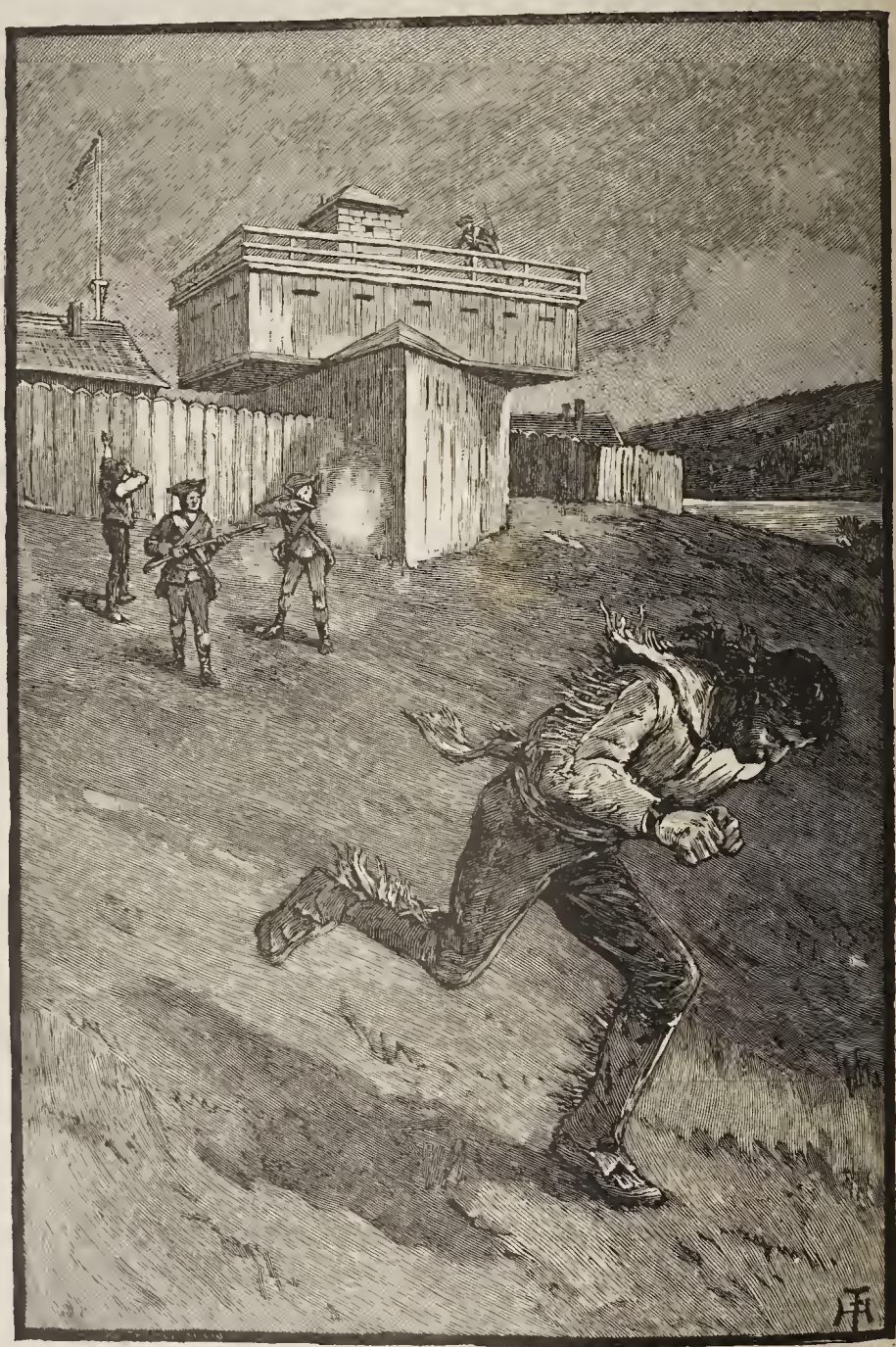
encampment, the two men determined to kill the first Indian who might pass. They did not have long to wait till, confident of protection under the flag of truce, a warrior was seen riding at full speed toward the fort. As he passed both men fired, and though the Indian reeled in his saddle, yet he rode on to the fort, and while dying demanded vengeance upon his slayers. Harmer, no less furious than the Indians, vowed that justice should be done, and as general report pointed to Wetzel as the guilty party, he sent Capt. Kingsbury with a company of men to arrest him.

Reaching the Mingo Bottom settlement, where Wetzel then lived, all of the men were found engaged in a shooting match. When informed of the captain's mission, the settlers swore Wetzel should not be arrested, and the latter was with difficulty restrained from giving to the captain a rough reception; and when Kingsbury, warned of his danger, took his boat to return, Wetzel only refrained from ambushing it, through the persuasions of Maj. McMahan. Some time after this Wetzel, on one of his excursions down the river, stopped on an island opposite Harmer's fort to spend the night with a friend. Here he was surrounded at midnight by a company of men from the fort, and captured. Thrown into the guard house heavily ironed, the hardy hunter, deprived of open-air exercise, fretted like a caged lion. His condition was rendered the more intolerable from the fact that he looked on his act as not only justifiable, but highly meritorious, and at last he sent for Gen. Harmer to remonstrate on his being treated like a common felon.

Informed that he would probably be hung, he pleaded to be turned loose, in the midst of the infuriated savages, armed only with a tomahawk. He did not fear death, he said, but he didn't want to die upon the scaffold; he would prefer the stake and the death by fire to that. Harmer told him that the scaffold was the death appointed by the law, and as an officer of that law he must execute it, but seeing how the prisoner drooped under his close confinement, he ordered his spansels knocked off, so that, in charge of guards, he could take exercise near the fort. His handcuffs were to remain, and this, with the presence of the guard, was deemed sufficient restraint.

Once in the open air, Wetzel frisked about like a young colt, dashing backward and forward, experimenting all the time to see

how far he could try the patience of the soldiers, for, knowing his fate if he remained, he had determined to escape. At each run he



WETZEL'S ESCAPE FROM FORT HARMER.

extended the limit of his course, and finally, with the speed of a deer, darted off into the forest, followed by a volley from the guns

of his guard. Once in the wood, he hastened to a dense thicket with which he was well acquainted, and entering it, pushed into a tangled mass of briars and wedged himself beneath a fallen tree. The Indians, as well as the soldiers, had gone in pursuit, and several times Wetzel's heart sank at the near prospect of discovery; several Indians at one time sitting on the tree, beneath which he lay during their rest discussing the prisoner's escape. At last, however, they left, and the sounds of pursuit died out. Lying quiet until night, he heard the pursuing parties returning, and venturing out, he made a rapid march down the river, and by the clear moonlight was lucky enough to see an acquaintance fishing from a canoe moored in the river. Knowing the cunning and vigilance of the Indians, and fearing some of them might be on the lookout, Wetzel did not dare to call to his friend, but taking a stick, began striking on the water, and in this way attracted his attention. Carried across the river, he was freed from his handcuffs, and was soon again amongst his friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

OTHER EXPLOITS OF THE WETZELS.

MEETING BETWEEN WETZEL AND KINGSBURY——SECOND CAPTURE OF WETZEL ——WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS——PRESENTED WITH A RIFLE——HARMER'S POSITION——THE RED GOBBLER——A FEAT ATTRIBUTED TO OTHERS——THE DEAD INDIAN——RESCUES MISS BETSY BRYAN——THE DAYLIGHT ATTACK—— WETZEL'S PROWESS——A RELIGIOUS DUTY——A DESERTED CAMP——DEATH OF JOHN MADISON——ESCAPE OF LEWIS WETZEL——GOES TO NEW ORLEANS ——IMPRISONED BY THE SPANISH——CAUSE UNKNOWN——WITH LEWIS AND CLARK——LEAVES THE EXPEDITION——DIES IN NATCHEZ——FEROCITY OF MARTIN WETZEL——THE MURDERED CHIEF——SLAUGHTERING PRISONERS—— CAPTURED AND ADOPTED BY INDIANS——GOES ON A HUNT——KILLS THREE COMPANIONS——JOHN WETZEL——GOES ON A FORAY——CAPTURE OF INDIAN HORSES——ILLNESS OF A COMRADE——THE HALT——A NIGHT ATTACK—— ESCAPE OF WETZEL.

Roaming about, Wetzel did not take any unusual precautions against capture, and some time after met Capt. Kingsbury. Both were men of undoubted bravery, but, though face to face, neither made an attack on the other, but passed in silence, mute but watchful. Not long after this encounter he was surprised in a tavern at Maysville, Kentucky, by a company of troops, and by them taken to Harmer, then in command at Fort Washington, (now Cincinnati). Wetzel now gave up all hope, but the bold Indian fighter was not doomed to perish by the rope, for not only the settlers, but the soldiers—in fact the whole country—rose as a man and demanded his release. Judge Symmes, under the popular pressure, decided to issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, and Wetzel being brought before him, was discharged from custody. So great was the popular admiration that he was presented with a sum of money, a handsome rifle and equipments, and he set out for Virginia, cheered to the echo.

While Harmer has been greatly censured for his activity in hunting down Wetzel, yet we should remember that he but performed his duty, and though Wetzel thought himself thoroughly justified in killing an Indian whenever and wherever he met one, yet we can all see that, in this instance, he most certainly was guilty of a grave crime, and though innocent *in foro conscienciae*, was still a felon in the eyes of society and of the law. Especially was his crime grave

in the eyes of a military man, who saw in it not only cold-blooded murder, but a violation of a flag of truce, an unpardonable offense—almost a sacrilege—that made every soldier who did not endeavor to punish it a sharer in it.

The following incident is credited to Wetzel and also to William Linn. It seems that several hunters, from a fort on Wheeling Creek had mysteriously disappeared, and while, of course, everyone believed they had been killed by Indians, yet no one had any idea of how or where the killing had been done. Wetzel, when one day thinking over the matter, remembered to have noticed that each of these men had gone out to kill turkeys, which had been heard near the fort, and he also remembered that these turkey calls had always been heard to come from one direction. His suspicions were excited in a moment on putting the two circumstances together, and he concluded that these calls were the decoys of Indians, and his suspicions were strengthened by his knowledge of the lay of the country in the direction from which the sounds had proceeded.

Near the top of a certain hill was a small cave, which, if his conclusions were not groundless, must shelter the decoy turkey. Setting out one morning, before daylight, he placed himself in ambush near this cave, so as to command a clear view of its mouth. Waiting quietly until sunrise, he saw the head of an Indian appear at the narrow entrance of the cavern, and a marvelously perfect imitation of the note of the male wild turkey rang out over the hills. Time and again was the call repeated until Wetzel, tired of amusing himself with the anticipation of killing his foe, levelled his rifle on the entrance, and when the head again appeared, the call was cut short by a rifle bullet. The pitcher had gone to the well once too often and was broken.

To show how perfect the Indian's imitation was, Wetzel on his way back to the fort met one of the soldiers hastening out after the turkey. "You are too late," said Wetzel, "that turkey won't call any more; I've fixed him;" and he showed the bloody scalp. His penetration had no doubt saved the life of many a poor fellow in the fort.

The generous heart of Wetzel ever responded to the cry of distress, and when one day going with a friend to pay a visit, they found the house burned, and every indication that the Indians had been there before them, Wetzel resolved that the outrage should

be avenged. From a woman's track beside that of the Indians, the two men concluded that the savages had carried off one of the family, Miss Betsy Bryan, and the feelings of Wetzel's friend may be better imagined than described, when it is stated that the girl who had been dragged off to a fate worse than death, was his sweetheart. Bidding him cheer up, for he would rescue the girl if it cost



MISS BETSY BRYAN.

him his life, Wetzel took the lead and they pressed eagerly forward on the trail.

Crossing the Ohio on the evening of the same day, they noticed the smoke of a camp fire, and on going cautiously towards it, saw the girl, three Indians and a white renegade seated near the fire. Restraining the impatience of the lover with the utmost difficulty,

Wetzel told him to lie down and get some rest, while he matured a plan of operations. Concluding to attack about two o'clock in the morning, he let his friend sleep while he stood guard. Waking his companion at the time agreed on, he noticed that the Indians were already astir, and hurriedly telling his companion to fire at one of the Indians and rush into camp to protect the captive, he fired at the renegade, and the two fell to the ground. His comrade rushed to his sweetheart when, as Wetzel had foreseen, the other two Indians took to their heels.

Wetzel by this time had reloaded, and he started in pursuit of the other Indians, but as they had concealed themselves, he fired off his rifle, thinking they might pursue him if they thought his gun empty. He was not mistaken, for the two savages rushed from the bushes and gave chase. Reloading as he ran, he turned and shot one of them, and the other now knowing that his opponent was none other than Lewis Wetzel, exerted himself to the utmost, hoping to overtake the white man before he could again load his rifle. His hope was vain, and after an unusually close pursuit, Wetzel having succeeded in loading, turned and shot the last Indian. Scalping the savages, which he considered almost in the light of a religious duty, he and his friend, with the rescued girl, were soon back in the settlements.

Accompanying John Madison, (brother of the President,) on an expedition to locate lands on the Kanawha River, they came one day to a hunter's camp, which, from appearances, they thought had been some time deserted. With no wrong intention, they appropriated some of the goods, and went about their business. The next day they were fired upon by Indians secreted in a thicket, and although Madison was killed, yet Wetzel, after a long chase, escaped untouched.

Wetzel appears to have made his way South after this, and some time during the year 1793 was confined in New Orleans by the Spanish. After a long imprisonment he was released; the government of the United States having interceded for his freedom. After a great deal of inquiry, we have failed to discover the cause of his incarceration.

We next find Wetzel, (in 1803,) engaged by Lewis and Clark to accompany them on their expedition up the Missouri River, but for some cause he left them after a few months, and for some time

seems to have drifted aimlessly about. Of his later adventures we have but little record, and, in fact, not one in ten of his exploits has reached us. His death occurred in 1818, brought about by a lingering fever. At this time he was living in, or near, Natchez, Mississippi. A braver man never lived than this Indian hunter, and to his recklessness and utter absence of fear he united a cunning and penetration that would have done honor to a higher station.

Of his brothers—who were not so noted as Lewis—we shall have but little to say. Martin was as remorseless in his thirst for revenge as any Indian, as the following event will show: An expedition, of which Col. Broadhead was nominally the commander, organized for a raid into the Indian country, and so secretly and swiftly did they move that an Indian village, on the Coshocton River, was surrounded, and every soul in it captured. In a council, held at night, the warriors, sixteen in number, were doomed to death. In this execution Martin Wetzel worked with a will, and no tomahawk was more deeply dyed with blood than his.

On the next morning an Indian appeared on the other bank of the river, and asked for the chief. Col. Broadhead came forward, and the savage proposed a peace, as they were ever willing to do when they sustained a reverse. Being asked by the Colonel to send over a chief to treat with him, he expressed some doubts as to the safety of such a proceeding, but being assured that the representative should not be injured, a fine looking warrior crossed over and began a talk with Broadhead, during which Martin Wetzel, who had secreted a tomahawk in his hunting shirt, stole behind him and split his skull. Even had the Colonel been willing to punish this gross treachery, which is doubtful, he would have been unable to do so, as the mass of the troops approved of it. The next day they began their retreat with their other prisoners, twenty in number, but before they had marched a mile, the men began to murder the captives, Martin Wetzel being particularly active in the slaughter.

Years afterward Martin was captured by the Indians, and was adopted into one of their families. By his apparent satisfaction with his lot, he completely disarmed all suspicion, and was allowed the fullest liberty. In the fall of the year he went out with three Indians to hunt, establishing their camp on the Sandusky River where, according to one authority, he was "careful to return first to camp to prepare wood for the night and do other little offices, to

render them comfortable." This was done, says the author, to "lull any lurking suspicion they might still entertain."

Continuing this for some time, he met one of his associates away from the camp one day and shot him, concealing his body carefully. He then made his way to camp, and when the other two came in, asked for the murdered man. The others accounted for his absence by saying he had probably gone in search of a new hunting ground, and did not seem at all uneasy about him. That night Wetzel pondered over whether it were better to kill the other two while sleeping, or to get them separated, and thus run less risk.



SCENE OF MARTIN WETZEL'S EXPLOIT.

Deciding on the latter course, he went to sleep, and the next day kept on the trail of one of them, and joined him late in the evening. Suspecting no danger, the attention of the Indian was easily directed to some object, when Martin split his skull with a blow of his tomahawk. This body being concealed, he hastened to camp, and as the third Indian came in, encumbered with the body of a fine deer, he rushed to him as if to assist him, and sank his tomahawk into his brain. Making his way leisurely to the settlements, he was greeted as a hero, who had performed a noble achievement.

John Wetzel, in company with six others, set out for the Indian villages to steal some horses from their enemies, this being accounted by Indians and frontiersmen legitimate in times of war. The expedition was conducted by brave and cautious men, and they reached the Indian town in safety, and "lifted" fifteen fine horses. Traveling rapidly they reached Wells' Creek, (now Cambridge), on the second day, and the expedition would have been crowned with success, had not Mr. Linn, one of the party, been taken very violently ill. They could not leave a comrade in distress, so they camped with him, sending a vidette back some distance, to see if they were followed. Returning after some time, the scouts reported no enemy, and as Linn could not be moved, they left one man as guard, and all lay down to sleep.

In the night the guard became thirsty, and dipping up some water to drink, found it quite muddy. This caused him to suspect that the Indians might be wading down the creek to surprise them. Awakening his comrades, they searched up the stream for some distance, but finding no cause for alarm, all lay down again except the sentinel. Hardly had they stretched themselves out, until they were fired upon and the camp stormed by the savages, who had approached, as the sentinel had suspected. Three men were killed in the camp; Linn, Hedges and Biggs. A man named McCulloch was in full flight when he struck a quicksand and fell, just as the Indians fired again.

Thinking him dead, they went by at full speed in pursuit of the others, and as soon as they passed he pulled himself out of the mire, and falling in with one of the others, John Hough, reached Wheeling in safety. John Wetzel and a man named Dickerson escaped together, and reached the same place. A body of men was collected by a Capt. John McCulloch, and going to Wells Creek they found the horribly mangled bodies of those who fell. The ill-luck attending this party of brave and cautious men checked for some time the horse-appropriating propensities of the settlers, as few could hope to succeed, when men so well qualified had failed.

CHAPTER XV.

GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

HIS CHARACTER AND TALENTS——JUDGMENT AND DECISION——HIS BIRTH AND PROFESSION——ARRIVAL IN KENTUCKY——A CAPTAIN AT TWENTY-THREE ——PERSONAL DESCRIPTION——FINAL REMOVAL TO KENTUCKY——THE COMING STORM——DELEGATE TO VIRGINIA——POOR POLICY——A LAST APPEAL——DISGUSTED——AT LAST SUCCESSFUL——THE COUNTY OF KENTUCKY——AMMUNITION FROM FORT PITT——CLARKE'S STATECRAFT AND GENERALSHIP——HIS POLICY OF INVASION——MARCHES TO ILLINOIS AND INDIANA——FATHER GEBAULT——FRENCH ALLIES——POSTS GARRISONED ——CAPTAIN HELM——CLARKE'S DIPLOMACY——DEMANDING VERSUS SUEING——INDIAN ANECDOTE——DETROIT——GOVERNOR HAMILTON——A DANGEROUS SITUATION——BRITISH MARCHING ON KASKASKIA——CLARKE'S CONCLUSION.

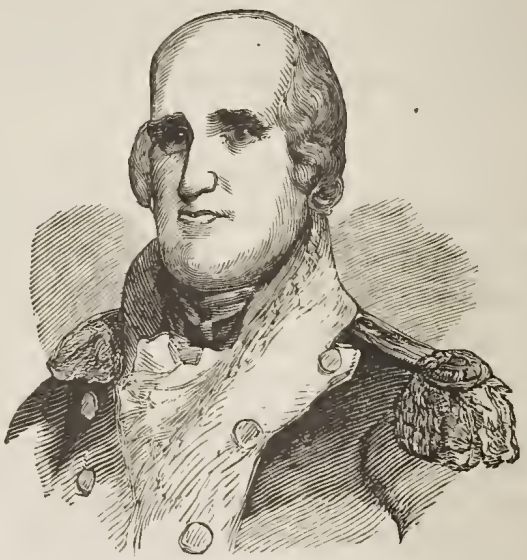
Like Boone, Clarke was not only a brave fighter in the armies, but also a potent factor in the destinies of the West. His talents were such as would enable him to command respect at any day and in any country, and without doubt not only Kentucky, but all of the then western border, owed more to Clarke than to any other one man. Brave in action, he was cool in council, and had the intuition of genius in all matters pertaining to military affairs. Unlike most military men, he also had the deep foresight and broad spirit of the true statesman, and his quickness of action was only equaled by his clearness of thought. In grasping the strength of a position, as well as in discerning the effects of any given action, he had but few equals and no superiors.

By Napoleon—who estimated a blunder as worse than a crime—Clarke would have been elevated to the highest position, for in all of his career we can find nothing approaching to a mistake. Apparently seeing, by the intuitive force of his genius, matters far beyond the scope of other men, it was his decision and bravery that gave to the United States the larger part of the territory, which, at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, was held by the French and English.

The birth-place of George Rogers Clarke was Albemarle County, in the State of Virginia, that noble old commonwealth that has

given to our country so many of her grandest men. The year was 1752. At the age of twenty-three he made his way to Kentucky, having prior to that time commanded a company in Dunmore's war. His profession, like Washington's, was that of a surveyor, and its pursuit had given to his fine frame both strength and agility in no common degree. His military experience had bestowed upon him a soldierly bearing, and his features plainly showed the grandeur and nobility of his mind. So inspiring was his appearance that we find him on this his first visit to the border, intrusted with the command of the militia raised for its defense.

Returning the next year (1776), to Virginia, he then settled up his affairs, preparatory to a permanent removal to Kentucky, and here



GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

he showed the force of his genius, and his clear comprehension of the necessities of the situation. He saw that, in the coming storm, something more than the irregular defense of isolated stations must be done, if the settlers wished to hold the land they had grasped at such imminent peril, and to which they clung with unequaled courage.

He saw the necessity of some organized plan of society and defense, the enactment of laws for the government of all, and the formation of bodies of men, to whom the drill of the soldier should add the bond of unity, that supplies to the brave a sixth sense—that of mutual certainty of assistance. He saw at a glance the Utopian

character of Henderson's "Transylvania Colony," and knew that the bond between Kentucky and Virginia would be the strongest tie, and that if aid were forthcoming, it must be from the "Old Dominion."

This being the case, he early suggested to the Kentuckians the assembling of a convention, in which all important measures should be discussed, and which should delegate to commissioners the supplication of aid from the parent State. At this convention, Clarke and Jones were chosen as delegates to the Virginia Assembly, as though Kentucky was a county of Virginia. Never having been formally recognized as citizens of Virginia, the latter State, on their application for five hundred pounds of gun-powder, could only offer to *lend* this important supply, and wished Clarke to guarantee its repayment, and also expected him to defray all expense of its carriage across the mountains.

Clarke, who felt that this was not the treatment the brave borderers deserved, promptly refused these terms, and required it as a free offering to the men, who stood as a breast-work between the borders of Virginia and the hostile Indians. He showed them that, if they permitted these outlying posts to be swept away by the Indians and the British—who were organizing and inciting them on—then the tide of savage warfare would roll over their own settlements, and they would realize, when too late, the folly of their refusal.

To all of which remonstrance the council replied that they could not better their offer. Clarke again refused, and wrote them, re-iterating his former propositions, showed them the dangers of a refusal, intimated that they could and would apply elsewhere, and with every prospect of success, for what his own State had refused, and, in conclusion, wound up with the pregnant sentence: "A country which is not worth defending is not worth claiming."

His letter produced the desired result. After an earnest debate it was decided to recall Clarke, and comply with his demand. When he appeared, they delivered to him an order for the powder, and for its delivery at Pittsburgh, subject to his orders, for use by Kentucky, and, appearing that fall in the convention, in his character of delegate, he was admitted to a seat as the representative from the County of Kentucky.

Clarke went with the small force of seven men for the powder at Fort Pitt, and embarking, conveyed it in safety to Limestone, (now Maysville), though almost every mile was beset with prowling bands of hostile savages. The powder was now carefully secreted at various points, and Clarke returned to the joyous settlers at Harrodsburg.

Already his merits as a gallant fighter and an able commander were recognized. They saw that the scope of his mind was the greatest of any of the border leaders, and they had already had a proof of his power to organize order from chaos, and to obtain recognition and assistance, without which they must, after all their toil, hardships and dangers, be swept back before the storm of Indian invasion. Boone, never an ambitious man, was becoming old, and besides he had an unconquerable modesty that forbade his thrusting himself forward as a rallying point, not only for a single settlement, but for the whole population. The time for such a leader had now come, and that destiny of nations, which never leaves unsupplied a want of its favorites—the brave and the noble—had sent to the Kentuckians George Rogers Clarke.

Gladly accepting the post, which was the one of greatest danger, as well as of greatest honor, Clarke began to frame the only policy which could safely carry them through the perils that beset them. He saw that the defensive warfare of the settlers would inevitably cause them to succumb to the superior numbers of their enemies, and he showed to them that the smaller the nation, the more aggressive must be its plan of battling. He persuaded them to beat up the enemy's towns, destroy their crops, burn their habitations, and thus teach them the horrors of invasion.

He showed them, too, that all of the mightiest efforts of the savages were inspired by the British officers, who held the chain of forts, which stretched in an unbroken line from Detroit to Vincennes.

"Here," said he, "will be found the inspiration of the Indian; here, beneath the flaunting flag of Great Britain, sits enthroned the Providence of these accursed savages. Fed with British provisions, furnished with British arms and led by British officers, we can never hope for peace until we have swept away these harbors of arson and of murder. From these the emissaries of the English king skulk forth to incite the fiendish red men to deeds, that might blanch to pallor the red coats of his hirelings, and back to them are brought

the scalps of your women and children; your wives and daughters for outrage, and your strong men for "the hellish agonies of the stake."

Stirred by the speeches of Clarke, as the war-horse by the shrill notes of the bugle, the Kentuckians swore to follow him to death. Delighted to see that his own spirit so animated these men, Clarke



FATHER GEBAULT.

wrote fully to the Governor of Virginia, detailing his plans for the accomplishment of his aims, and requesting what aid they might be able to send. Securing this aid, the expedition was speedily organized at Louisville, then known as the Falls of the Ohio, and started down the river in boats. Meeting a party of hunters at the mouth of the Tennessee River, Clarke learned from them that the garrisons at

Kaskaskia and Kahokia were on the alert, expecting a visit from the Kentuckians, but he also learned that the larger portion of the French would prefer American rule to British.

Taking these men along as guides, they reached and entirely surprised Kaskaskia, taking it without the shedding of a drop of blood, and so winning upon the favor of the inhabitants by a judicious mixture of kindness and severity that some of the citizens accompanied them in their capture of Kahokia, (just opposite St. Louis). Making a firm adherent of the parish priest, M. Gebault, Clarke showed him that the French were now the allies of the Americans, while they were yet, as ever, the enemies of the English, and the priest consented to go to Vincennes in the absence of its British commander, who had gone to Detroit, and induce the garrison to embrace the cause of the Kentuckians. Clarke "eked out the courage of the lion with the cunning of the fox" on this occasion, because he well knew that his force was not sufficient to garrison the two posts just taken, and leave enough men to successfully attempt the reduction of Vincennes. The mission of the priest, however, proved eminently successful, and the last named town also floated the American colors, and was commanded by Capt. Helm, one of Clarke's lieutenants.

Up to this point his instructions had been vague and general; here they ceased entirely, and Clarke was thrown upon his own resources. These, however, were unfailing. Knowing that his work was only half done, and that he must lose all of the benefits of his present success if he now stayed his hand, Clarke began organizing a French militia, with which to garrison his captured forts, appointed French officers to commands, and was thus enabled to utilize his Kentuckians in his dealings with the hostile Indians.

In his treating with the savages, Clarke—who was a deep student of men—adopted what he had observed to be the policy of the French and Spanish in their dealings with the aborigines. He determined never to ask or sue for peace, but always harshly to demand whatever he might desire from the various tribes. His course is a model of the diplomacy which wins with the American Indian. The red man can never, even to this day, comprehend why the whites will offer peace, if they feel at all confident that they can attain their purpose by war. Never making treaties themselves, except after meeting with a reverse, or in the presence of a superior enemy, they

cannot be led to believe that such a sentiment can animate the breast of the white man, as a desire to do justice to a weaker nation through a sense of sympathy and magnanimity, hence Clarke's plan of *demanding*, like a warrior, suited their ideas of power much better than *asking*, like a squaw, and in every case it was successful.

The bold, harsh, and loud-sounding words of authority always impress the Indian with a sense of respect, while the milder language of conciliation calls forth only his contempt. I remember being in a village of the Ogalalla Sioux, at the outbreak of the first Cheyenne war, when some of their chiefs had just returned from Washington. They appeared in the village resplendant with medals, fine blankets, silver-mounted rifles, and such other *judicious* gifts as a *discerning* government usually gives to its enemies. To the crowding Indians they told of the villages of the whites, which, they said, extended for miles in every direction, and were filled with immense lodges half a mile high, all crowded with men, women and children.

They told of the immense number of the white men, of the thousands of guns they could turn out in a day, of the tons of ammunition produced in the same time, and of the cannons, into which the biggest Indian might be easily loaded. As they discoursed, the wonder of the savages changed first to incredulity, and then to scorn, that chiefs, whom they thought to be true Indians, could be bought for a few blankets, some trinkets and a rifle, to lie in that manner, and to endeavor to make them believe that a handful of whites could compare in numbers with the mighty Sioux nation, with its tribes of Ogalallas, Brule, Minnieconjon, Uncpapa, Teton, Yanktonnais, and kindred families. "Why," indignantly said one of them, "if they were so numerous, they would come out and eat us up like buffalo."

Clarke braved great dangers to show how utterly fearless he was of the bands which assembled, and after one or two attempts on his life—which his caution enabled him easily to foil—he forced them to beg for a peace which they had always before indignantly spurned. The treaty at last concluded, Clarke longed to lead an expedition against Detroit, since, if he could succeed here, the British would be driven from all of their strongholds, but he was unable to raise the necessary force, and had to content himself by sending a detachment, under Lieutenant Bailey, from Kaskaskia and one under Captain

Helm, from Vincennes, to unite in an attack on a British post on the Upper Wabash. They succeeded in capturing the post and its garrison of forty men.

These events greatly excited the English, especially as they saw the pernicious effect they were having, in detaching their savage allies, and they determined on active measures. When Clarke left Vincennes, he left the French militia in charge, with only two Americans, Capt. Helm and a Mr. Henry. On the 15th day of December, 1778, Governor Henry Hamilton, of Detroit, appeared before the town with a large force, and the French not daring to risk a siege, instantly surrendered. Approaching the fort, Hamilton was



ONE OF CLARKE'S FRENCH MILITIAMEN.

astonished to find himself confronted by a cannon, and at its breech stood bold Capt. Helm, with lighted match. Calling a "halt," which was promptly obeyed, the captain awaited a summons from Hamilton.

When it came, Helm told him he'd never surrender until some terms were agreed upon. To this Hamilton answered, that he would be allowed to march out with the honors of war, and out he did march, with his solitary private. Instead of now attempting a reduction of Kaskaskia and Kahokia, as he should have done, Hamilton sent parties of his men on forays against the settlements along

the Ohio River. Helm was held as a prisoner in easy captivity, and the French militia disarmed.

Clarke's situation was one of great danger, but Clarke was just the man to extricate himself from that peril, and at the same time, pluck from his adversary victory. He had expected great things from General McIntosh, who had, with a grand flourish of trumpets, left Fort Pitt to reduce Detroit, but that expedition proved a mere farce and accomplished nothing, and his shameful cowardice cemented anew the breaking friendships of the Indians for their English friends. While Clarke supposed the incompetent McIntosh to be pushing the siege of Detroit, he heard that Hamilton was marching on Kaskaskia, and the first reliable intelligence surprised as greatly as it shocked him. Hamilton in possession of Vincennes! It was almost past belief, but latter intelligence fully confirmed it.

What was he to do? He had but two hundred men, while Hamilton had three or four times that number. It was in the middle of the winter and he was short of all manner of supplies. Almost the entire country was flooded, and he had but a single batteau. How many men would have come to the conclusion of the gallant Clarke? He said to those about him: "Whether I stay here or march against him, if I don't take Hamilton, he'll take me—by Heaven I'll take him!" And take him he did.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TERRIBLE MARCH.

NOBLE KENTUCKIANS——WAIST DEEP IN WATER——UNPARALLELED HEROISM——AN INLAND SEA——COLD, HUNGER AND FATIGUE——ON TO VINCENNES——A FORLORN HOPE——THE BATTLE SONG——THE WAR WHOOP——THE ISLAND REST——THE FROZEN WATERS——A TIMELY RESCUE——IN SIGHT OF THEIR GOAL——CAPTURED CITIZENS——A DESPERATE SITUATION——VICTORY OR DEATH——THE SON OF TOBACCO——CLARKE'S PROCLAMATION——OLD "ROUGH AND READY"——A CUNNING MANEUVER——SIEGE OF VINCENNES——SURPRISE OF HAMILTON——BEWILDERED BRITISH——INDIANS DESERT TO CLARKE——STRATAGEMS——FEARS OF HAMILTON——THE FLAG OF TRUCE——A CONFERENCE——"INDIAN PARTISANS"——MAJOR HAY——WILLIAMS' CAPTURE——ST. CROIX'S SON——EXECUTION OF SAVAGES——THE DEADLY AIM OF THE KENTUCKIANS——CAPITULATION——CONSEQUENCE——CLARKE'S REQUEST——M'INTOSH'S FAILURE——BUILDS FORT JEFFERSON——SENT TO OPPOSE BENEDICT ARNOLD——AUTHORIZED TO BESIEGE DETROIT——AN INDIAN CAMPAIGN——AFTER EXPLOITS——HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH——REFLECTIONS.

Through the cold of the winter, the chilling rain, the mud and the icy water, the latter often three feet deep, Clarke marched with his noble band of Kentuckians. It was such a march as the world never saw before. When he reached the "drowned lands," they marched for miles with the water waist deep; the way was full of crevasses and mud holes, in which the men would sink up to their necks, often over their heads. Frequently they had to swim for short distances. An occasional spot of dry ground, a few yards in extent, was as welcome to the half-drowned command as the oasis to the desert wanderer. Clarke ever led the van, sharing the hardships of his men, outdoing them in his contempt for the peril and sufferings.

At last they came to the two Wabashes, ordinarily separated by three miles of dry ground, but now a solid sheet of water. This lake-like expanse spread out for five miles from one dry shore to the other. The command stopped amazed, their enthusiasm had given place to dismay; at last they had come to an unsurmountable obstacle. Not so—to Clarke there are no such obstacles. Moving rapidly to the front, he dashed into the water, without a moment's hesitation, and with a rush the entire command followed, with songs

and cheers. These soon ceased, however, as they toiled slowly along, and it became an irksome task to breathe, oppressed as they were by the weight of arms, accoutrements, and their soaked garments.

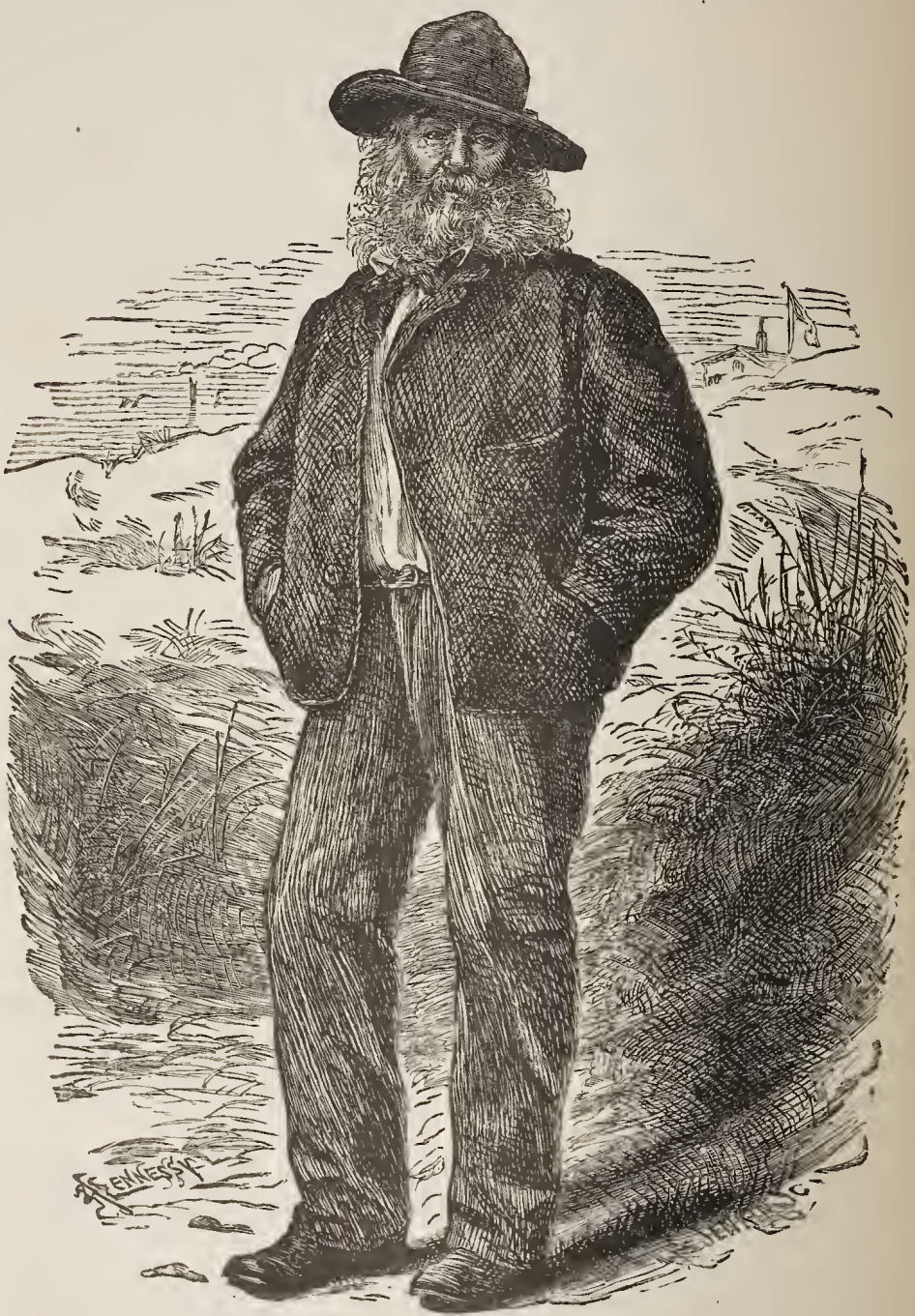
The merriment had died away, but the leader infused into the fatigued and miserable men some portion of his own dogged and unconquerable determination. They staggered with fatigue, but as they wearily stumbled along, it was ever forward—there was no contemplation of retreat—if they ceased to advance, they might sink exhausted in the chilling waters, but not a man of them for an instant thought of deserting their noble leader. It was on the 7th of February that Clarke had set out on his march of over two hundred miles; it was the 17th when he reached the Eastern shore of the Wabash, and came to the lowlands of the Embarrass River, a confluent of the Wabash.

From this point to Vincennes it was nine miles. Every foot of the distance was covered with deep water. Their provisions were exhausted, and if they waited for the batteaux, which Clarke had sent ahead to use in just such an emergency, the greater part of the command must perish of cold and hunger. The situation was desperate, but Clarke did not despair. Taking a canoe he made soundings to see if some path might not be found through this inland sea.

There was none—the water everywhere reached to his neck. The alarm of the men was visible in their faces; they could see no escape from death; their march of untold hardships was to end in the bitter death by cold and starvation. For a moment the brave Kentuckian was nonplussed, but for a moment only; whispering to those officers nearest him to follow his example, he poured some powder into his hand, wet it with water, and blackened his face, and without a moment's pause, gave a loud war whoop and dashed into the water.

Clarke says: "The party gazed, fell in one after another, without saying a word, like a flock of sheep. I ordered those near me to give a favorite song. It soon passed through the line, and the whole went on cheerfully." One of the men luckily struck a ridge of high ground, and they followed it until they reached an island, and there they camped. The next morning the ice had formed three-quarters of an inch thick, so the reader may fancy the sufferings of

these men. Clarke made a speech, and his half starved and frozen command again entered the ice-cold water with a rousing cheer.



CAPTAIN HELM.

On they pushed through the broken ice, until the water got deeper and deeper, and Clarke began to fear that the weaker of the

party would be drowned. He ordered the canoes he had captured on the river to hasten to land with their loads, and with all possible celerity to ply back and forth, picking up the men.

To cheer their drooping spirits, he sent some of the strongest men forward, with instructions "to pass back the word that the water was getting shallow, and when getting near the woods to cry out, land—land!" The water, says Clarke, "*never* got shallow." When they reached the timber the water was up to their shoulders, but here they could hang to the trees, bushes and logs until rescued by the canoes. Some gained the shore in safety; some, when they reached the land and were deprived of the buoyant assistance of the water, fell, half in and half out of it, upon the bank.

Clarke says of the island they reached: "This was a delightful, dry spot of about ten acres," but it can easily be fancied that any spot of dry land, no matter how barren and deserted, would have seemed an Eden to these poor fellows. The weaker of the half frozen men were restored by walking between two of the stronger. Here chance threw into their way a canoe load of Indian squaws and children, who had with them some buffalo meat, tallow, corn and cooking utensils.

Broth was quickly made and served out to the weakest; in fact, nearly all got a taste. From here they ferried, in the canoes, to Warrior's Island, within two miles of the town, and in plain view of it. Clarke says: "Every man feasted his eyes and forgot he had suffered. It was now we had to display our abilities. The plain between us and the town was not a perfect level. The sunken grounds were covered with water full of ducks. We observed several out on horseback shooting them, and sent out many of our active young Frenchmen to decoy and take one prisoner, which they did. Learned that the British had that evening completed the wall of the fort, and that there were a good many Indians in town: our situation was now truly critical; no possibility of retreat in case of defeat, and in full view of a town with six hundred men in it—troops, Indians and inhabitants.

"We were now in the situation that I had labored to get ourselves in. The idea of being taken prisoner was foreign to almost every man, as they expected nothing but torture. We knew that nothing but the most daring conduct would insure success. I knew that a number of the inhabitants wished us well; that the Grand

Chief—Tobacco's son—had openly declared himself a friend to the Big Knives (Americans). I therefore wrote and sent the following placard:

TO THE INHABITANTS OF POST VINCENNES:

Gentlemen—Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such as are true citizens to remain still in your houses. Those, if any there be, that are friends to the king, will instantly repair to the fort, join the "hair buyer" general, and fight like men. If any such do not go, and are found afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated, and I once more request them to keep out of the streets. Every one I find in arms on my arrival, I shall treat as an enemy.

G. R. CLARKE."

Was there ever more desperate courage, more indomitable determination displayed, than on this mid-winter march, through a flooded country, that might almost be called an inland sea? And then the daring impudence, which in its bold assumption reaches the sublime, of a leader with two hundred half-starved, half-frozen and undrilled troops, confidently disposing of a garrison of six hundred well drilled, fed and clad men, behind the walls of a fort, before ever a shot had been fired! It was an assurance so grandly heroic, that it reached to the height of genius. It was like Taylor's remark to one of his staff at Buena Vista, when the clouds of charging Mexicans seemed about to wipe out his hardy volunteers, with the sheer force of their overwhelming numbers: "Yes, yes, they are five to one, but I'd just as lief whip 'em that way as man to man."

Marching on to the town, Clarke took advantage of the last knoll between him and the place, to march his men across it several times, running them around its base and starting them in at the rear again, thus making a show as if he had a large force. Cautious not to enter the town before dark, for fear the garrison might discover his weakness, he then seized all of the strong positions that commanded the fort. So bold was his dash on these points that Law says the English commander could not believe it was the enemy, but attributed the firing to some drunken Indians without the walls of the fort.

One hundred of these Indians, seeing the boldness of the Kentuckians, immediately transferred their allegiance from the British, and were anxious to join in an assault on the post. The unerring aim of the skillful borderers soon silenced the cannon of the fort, as no sooner was a port-hole thrown open than the gunners were

shot down at their pieces. Every stratagem was used to cause Hamilton to think his opponents were in heavy numbers, and they succeeded most admirably. The fort was now summoned to surrender, but Hamilton, fearful of receiving the treatment he so richly



CLARKE SPARES LA CROIX'S SON.

deserved, declined. Clarke now opened a heavier fire upon the fort, so that not a soul could open a port or expose himself in any manner, without being shot. Clarke had even determined on an assault, when a flag of truce was sent to him, in which Hamilton proposed a three days' truce and an immediate conference.

The truce was promptly declined, as Clarke had no idea of having his strength exposed, nor of waiting until the detached parties of the British and Indians could come up. To the conference he assented. During this conference they were unable to come to terms, and when Hamilton asked why better could not be allowed, Clarke replied to him that he had force enough to take the fort by storm at any time he chose, but that he proposed to pick up Hamilton's detatched parties as they came in, and then having disposed of them, he would attend to the fort at his leisure, and thus, at one stroke, would make sure of all those, who made a practice of harassing the American frontier.

Another thing was, that his Kentuckians had determined to give to the Indians and "Indian partisans" a touch of the treatment they bestowed on their captives. In a surrender, while he felt disposed to gratify them, he could not do so, but in case of a storm he intended to do as the British officers had so often done—close his eyes and let his men use their own pleasure. This terrified beyond measure Major Hay, one of the most active of these Indian leaders, and he was scarcely able to make his way back to the fort. This conference had hardly concluded when a party of Indians, led by a white man painted as an Indian, were seen approaching the town.

Captain Williams was sent out to meet them and the Indians, thinking them a part of the English garrison, let them approach within a few yards, when the Kentuckians fired and two were killed and three others wounded. The victorious war-whoops of the savages died upon their lips and they turned in flight, but the remaining six were soon prisoners. These Indians were promptly taken in plain view of the fort, tomahawked and their bodies thrown into the river. The white man was discovered to be the son of Lieutenant St. Croix, one of Clarke's adherents, and at his intercession, and on account of his mother's earnest prayer, was spared.

The Indians within the fort, when they saw that the English were unable to protect them, became at once enraged and frightened. This was the result that Clarke had calculated on, in having the prisoners tomahawked, and no doubt this had its effect in bringing about the capitulation on the 24th.

This conquest gave to the Kentuckians fifty thousand dollars worth of military stores, detached the Indians from the English, and dispossessed the British of all of the northwestern territory, which

otherwise would have been held by them when peace was concluded, and must have materially altered the status of the British possessions in America.

Clarke, at this time, was only twenty-seven years of age, and to the enthusiasm of youth he joined the daring ambition of the born soldier, ever unsatiated. He asked for more men, and promised to do what McIntosh had failed to effect. He would take Detroit, and by driving the English from their last stronghold, forever destroy their power, and prevent their Indian combinations. The men were promised, but never came, and it is said that in the agony of his restiveness and his forced inaction, he took to drink for relief and sought in the oblivion of that lethe to drown his unconquerable ambition.

Retiring to the Falls of the Ohio, Clarke rested in partial inaction for some time. About the year 1780 he built Fort Jefferson, on the Mississippi River. After his Ohio campaign against the hostile Indians, he went to Richmond to appeal in person for the means necessary for his cherished scheme of taking Detroit. His plans were approved, but the measure dragged, and before it could be put into effect, Clarke and Baron Steuben were appointed to a command to check the aggressive operations of the infamous traitor, Benedict Arnold. During this service he was appointed a Brigadier-General, and was authorized to collect a large force, which was to rendezvous at Louisville, (Falls of the Ohio), and sweeping with celerity and secresy through the country of the hostile Indians, to fall upon Detroit.

The force was never collected, and the grand genius of the man was forced to waste itself in petty operations against the marauding bands of the Ohio Indians. In 1782 occurred the unfortunate battle at the Blue Licks, and Clarke, rallying a force of a thousand men, hastily invaded the Indian towns, but his efforts failed of their proper effect, owing to the savages having fled from their villages, and scattered, so as to render pursuit by an army impossible.

Fortune had forsaken her favorite; he lost his old-time confidence in his destiny, (for Clarke was a thorough fatalist), and even his popularity began to decrease. In 1786 he led another expedition of one thousand men against the Indians on the Wabash, but his former magnetism—that could inspire a march of two hundred miles, unparalleled in the annals of savage or civilized warfare, for its heroic

daring, its terrible difficulties and its successful termination—seems to have utterly failed him. The men were mutinous, ill omens pursued him from the very outset, and the expedition was finally abandoned.

Years afterward he was tendered and accepted a commission in the French armies, with the rank of Major-General, and was about to lead an expedition against the Spaniards, on the Mississippi, when this was frustrated by a revolution in France, which overturned the party in power and destroyed the plans, whose accomplishment might have again raised him to fame.

Neglect and disease had soured his temper, and shunning his former comrades, he led a life whose isolation and loneliness were pitiable. Added to this, he endured agonies from the rheumatism, contracted doubtless during the terrible exposure of his numerous campaigns. At forty years of age, mental and physical agony had made him as decrepid almost as an octogenarian, and in 1817 he died of paralysis at Louisville, which had been the scene of so many of his former triumphs and so much of his later sufferings.

When we look back over the life of this man, and see its early promise and its glorious youth, we can but mark its sad contrast with his manhood of neglect and its glorious opportunities lost through no fault of his own, but wasted in an unavailing struggle against a baffling fate. When we think of what might have been his career, under more propitious auspices, or in more extended fields, it is with that sadness of regret with which we behold the closely caged eagle beating out its life against the bars of its narrow prison, and death becomes a welcome intruder upon the scene. With noble old Kent we hail him as the sufferer's friend, and like him we are ready to exclaim:

> "Vex not his ghost, oh let him pass!
> He hates him, that would upon the rack of this rough world,
> Stretch him out longer."

CHAPTER XVII.

COLONEL WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

TORTURE AT THE STAKE——CANNIBALISM——CONSIDERATIONS OF ITS CAUSES ——THE BURNING OF CRAWFORD——WHO HE WAS——AN ILL-FATED EXPEDITION——SKULKING SAVAGES——INSUBORDINATION——ILL OMENS——A SPIRITED ATTACK——FIERCE FIGHTING——THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE—— A NIGHT RETREAT——SLOVER, THE GUIDE——A LIGHT VOLLEY——THE PANIC ——"SAVE YOURSELVES"——THE PURSUIT——THE INDIAN TOMAHAWK—— THE HEROIC DR. KNIGHT——CRAWFORD'S RELATIONS——A FOOLISH COMPANION——EXHAUSTED HORSES——BIGGS AND ASHLEY——A VIOLENT RAIN STORM——FIND A DEER——ANOTHER COMRADE——A HEARTY BREAKFAST—— ——CRAWFORD'S FOLLY——THE CAPTURE——INTERVIEW WITH GIRTY—— ——EMPTY PROMISES——CAPTAIN PIPE——WINGENUND——TYPICAL INDIANS ——THE INSIGNIA OF DEATH——A BITTER ENEMY.

It is a singular fact that, while the Indians made a regular practice of torturing their male prisoners, whether taken in battle or captured in times of peace, so few accounts have ever been given in detail of the horrible torture of "the stake." It is alleged, upon the authority of the earliest explorers, that they often heard from the Indians themselves that some of the tribes were cannibals, and if this was ever the case, that might account for the origin of this hellish practice, whose cause may have been similar to that of the same habit in another people.

It is told, with a great show of probability, that the cannibalism of some, if not all, of the Africans, arose from the premeditated purpose of frightening their enemies. A small tribe found themselves going to the wall in a war with a more numerous one, and after a battle, in which they had captured some prisoners, the latter were roasted and eaten in full view of their enemies. After this they began to gain ground, for while their opponents could fight bravely through all the chances of death, yet they could not bear the prospect of being entombed in the stomachs of their ferocious enemies. The habit, once contracted, is rarely, if ever, discontinued. I have been assured by old Louis Keysburg—who became a cannibal in the terrible winter mountain camp of Donner's party of California immigrants—that human flesh is the most delightful of all viands, and once tasted, the most difficult to relinquish.

In whatever way they were first led into it, it is certain that from the earliest arrival of the white men in America up to the present time, burning their prisoners at the stake has prevailed amongst all of the savage tribes, and was the common mode of disposing of their captives by the nations which endeavored to drive back the flood of invading whites that, flowing like a resistless tide across the Alleghanies, swept back the red men from the borders of their beloved Kentucky. In the account of the burning of Col. Crawford, so graphically told by Dr. Knight, who accompanied him on his ill-fated expedition, we are enabled to see the fiendish nature of the Indian of that time; and as were the Shawnee and Delaware of that day, so I have found the Cheyenne, Sioux and Apache of this.

In the spring of 1782 the irruptions of the northwestern Indians into Western Virginia and Pennsylvania had become so frequent and so deadly as to demand prompt vengeance, and as it was thought that they could be most effectually stopped by invading the country of the enemy, an expedition was determined on, and Col. William Crawford, a brave officer of the Revolutionary war, was selected as commander. The rendezvous was fixed for May 20th, 1782, at a point on the western shore of the Ohio, forty miles above Fort Pitt. The number of volunteers was four hundred and fifty, and in order that the wounded might have immediate attention, Dr. Knight, an accomplished surgeon, was induced by Col. Crawford to accompany the troops.

The march was begun May 25th, and on May 29th some of the volunteers broke ranks and started for their homes, a circumstance which did not speak well for the discipline of the body. On the next day Major Brunton and Captain Bean, being in advance of the main body, saw and fired on two skulking Indians, but they escaped, and all felt that secresy was now out of the question. It was as plainly to be seen that there was a spirit of discontent animating a portion of the men, and it probably would have been the wisest thing to sift out the unwilling, or else to discontinue the expedition.

The eleventh day's march developed a decided spirit of insubordination, and the men demanded to be led back to their homes, declaring that their horses were jaded and their provisions rapidly becoming exhausted. As a compromise, the officers *requested* them to continue one day longer, and then, if no Indians were found, they would return. As McClung says: "What other result than that

which we are about to record could have been anticipated from such officers and such men?"

This council had not broken up before one of the advance pickets dashed in, and reported the Indians drawn up in some open timber a mile or two ahead. The murmurs ceased, the advance began, and all seemed anxious for the action to open. As they moved forward, Crawford, who was a man of fine military judgment, saw that the enemy had seized a position of strength, from which they must be dislodged, and it was necessary to accomplish this before their reinforcements arrived. Dismounting his men, they charged the Indians boldly in front and on both flanks, and swept them from the wood. They were not a moment too soon, for the savages began swarming around them, every hour bringing up heavy reinforcements.

The action became serious, the enemy making the greatest efforts to drive Crawford from the timber, fighting, as is their manner, from every covert of tree, grass and hillock. Crawford bravely maintained his hold upon his point of vantage, and after a sharp, fierce fire, lasting from four o'clock in the afternoon until night, the savages withdrew, and the whites slept upon the field of action.

The next day the action was renewed at long range, and no charge was made; desultory and almost harmless firing being kept up on both sides until night. The officers of the whites now called a council, and as it could be seen that the numbers of their enemies were being constantly augmented, they decided that a rapid, but orderly, retreat had now become necessary, since there was no possibility for them to defeat the Indians, and it was even doubtful if they could hold their present position against a charge of their overpowering enemies. This resolution was made known to the troops, man by man, so that its secresy would be insured and that there might be no unnecessary panic in executing it. At nine o'clock all of their arrangements had been effected; all the videttes, except Slover, their guide, had been called in; the troops formed in three parallel lines, with the wounded in the center, and the retreat began.

This was a trying moment for raw troops, who had neither had the training of regular soldiers, nor the iron courage and fortitude of such men as Boone, Kenton and Wetzel, and it needed but little to change their retreat into a rout. This came sooner than was to have been anticipated, for they had not advanced more than a hundred yards from their position, when a light volley was heard in the direction of the Indian lines.

The cause of this volley is a mystery; whether intended by the Indians as a signal, or whether they detected some movement amongst the whites, and in order to deter them from a night attack—never met with any great degree of bravery by the Indians—fired to



COLONEL WILLIAM CRAWFORD AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

show that they were on the alert, was never known, but its effect on these raw troops was direful. They showed symptoms of unsteadiness, and this not being promptly and severely checked by their officers, some dastard in the front rank brought about the final

catastrophe, by shouting in a loud voice, "The enemy have found out our design—save yourselves—save yourselves!"

In a second the panic was general, and so great was the uproar of the howling, flying mob, that it was plainly heard in the lines of the Indians, and its import guessed immediately. "Out, men, and pick up the stragglers, the Americans have whipped themselves!" shouted Simon Girty, and then the pursuit began. The miserable wounded had been dropped at the beginning of the rout, and they were speedily dispatched by the tomahawks of the savages. Dr. Knight was in the rear when the panic began, but being well mounted he spurred ahead, and overtook Col. Crawford, who was calling with a loud voice for his son, son-in-law, and nephews.

Overtaking him, he asked, "Is that you, Doctor?" to which Knight replied, "Yes, Colonel; I am the hindmost man, I believe." "No, no," replied Crawford anxiously, "my son is in the rear yet, I have not been able to hear of him in front. Do not leave me, Doctor, my horse has about given out. I cannot keep up with the troops, and wish a few of my best friends to stay with me."

With heroic bravery, Knight told him that he could depend upon him to the last, and checking his horse, he waited beside the Colonel until the last straggler had passed them. Still there was no tidings of the Colonel's relatives, but as it was useless to wait longer, they rode on as rapidly as possible, Crawford greatly dejected at the uncertainty of the fate of those so dear to him. About a mile ahead they heard rapid firing, with loud shouting, and thinking the Indians had intercepted the main body of the fugitives, they changed their course to the right, moving South for about an hour, and then started East again. Along with Knight and the Colonel were an old man and a boy, and whenever the former began to lag behind, he shouted loudly for them to wait for him.

This he continued, in spite of all remonstrance, until they came to Sandusky Creek. Here he again fell to the rear, and gave his usual cry. A loud hallo was heard near where the old man stood, and thinking themselves surrounded by Indians, the others sat still for a few minutes, but hearing nothing more of the old man, they rode on. What was his fate they never knew. At daybreak the horses of Crawford and the boy sank exhausted. Continuing on foot, they joined company with Captain Biggs, a brave, generous man, and a thorough border hero. He had given

up his horse to Lieutenant Ashley, who was badly wounded, and was walking along leading the horse, with his trusty rifle in his hand. They were compelled to camp and form a rude shelter of bark at three o'clock that afternoon, on account of a violent rain storm. Here they built a fire, and remained all night.

The next morning, while on the march, they came across a deer, which had been lately killed; this they appropriated and carried along, intending to cook it when occasion offered. A little farther on they came across a camp-fire, which had not been long abandoned. Here they cooked their venison, and noticing a white man skulking along their trail, they called to him, and found out he was one of their soldiers. He told them he had killed the deer they found, but hearing them coming, had taken to the woods, fearing they were foes. All now breakfasted heartily, and then continued their flight, and at noon reached the trail by which they had marched to the Indian towns. Here a council was held to determine whether they should continue through the woods, or take the open trail.

Common sense would seem to have indicated the former as the proper course, and Knight and Biggs voted to take it, but Crawford insisted upon keeping to the trail, as he was sure the Indians had long since discontinued the pursuit. They suffered themselves to be persuaded against their judgment, and continued on the beaten track. Crawford and Knight took the advance, on foot; one hundred and fifty yards behind came Biggs and Ashley, both mounted, the Doctor having lent Biggs his horse, and in the rear followed the boy and the man who had last joined them.

They had not proceeded more than a mile in this order, when several Indians—who were secreted near the trail—sprang up, and with levelled guns demanded a halt. Knight, who seems to have been a man of courage and great quickness, sprang behind a large black oak, cocked his gun and aimed at the foremost Indian, when Crawford, who had made no effort to escape, called to him hastily not to fire. The Indian then ran to Crawford, shook him by the hand, and appeared delighted to see him, Knight all the time remaining behind his tree, with his cocked rifle. Crawford now called again to the Doctor, ordering him to put down his gun, and Knight, with great reluctance, obeyed.

The Indians next told Crawford to order Biggs and Ashley to surrender, and he promptly did so, but Biggs only cocked his rifle

and fired at one of the savages, unhappily missing him, and he and Ashley spurred into the woods and would have escaped, but very foolishly returned to the road further on, and were killed and scalped by a party of five Delawares. The footmen dashed into the woods and made good their escape.

That evening Crawford and Knight were taken to the Indian camp, and in the morning, (June 10th), with nine other prisoners, were conducted to the Indian town of Old Sandusky, about thirty-



WIDOW OF COLONEL CRAWFORD.

five miles distant. When within a few miles of the town, the Indians camped for the night, but Crawford was very anxious to see Simon Girty, and pursuaded his captors to take him on into the town. They did so, and he had a long interview with the renegade. On the next morning he was taken back to the camp, so as to be driven into the town along with the other captives. Knight enquired most anxiously as to the success of his mission, and the Colonel told him he had seen Girty, and the latter had promised to use his influence in behalf of himself, (Crawford), but he was fearful that he could

effect nothing, as Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, was using every endeavor to have all of the prisoners burned. He had also heard that his son-in-law, Col. Harrison, and his nephew, William Crawford, were to be treated well by their captors, the Shawnese. This was a willful lie on the part of Girty.

In the town, Captain Pipe and Wingenund—celebrated Delaware chiefs—came to them; the former a typical Indian, uniting to the blandness and oily address of the cringing courtier the malignity of the savage and the blood-thirsty ferocity of the skulking panther. With his own hand he painted every prisoner black, and while he was caressing them with words of smooth hypocrisy, his hands were spreading over them the horrible insignia of their coming doom.

They were now driven toward the town of the Half King, (Pomoacon), Pipe walking by the side of Crawford, and the others driven in front. When near the lodge of Pomoacon, they entered a trail leading to Captain Pipe's town, and the spirits of the poor prisoners sank, for they had learned, from Girty's conversation with Crawford, that the Pipe was their bitterest enemy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEED OF DEMONS.

MURDERED PRISONERS——A HORRIBLE HAG——DEATH OF CAPTAIN M'KINLEY ——"MURDER MOST FOUL"——GIRTY'S SALUTATION——THE STAKE——THE TORTURE BEGINS——INDIAN DEVILS——HOURS OF TORMENT——INCREDIBLE HORRORS——THE PART PLAYED BY THE SQUAWS——CRAWFORD'S REQUEST ——REFUSAL OF THE INFAMOUS RENEGADE——KNIGHT'S SYMPATHY—— NATURE'S RESPITE——THE ACME OF TORTURE——THE TALE OF AN EYE-WITNESS——REMAINS OF CRAWFORD——KNIGHT'S DETERMINATION——A SOLITARY GUARD——MUTUAL DECEPTION——A PAIR OF BROTHERS——TORMENTING GNATS——FRIENDLY OFFICES——A FEEBLE BLOW——A WHINING WARRIOR——A MUNCHAUSEN TALE——COMBAT WITH A GIANT——KNIGHT'S DANGERS AND SUFFERINGS——A GLANCE AT THE RETREATING COMMAND ——ITS ESCAPE——A SHAMEFUL DISASTER——WHO WAS ROSE?——THE RUSSIAN BARON——A NOBLE MAN——HIS DEATH.

On the trail to the Pipe's town they saw the bodies of four of their number, who had been taken on ahead. They lay by the roadside scalped, having evidently been forced to run the gauntlet for the amusement of the brutal savages. They lay along at intervals of a half mile. Soon after passing the last of these corpses, they came upon the five remaining prisoners. These were seated upon the ground, surrounded by squaws and boys, and were constantly abused and threatened by these fiends. Crawford and Knight were placed apart from the other prisoners, Knight in charge of a Shawnee warrior, who was to take him to his village, as a present from the Delawares.

While they were sitting thus, a horrible old hag approached the five prisoners, and selecting as a victim Captain McKinley—a brave officer, who had served through the war of the revolution—seized him by the hair, and with a long, heavy knife cut off his head and kicked it so that it fell almost in the lap of Crawford, who momentarily expected a similar fate.

A more horrible death, however, was in store for him, and the savages fell upon the other four prisoners with knives, clubs and tomahawks, and then beat their lifeless bodies until their infernal rage was partly satiated. At this juncture Girty appeared, and after a short conversation with Crawford, came to where Knight

was, and asked him with a sneer: "Is this the Doctor?" "Yes, Mr. Girty," replied the wretched captive—not knowing the utter brutality of the renegade—"I am glad to see you!" and he extended his hand to Girty, who thereupon fell to cursing him, and ordered him not to approach him, as he "could not give his hand to such a d—d rascal."

His Shawnee master now began hauling him along by a rope, and Girty, following on horseback, told him he was to be taken to Chillicothe, an information he deemed equivalent to telling him he was to be burnt at the stake. Soon afterward they came to a place where there was a large fire burning, and around it were collected some thirty warriors, and more than twice as many squaws and boys.

Here the Colonel was seized and stripped, and seated near the fire, when the Indians fell upon him and beat him unmercifully with their fists and sticks. They then set a heavy stake in the ground, and around it laid piles of dry hickory poles a little larger than a man's thumb. These were placed at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the stake, and surrounded it with a circle.

To those whose ideas of the magnanimity and bravery of the Indian have been derived from Cooper's descriptions of the very Indians (the Delawares) who were the actors in the scene we are about to describe, we would say skip the remainder of this chapter, if you would not have your ideal heroes toppled from their pedestals by the revealments of the plain, unvarnished truth.

While these preparations were going on, Crawford's hands had been tied firmly behind his back, and to the rope binding them another was fastened, the other end of which was secured to the bottom of the stake. This rope was long enough to allow the victim to take two or three turns either way around the stake. Crawford now called to Girty, who was sitting on his horse a few yards away, and asked him if they really intended to burn him. Girty cooly told him they did.

This intelligence the Colonel received with firmness, and only answered that he would bear it with fortitude. The hickory poles were by this time beginning to blaze fiercely, and the Indians now burst, with a savage whoop, in a body on Crawford, and when they again left him, Knight could see that they had cut off his ears, and the

blood was streaming down each side of his face. The brave old soldier did not utter a groan.

The scene of torture now began. The adult warriors, beginning at his legs and ending at his neck, fired charge after charge of powder into his naked body, while the boys took the burning poles and applied them to every part of his person. Human nature could not stand this cruel torture. Running now from side to side of the circle to avoid his hellish tormentors, his every move was anticipated, and he was met at all points with flashing powder, red-hot irons and the fiercely blazing hickory poles. In a short time his bruised and blistered body was blackened by over a hundred charges of powder. The surface of the roasted flesh cracked at every motion.

Still the tortures continued, though the breast of a demon might have given way to pity. In his agony, Crawford called to Girty: "Girty, Girty! Shoot me through the heart. Quick, Quick! Don't refuse me!" The only answer of the renegade was: "Don't you see I've no gun, Colonel?" and he turned off, with a laugh and a brutal jest to the savages near him. Approaching Knight, he told him that now he might have an idea of what he could expect at the Shawnee town, where he would be taken. Inwardly determining never to reach there alive, Knight made no reply to Girty, but turned again to Crawford, his gaze held in terrible fascination by the horror of the scene.

The squaws were adding their share to the torture, which had now continued more than two hours. These hags had taken broad pieces of bark, and scooping up the live, glistening coals, would dash them over the body of the victim, and as they fell they made a pathway of fire, that added immeasurably to their victim's agony. At last exhaustion was beginning to lend its blessing of insensibility to that tortured body, and he walked slowly backward and forward, supplicating his God, in a low but earnest voice, to have mercy upon him, and to pardon his sins.

It was horrible, and Knight suffered with him in mental sympathy indescribably agonizing, ignoring the taunts and brutality of the white fiend at his side, who at last left him alone and returned to his equally brutal fellows, the Delawares. Crawford had now passed the acme of his sufferings, and no longer shrank from the burning rods and heated irons.

Feebler and feebler he moves around the stake, his feet stumble upon his path of fire, at last he falls insensible; Nature herself—kind mother of us all—has entered her protest. The ferocious grizzly



DEATH TORTURES OF COLONEL WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

bear will not mangle his insensible hunter; surely the Indian—who has at least the semblance of humanity—will not be more cruel. We shall see!

Scarce had he fallen, when a warrior springs upon his prostrate body, draws a bloody circle around his head and wrenches off his scalp. He does not move. Can horror go beyond what we have seen? Can agony more cruel be imagined? A hag approaches the fallen man, and with a piece of bark pours upon his bleeding head, now bared to the bone, a mass of glowing coals. Back from its sojourn in the aisles of death, the despairing soul of the unfortunate man is summoned to reanimate his tortured body. Groaning deeply, Crawford arose, and again began that sorrowful march about the stake. The horror and the agony continued for hours before death, more merciful than his hellish tormentors, came and released him from their power.

This, gentle reader, is a feeble but true picture of "the god-like savage; the man of nature's wilds, uncontaminated by the vices of civilization," over whom the sentimentalist gushes and deplores his rapid extinction. The picture is not in the slightest overdrawn, but is the conscientious portrayal of an eye witness, a brave and noble gentleman, a friend whose unselfish devotion came near bringing him to the same awful doom. But let us turn from these horrors, and see how it fared with poor Knight.

He passed the night in the village, securely bound, and the next evening was marched past the scene of horror. He was a very small, delicate man, and on this account was committed to the charge of a single Indian. As they passed the accursed spot of the torture, the Indian gave a loud scalp hallo, and Knight saw, lying in the midst of the coals and ashes, a small pile of charred bones, the sole remains of his leader.

As he thought of that hideous sacrifice, he again determined that he would never be taken alive to the Shawnee town. Death by the rifle, the tomahawk, the scalping-knife—any death, in fact—he felt would be a boon compared to the death by fire, but he thought best to pretend ignorance of his fate to the solitary guard, who, before starting off with him, had again painted him black—ominous toilet! As they marched, both were playing a game.

Each pretended to a simplicity that neither possessed, and they chatted along as amicably as brothers. Knight asked the Indian if they were not to live in the same wigwam, like brothers, when they reached his town. The Indian appeared delighted, and said "yes." He then asked Knight if he could build a wigwam, and was immensely

pleased when Knight told him he was a famous worker in wood. That day they traveled twenty-five miles, and camping, the red brother tied the white one securely, and watched like a hawk all night to prevent his escaping. The Indian told him, on lying down, that they would reach his town the middle of the next day.

In the morning Knight was untied, and thinking that he was near enough to the Indian town, determined to make his escape then and there. Fate favored him. It was daylight when they arose, but the Indian seemed in no hurry to depart. He kindled the fire anew, and cursed the countless thousands of gnats, that were feasting on his filthy carcass. Seeing his sufferings, Knight asked him if he should kindle a fire at his back to drive off those gnats which he could not reach.

The proposition was gladly accepted, and Knight took up a coal of fire between two sticks and went behind the savage, who had aided in the unutterable torture of Crawford, but could not bear, without whining, the stings of those insignificant insects. Dropping the coals softly on the ground, Knight gathered all his feeble strength, and struck the savage a blow on the head with the heaviest stick. The Indian fell with his hands in the fire, but got up, and ran off howling with pain.

Seizing the Indian's rifle, Knight aimed at the savage, but broke the lock of the gun, and the fellow ran off, dodging and leaping and whining most terribly. He made his way to the town, and told a gruesome tale of his combat with the gigantic Knight, (his height was five feet seven inches!) how he had stabbed him, and how he knew that he must soon perish of his wounds. Knight had hoped to kill his enemy, so that he might escape unpursued, but he had failed, and no time must be lost, if he would evade his foes. Going to the camp, he took the Indian's blanket, ammunition and moccasins, and began a rapid flight toward the northeast.

An hour before sunset he came to a prairie, sixteen miles wide, and not daring to venture across it by daylight, he secreted himself in the woods until dark, and guiding himself by the pole star, he made his way across. All the next day he walked through the dense woods he had now entered, and in the afternoon was faint for want of food. His jaw had been so injured by a tomahawk blow, that he could not chew the wild gooseberries, that grew in abundance, but he found a weed, the juice of which was grateful and

strengthening to him. Resting for a few hours, he continually sucked the juice of these weeds, and was soon strong enough to continue his journey. Finding that he could not repair the lock of his rifle, so as to kill game, he threw it away. Day after day passed thus, his jaw grew stronger, and upon gooseberries, two young blackbirds, and a land terrapin (all eaten raw), he managed to sustain life for three weeks. He swam the Muskingum, avoided all paths, and finally reached the Ohio River on the twenty-first day. On the morning of the twenty-second day, from the time of making his escape, Dr. Knight reached the fort in safety.

Flying disgracefully from this field of horror, the command was held together, as well as possible, by Colonel Williamson and Major John Rose. The latter, particularly, used every exertion to prevent a total disbandment, and it was chiefly owing to his heroic efforts that the loss was so light; only about seventy men in killed, wounded, and missing.

Thus terminated a defeat more disastrous than the battle of the Blue Licks, redeemed by none of the desperate valor or heroic devotion, of the latter. Had half the courage of the Kentuckians at the Licks been shown by the troops here, an overwhelming victory would have been the result. It was a shameful affair, most of whose victims perished either by torture or the tomahawk.

Quite a mystery attached to Rose, the gallant young Major, whose manly bearing and noble words of encouragement prevented a general massacre. "Who is he?" had long been the question amongst officers and privates in the army, where his imperfect English caused all to know that his name of Rose was an assumed one. All felt that nothing sordid or mean had caused his exile from his native country, and at last the solution of the enigma was forthcoming. Leaving America for Russia, his native land, he wrote to Gen. Irvine, who had ever proved his steadfast friend, that he had unfortunately killed a man in a duel within the purlieus of his Emperor's palace, and had fled for his life. His rank was that of Baron, and his true name was Gustave Heinrich de Rosenthal.

In every station, while serving in America, he had proved himself a gallant gentleman, a soldier without fear and without reproach. In Crawford's awful retreat, he was "the guardian angel of the American forces." Wherever the surging masses of the pursuing Indians swarmed thickest, there was seen the soldierly figure of the

noble Rose, and when his voice rang out, it was like the clarion blast of martial music.

"Once more my men!" he cried, "stand fast! Another volley, boys! Aim low, close up, close up!" and cheering them by voice and example, he infused into the panic-stricken mob his own gallant



MISERABLE OLD AGE OF GIRTY, THE RENEGADE.

spirit, and transformed them into soldiers. All honor to the noble Russian, whose name should be added to the proud list of foreigners who served in our war of the Revolution with distinguished bravery. This gallant man died in his native country, in 1830, full of years, and crowned with honors.

CHAPTER XIX.

COLONEL BENJAMIN LOGAN.

HIS BIRTH——APPEARANCE——MENTAL QUALITIES——A GENEROUS ACTION——REMOVES TO TENNESSEE——MARRIES——GOES TO KENTUCKY——FEARLESSNESS——DEFENDS HIS FORT——A GALLANT ACTION——THE CLOSE-FITTING SKIN——A TREMBLING GIANT——THE RESCUE——A MARVELOUS ESCAPE——A PERILOUS JOURNEY——SAFE RETURN——A STUBBORN DEFENSE——ARRIVAL OF COLONEL BOWMAN——FLIGHT OF SAVAGES——BOWMAN'S EXPEDITION——"CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA"——HEROIC OFFICERS——THE INDIAN CAPITOL——PLAN OF BATTLE——DREARY NIGHT WATCH——THE VILLAGE AROUSED——THE ATTACK——LOGAN'S BRAVERY——COWARDICE OF BOWMAN——M'CLUNG'S ACCOUNT——UNDAUNTED HEROES——A FIERCE CHARGE——SURROUNDED——ALMOST A PANIC——LOGAN'S POPULARITY——DEATH OF MOLUNTHA——OUR OLD FRIEND, M'GARRY——LOGAN'S WARNING——INDIANS TAKE NAME OF LOGAN——CAPTAIN JOHNNY——TRAGIC DEATH——A FURIOUS FIGHT——LOGAN'S SERVICES——A NOBLE MAN.

Among the most noble of Kentucky's pioneers was Benjamin Logan, who was born in Augusta County, Virginia, and of whom McClung says: "His person was striking and manly; his hair and complexion very dark; his eye keen and penetrating; his countenance grave, thoughtful, and expressive of a firmness, probity and intelligence, which were eminently displayed throughout his life." To this he might have added that his mental and moral qualities were no less striking than his personal appearance; indeed, so fearless, just and noble was he, that even his savage enemies paid him the reverence due to their possession, and testified to their admiration of the man by two of their number assuming his name.

Benjamin Logan was the eldest son in a large family. When his father died intestate, the old English law of promogeniture, prevailing in Virginia at that time, gave to him all the family inheritance, but the youth nobly divided the estate amongst his mother, his brothers and sisters, and at the age of twenty-one removed to the Holston River, and there began life for himself. Here he married and commenced farming, and in 1774 was with Dunmore's expedition, though in what capacity is unknown, and McClung thinks it was most likely as a private.

In 1775 he removed to Kentucky, and here, as with George Rogers Clarke, his worth and merit were immediately recognized, and he at

once became a leader. In 1776 he removed his family from the Holston to the settlement he had begun near Harrodsburg, and which was known as Logan's Fort. The unusual number of the the Indians, who were that year raiding these frontier settlements, soon induced him to place his family in Harrodsburg, but he himself remained at his post, and cultivated a crop of corn.



COLONEL BENJAMIN LOGAN.

Early in the spring of 1777 he deemed it safe to take his family back to his fort; for although he did not expect absolute immunity from attack, yet was he determined, at all hazards, to maintain his position. The test came sooner than he had expected. On May 20th, while the women were milking the cows near the gate of the fort, and a few men were standing by to assist them, a party of Indians appeared at the edge of a thicket and fired upon them. One

of the whites fell dead and two were wounded, one of them mortally. All, except the last mentioned—a man named Harrison—darted into the gate and closed it.

Outside, Harrison was seen dragging himself along, being unable to walk, and had reached the shelter of some bushes, but these were too thin to protect him from the bullets of the savages. His family, within the fort, were in an agony of distress at his terrible condition, which seemed to be beyond the power of relief. To save him was to risk the lives of several of the garrison, and already they were far too few to take such fearful chances, especially when it was almost certain that others would be sacrificed in attempting to rescue him in the face of the loaded rifles of the Indians, within a few yards of them. The garrison originally numbered only fifteen men, and already three of these were disabled from participating in its defense. "Should their numbers be still further reduced, in trying to succor a man, who, even if brought within the fort, could be of no use in its defense?"

So queried the timid and the selfish; but there were, thank God, nobler hearts within the rudely palisaded walls, and Logan determined on a sally to rescue Harrison if possible. Calling for some to aid him, so evident was the danger, and so hopeless the chance of escape, that at first every man refused. Announcing his determination to go, if he had to go alone, Logan began by name to call for volunteers. Some of the replies were comical, and called up a smile upon the firm lips of the brave Logan. One man of gigantic build, with the thews and sinews of a Hercules, said that he would willingly go, but that he was a "weakly man," and his trembling knees and pallid cheeks seemed to bear out his assertion. Passing by this faint-hearted giant, the next one, a backwoods Esop, undoubtedly brave, but, alas, undoubtedly selfish, replied with a homely adage—that while he was sorry for Harrison, yet "the skin was closer than the shirt."

Turning alike from trembling coward and selfish wit, Logan called upon John Martin, who "screwed his courage to the sticking point," with the reflection, that he could die but once, and that he was about as ready now as he ever would be, and the two started on their perilous mission. Hardly had they got five yards from the gate, when Harrison, who had been observing them, made an effort

to rise, and Martin, either supposing that he was able to help himself or from a reconsideration of his own fitness to die, turned and fled into the fort.

Noticing his desertion, Logan paused for but a moment, and then, under a perfect shower of bullets, ran to Harrison, clasped him in his arms, and making his way back to the fort, entered it unscarred, although the balls were pouring around him from every tree, bush, or tuft of grass big enough to shelter an Indian. The deed was noble, the escape from death marvellous. His hat and clothes, and the gate and picketing toward which he ran, were riddled with bullets. Once inside the fort, the siege began, and was met most heroically. Soon, however, Logan saw that another danger, besides the weakness of their numbers, threatened. They were almost out of ammunition!

How was this to be obtained? Who would attempt to pass through the besieging masses of infuriated savages? The duty required the greatest judgment, as well as the most unbounded courage, and Logan took it upon himself. To succeed, he must make his way safely through the enemy lying around the fort, and then, on foot, make his journey, amidst a thousand dangers, to the Holston, through a country swarming with outlying savages, and must return through the same dangers in time to rescue the garrison.

The distance between the two points was fully two hundred miles, and the way as rough as tangled thickets, almost unsurmountable peaks, deep rivers and heavy swamps could make it. There were a thousand chances of failure to one of success, and it is doubtful if any one, save a man trained in the hardy school of the border, would have attempted the perilous feat, with but that single chance in his favor.

The undertaking dwarfed the fabled ones of Hercules, but it was performed. Encouraging the men to hold out at all hazards, for he was certain to return in time, he selected the first dark night, and crawled past the besiegers without discovery. Believing it utterly impossible to accomplish his purpose, if he took the beaten trail through Cumberland Gap, he chose by-paths through swamps and cane-brakes, over crags and along hideous chasms, where never the foot of mortal man had yet trod. It was a path full of dangers, but yet he arrived in safety, secured his needed supplies of powder

and lead, and retracing his way by, the route over which he had just come, he returned to the fort, and just in time.

He had been gone less than ten days. This wonderful march of over four hundred miles, requiring no less caution than bravery, no less skill than strength, had been performed with the courage of a lion and the agility of an athlete. He found the garrison worn out by days and nights of sleepless activity, in which the women had displayed no less heroism than the men. Their ammunition was almost entirely exhausted, and matters, indeed bore a gloomy aspect, when their leader again appeared, and with his lofty courage once more inspired them to stand to their posts and beat off the enemy, or die like heroes. A few days after, Col. Bowman arrived from Virginia, with a large body of men, and the Indians promptly raised the siege and fled.

For the remainder of this year, and during the whole of the next, the Indians swarmed over the borders of Kentucky, and their marauding parties committed some frightful outrages. In 1779, Col. Bowman organized an expedition against the Indian town of Chillicothe; thus, by "carrying the war into Africa," hoping to teach the savages the horrors of invasion. Logan was the second in command, and attached to the expedition were the noble James Harrod, who perished not long after in one of his solitary hunts, and brave John Bulger, who was amongst the slain at the terrible battle of the Blue Licks. The expedition, numbering one hundred and sixty men, left Harrodsburg in July, and marched with such secresy that they reached Chillicothe without having been seen by the enemy.

Halting within a mile of the town, which might be regarded as the Indians' capitol, the men were divided into two bodies, to march upon the enemy, who were entirely unprepared. The plan was, that Logan, with his half of the men, should march to the left, and encircle one half of the village with a continuous line; Bowman, with his men, was to proceed in the same manner to the right, and on the heads of the columns meeting, a simultaneous attack was to begin. Logan, with military celerity and caution, performed his part of the maneuver successfully, but waited all through the long watches of the night for the commander and his forces to join him.

Hour after hour passed away, and the darkness had given place to dawn, still Bowman did not appear. Logan, who possessed all the elements of a soldier, waited with patience, secreting his men, and

still thinking that the plan would be carried out, until at last, an Indian dog aroused his master, and the latter discovered the ambush. Just at this time a gun was fired from Bowman's side of the village, and seeing that further concealment was useless, Logan rushed upon the village, certain that he would be supported by Bowman. As he charged into the town, Logan saw the Indians of both sexes, and all ages, rushing to the large cabin in the center of the village, and which was in character half council chamber and half citadel.

Advancing rapidly from cabin to cabin, Logan soon had his men sheltered in close rifle shot of the central cabin, and listened impatiently for Bowman's men to begin firing. The Indians now began to recover from their surprise, and endeavored to turn the flanks of the Kentuckians, whom they perceived to be greatly inferior in numbers. The position was critical, but the lion-hearted Logan did not despair. Tearing the heavy doors from the Indian cabins, he formed a movable breast-work, and had begun an advance on the Indian citadel, when at last an order came from the coward, Bowman. It was: "Retreat!". Let us here quote from McClung:

"Astonished at such an order, at a time when honor and safety required an offensive movement on their part, Logan hastily asked if Bowman had been overpowered by the enemy? No! Had he ever beheld an enemy? No! What then was the cause of this extraordinary abandonment of a design so prosperously begun? He did not know—the Colonel had ordered a retreat!" Logan, however reluctantly, was compelled to obey.

"A retreat is always a dispiriting movement, and with militia is almost always certain to terminate in a complete rout. As soon as the men were informed of the order, a most irregular and tumultous scene commenced. Not being buoyed up by the mutual confidence, which is the offspring of discipline, and which sustains regular soldiers under all circumstances, they no longer acted in concert. Each man selected the time, manner and route of his retreat for himself. Here a solitary Kentuckian would start up from behind a stump, and scud away through the grass, dodging and turning to avoid the balls, which whistled around him. There a dozen men would run from a cabin and scatter in every direction, each anxious to save himself, and none having leisure to attend to their neighbors.

"The Indians, astonished at seeing men rout themselves in this manner, sallied out of their redoubts and pursued the stragglers, as sportsmen would cut up a scattered flock of wild geese. They soon united themselves to Bowman's party, which, from some unaccountable panic of their commander, or fault in themselves, had stood stock still near the spot where Logan had left them the night before. All was confusion. Some cursed their Colonel; some reproached other officers. One shouted one thing; one bellowed another; but all seemed to agree that they ought to make the best of their way home, without the loss of a moment's time. By great exertions on the part of Logan, well seconded by Harrod, Bulger, and the present Major Bedinger, of the Blue Licks, some degree of order was restored, and a tolerably respectable retreat commenced.

"The Indians, however, soon surrounded them on all sides, and kept up a hot fire, which began to grow fatal. Colonel Bowman appeared totally demented, and sat upon his horse like a pillar of stone, neither giving an order, nor taking any measures to repel the enemy. The sound of the rifle shots, however, had completely restored the men to their senses, and they readily formed in a large hollow square, took trees, and returned the fire with equal vivacity. The enemy was quickly repelled, and the troops recommenced their march."

Half a mile further on the pursuing Indians resumed the attack, and again and again were they beaten off by the hardy backwoodsmen. Their tenacity in returning to the attack showed that they were endeavoring to hold the whites, until reinforcements could come up and annihilate them, or force them to lay down their arms. Fearful that they could not withstand the attack of fresh enemies, the panic of their Colonel began to spread to the ranks. The crisis was a terrible one, and the retreat could only be prevented from becoming an utter rout by some decisive action, and Logan, Harrod, Bedinger, and others of the boldest and best mounted men, dashed into the brushes, and scouring the woods in every direction, roused the enemy from their coverts, and cut them down by the dozen. Not knowing what next to expect from men capable of such dash and bravery, the Indians' pursuit ceased, and the retreat continued in safety. This masterly retreat prevented a wholesale massacre, and only nine of the Kentuckians were killed, and a few wounded. Bowman's reputation as a brave man was gone forever. The cause

of his conduct has never been satisfactorily explained, and will now forever remain a mystery.

Logan's gallant conduct in this expedition greatly extended and increased his reputation, although the result was a failure, and in the next grand gathering of the Kentuckians he was chosen unanimously as their leader. We have already seen how circumstances, entirely beyond his control, prevented his participation in the battle of the Blue Licks. Had the Kentuckians but waited twenty-four hours for him to come up, their victory would have been as complete and decisive as this defeat was bloody and disastrous.

Remaining quiet until the summer of 1788, he led an expedition against the tribes of the Northwest. The Indians on this occasion pursued their usual tactics, and flying before him, abandoned their villages to the torch, and their growing crops to destruction. An incident occurred in their approach to one of the large Shawnee towns, in which our old friend, Major McGarry, figured. An old chief, named Moluntha, who was in the battle of the Blue Licks, came out to meet the troops, having from some cause been unable to escape from the towns as readily as the other warriors. Upon his head was an old cocked hat, and around his shoulders a shawl stolen from some white woman.

Strutting toward the white men—calculating on their well-known forbearance, and evidently confident of their intense admiration—he was received with mingled good nature and contempt, until at last an adverse fate brought him face to face with McGarry. When he offered his hand, the latter refused it, and with a fierce scowl asked him if he "recollected the Blue Licks." Moluntha, who did not understand English, smiled, and repeated the words "Blue Licks!" At this McGarry drew his tomahawk, and vengefully cleft the Indian's skull with a strong sweeping blow, as if in that stroke his hatred of the whole race was centered.

Some of his comrades denounced, and others applauded the action, while McGarry himself raved like a madman, and swore, that to his vengeance an Indian was a legitimate sacrifice, no matter where he met him; he said that, in peace or at war, at market or in church, he would kill every Indian he met, and that his tomahawk was equally as ready for any white man who would blame him for his actions or his sentiments.

In this campaign, Logan burned eight towns, destroyed every Indian corn-field, killed twenty warriors, and took seventy-five or

eighty prisoners. Logan had warned McGarry—knowing his intense hatred to the Indians, and his ungovernable temper—not to molest any of the prisoners, but McGarry only replied: "I will see to that," and soon after Moluntha fell. All of the men, even to their leaders, being volunteers, nothing could be done to McGarry, and in fact those who had lost relatives by the Indian atrocities felt no disposition to see him harmed.

The son of Moluntha—who was the head chief of the Shawnees—was carried off a prisoner by the whites, and on account of his brightness and promise was kept in the family of Colonel Logan, whose name he adopted. When grown, he was a majestic looking man, being six feet high, and weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He met with a melancholy death in 1812. During one of Harrison's campaigns against the Maumee Indians, Logan and two other friendly Indians were sent out with a party on a scout, and were driven in by a superior force of hostile Indians. For some reason a general of the whites accused the Indian of treachery, and stung to the quick the sensitive and honorable nature of Logan, who determined to prove the falsity of his slanderer. Starting off the next morning with his companions, they were suddenly surprised by some Pottawattamies, led by their famous chief, Winnemac. Logan had the cool courage of his great namesake, and he told the hostiles that they had become disgusted with the Americans, and were deserting to the British. Winnemac did not all at once drop his suspicions, but after the first day concluded to return to the prisoners their arms, and they all started for the British camp.

On the way, Logan communicated to his companions, Bright Horn and Captain Johnny, the fact that he would attack their captors that night. Accordingly, after supper, when some of the party were absent, the three men fired on those left, killing two and wounding one, whom they also killed by a second shot. They had reloaded when the other four came running back to the camp, and all of them took to trees. Three of the hostiles kept the Logan party behind their trees, while the fourth crept around and succeeded in wounding Logan. Two of the hostiles were now wounded, and the others retreated. Captain Johnny placed Logan and Bright Horn, who had also been wounded soon after Logan, on horses, and they made their way back to the whites that night. Captain Johnny himself arrived the next morning, bringing with him the scalp of Winnemac.

The two wounded hostiles died, thus making a total of five killed out of the seven.

Logan lingered for a few days in great agony, and died. Before his death he told a friend that, having removed all suspicion from his honor, he was willing to die. He also requested that his sons should be educated by the Kentuckians, but neither their mother nor their tribe would consent to this. They were finally taken to Piqua, Ohio, but their mother, with characteristic Indian perversity, frustrated every attempt to benefit them, removing them from their school for weeks at a time, forcing them to drink whisky, etc. She finally persuaded them to leave the whites and go with her to the West, where they became worthless vagabonds, with all the vices of the two races and none of the virtues of either.

Col. Logan rounded out his life of noble activity, and died universally lamented. In ability he was probably second only to George Rogers Clarke as a leader of men, although it is doubtful if he possessed any of the latter's military ambition. In this he resembled Boone, who, whatever may be said of him by some historians, certainly possessed, in a large degree, the genius for combination and the inspiring magnetism of a successful military leader.

Logan's bravery had no tinge of rashness in it, though of him it could be truly said—while he would have been the last man to make the boast:—

> "I dare do all that may become a man,—
> He that dares more, is none!"

He filled every station, in which he had been placed, with honor, courage and ability, and like Cincinnatus, when dove-like peace once again possessed the country, he gracefully retired to a private station, with no regret that "grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front," and had relegated all to gentler and less stirring occupations.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BRADYS.

INDIAN FIGHTERS——SAMUEL BRADY——A WARRIOR AT SEVENTEEN——FATE OF HIS FATHER AND BROTHER——SCOUT TO SANDUSKY——QUICK PREPARATIONS——CAUTIOUS MARCHING——DESERTED BY HIS CHICKASAW GUIDES——SURMISES——SOLDIERS MUTINY——A NIGHT ADVENTURE——A BOLD MOVE——HIS OBJECT ACCOMPLISHED——OUT OF AMMUNITION——BRADY CHOSEN HUNTER——THE LAST LOAD——THE RABBIT AND THE DEER——STARTLED——THE INDIAN CAPTIVES——BRADY'S PLANS——THE DEED OF A HERO——THE DEAD CHIEF——FRIGHTENED SAVAGES——A BEWILDERED WOMAN——DESERTED BY HIS MEN——SAFE RETURN——HIS NEXT SCOUT——PHOUTS AND THE GOOD INDIAN——THE IRATE CAPTAIN——THE EXPLANATION.

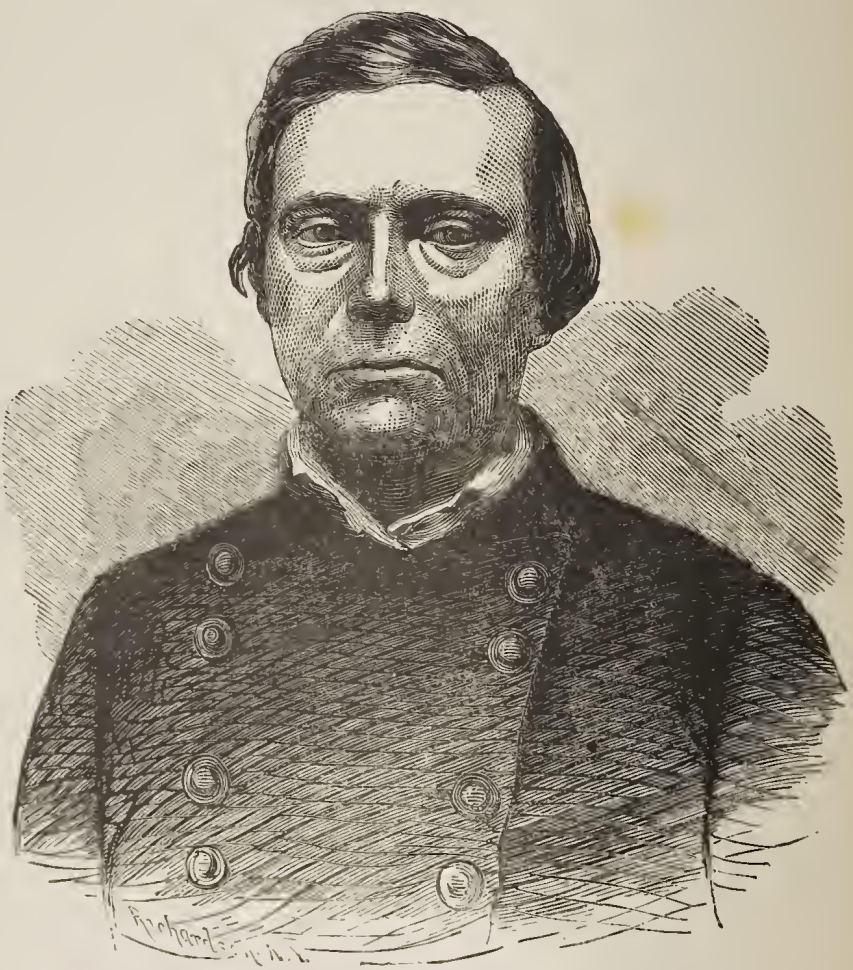
Like the Wetzels, the Brady family were all Indian fighters. Men of unusual activity, sagacity and courage, they were amongst the foremost scouts of their day, and could always be depended upon to take a hand in any of the Indian hunts, organized in retaliation for redskin deviltries.

The warlike exploits of Samuel Brady began in 1775, at which time he was seventeen years of age, and from thence onward the youth performed the duties of a man, in camp and on the march. Fighting in many battles of the Revolutionary War, he rose to the rank of captain before he had attained his twenty-first year, and soon afterward the regiment to which he belonged was detached for service in the West, against the marauding Indians and British.

At this time he had lost his father, and a younger brother, James, both having been murdered by the Indians. Like Lewis Wetzel, this event made him an Indian slayer, for he swore to live only for revenge. The opportunity soon came, and, as may well be believed, was not neglected. In 1780, Washington conceived the idea of obliterating Sandusky—a nest of British and hostile Indians—from the earth, and in order to go about it intelligently, sought accurate information in regard to the strength of the enemy, the situation of the post, and other matters.

To obtain this, he sent orders to Colonel Broadhead, commander of the regiment to which Captain Brady belonged, to send out a

suitable person to obtain the needed information. Without the slightest hesitation, Broadhead determined to entrust the mission to Brady, and sending for him, asked him how many men he would need. Being told, he gave the captain a *carte blanche* to select them from any or all of the companies, and placing in his hands a carefully prepared map of the intervening country, told him to set out without delay.



CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY.

Brady's preparations occupied but a short time, and he soon started on his dangerous errand, armed and dressed like a warrior for the war-path, and accompanied by his faithful men, similarly attired. It was a desperate expedition, and Brady fully knew its dangers, but he determined to make it a success. Neglecting no

precaution, he pushed on stealthily but boldly, and had soon penetrated deeply into the hostile country. Here he traveled only by night, carefully secreting his party by day, and effacing with the greatest caution every trace of their presence in the country.

After many days of this cautious marching and hiding, they reached the neighborhood of Sandusky, and here Brady began to experience other troubles, more serious than even hostile Indians. Returning from a scout one night, he found that his Chickasaw guards had deserted—as was supposed, to the enemy—carrying with them all of the remaining provisions, and that his soldiers were in a state of mutiny.

Carefully priming his rifle, Brady told his men that a single shot would bring upon them a horde of enemies, but that he did not intend, on that account, to deny himself the pleasure of killing the first one of them who dared to attempt to desert in the face of the enemy.

He reminded them that they were soldiers, and that the penalty for desertion in time of war was death; that their way back was fully as dangerous as that in advance; that, even if they escaped from the outlying savages, they ran the risk of starvation, as they would be unable to hunt on account of the fear of their enemies; that they had come with great toil and danger to this great distance, and now that Sandusky was just under their noses, they would be fools, as well as cowards, if they turned back without a sight of it.

This manly talk had its effect, and begging him to overlook their past conduct, they promised to stay by him to the death. The night had now come, and taking one of his men with him, he secreted the others in a ravine, where, even if discovered—which was not at all likely—they could repel a vastly superior force. Wading with his comrade to a bushy island, commanding a full view of the town, they secreted themselves in the thick reeds, and waited patiently until day.

When the morning came they beheld a most animated scene, the town containing some three thousand Indians, who having just returned from various successful raids were in high glee. Dangerous as was the situation of the two men, they could not help but laugh at the antics of the red men, who gave themselves up to play like a lot of school-boys; still they were glad when the night again

came, and with its friendly mantle cloaked them securely for a return to their comrades.

Having accomplished the object for which they had set out, they now began their retreat under the most unfavorable circumstances. Their ammunition was almost exhausted, and of food they had not a particle. To economize their powder and bullets, they made Brady the hunter of the party, and moved on as rapidly as possible. They knew, from the conduct of the Indians at Sandusky, that their Chickasaws had not deserted to them, or if they had, had given no intimation of the presence of white men in their country, and consequently they were relieved of one source of grave apprehension. Game they found exceedingly scarce, and for want of deer or elk, Brady shot a large otter. This they found so tough and musty that, half starved as they were, they could not eat it. For days they lived on berries and an occasional small animal.

At last they got down to their last load, and the rifle containing this was turned over to Brady, who, seeing a deer track, started off in pursuit. A large rabbit bounded off across his path, but this he would not fire on, as he knew how little satisfaction it would be to so large a party of hungry men. In the light of after events we might be justified in saying that Providence withheld the shot for a nobler purpose. Following up the deer, whose trail became constantly fresher, he at last came within easy shot of it. Carefully aiming he touched the trigger and the gun, on which so much depended, flashed in the pan. The deer made off rapidly, and Brady, after carefully looking to flint and priming, followed on, hoping to get another shot at the flying game.

While stealthily advancing, he heard the sound of voices and the neigh of a horse. Quickly seeking cover, he saw a party of Indians come in sight, one on horseback with a white woman behind him and a white child in his arms. The rest were on foot and strung out in single file and numbered nine men, besides their chief, the big, burly savage on the horse.

Brady's plans were soon made. He would wait until the last savage came abreast of his hiding place when he would shoot him, secure his ammunition, and determine then what course to pursue in regard to his after actions. He did not doubt but that, in the suddenness of their surprise, he could get off in safety.

When the savage on horseback got opposite to Brady, he saw that the poor woman had been shamefully abused, and just then the

brutal Indian cursed and shook the little child terribly, to punish it for dropping asleep. Brady could not stand this; his plans were altered in a moment, and he determined to rescue the woman and child, or perish in the attempt. By the time he had made up his mind, the chief had passed him, and he could not fire, without great risk to the woman. Swiftly and almost noiselessly he stole from his place of concealment, and sped on ahead of the party again, hiding himself until the chief should come up.

The Indian was soon abreast of Brady, and the shot, which had spared the rabbit and the deer, now did its duty; the brutal savage fell from the horse, dragging both of his captives with him. Bursting from his concealment with horrible yells, Brady waved his tomahawk, and called for his men to come on. The other Indians threw down their guns and begged for quarter. Tugging at the chief's bag of ammunition, Brady endeavored to get the woman to fly, but she, thinking from his garb and head-dress that he was another Indian, would not move.

Telling her that he was Samuel Brady, and would save her, he again yelled to his men to come on, and seizing the woman and child, dashed into the forest, just as the savages began to recover from their panic. A shower of balls sped after them, but without doing any harm. Fearing an ambush, the Indians did not follow, and after a rapid march, Brady reached Fort McIntosh, an outer post.

Here he found his men, who had heard Brady's shot and then his whoop, as he charged into the party, and who, fearing that the savages might follow him, had fled as rapidly as possible. At first Brady was very angry, but concluding, on reflection, that without ammunition it was all they could have done, he soon recovered his amiability, and they proceeded to Pittsburg, where Brady was received with distinguished honors, and where he found the Chickasaw guides. They had become frightened at the danger of the situation, and concluding that the white men were bound to be taken or killed, they fled, bringing the information that the white men had all been captured, and were, no doubt, already roasted at Sandusky.

On the next scouting expedition he was accompanied by a daring but rash and hot-blooded comrade, named Phouts. They had been requested, if possible, to take and bring in an Indian, as it was hoped that valuable information might in this way be gained. On the evening of the second day, they came across Indian sign in great plenty, and following up a trail, came to a camp-fire, and near it an

old Indian lying asleep. Phouts thought this a regular bonanza, and raising his rifle, was about to fire, when he was checked by Brady. The latter now stole quietly up to the sleeping Indian, and tomahawk in hand, leaped upon him and seized him by the throat. Seeing that resistance was useless, the Indian quietly submitted, and Phouts coming up, he was carefully bound.

Telling the Indian that he would not be harmed, as they only wanted him for some information, the old fellow went to some thick bushes, parted them with his feet and showed them a canoe concealed there. Entering this, they paddled down the river and camped at its mouth. The next morning Brady left Phouts and the Indian in camp, while he went back a short distance to where he had cached some jerked meat. On his return, when nearly at the camp, he heard a shot and a terrific yell, and dashing hastily through the bushes, saw Phouts calmly seated on the body of the old Indian, who had just breathed his last.

Cursing him roundly, Brady was requested to look at a bullet hole in the shot-pouch of his comrade, and to listen to an explanation. Brady told him to go on. "You see," said Phouts, in his laughing way—for he was, whenever anybody or anything but an Indian was concerned, really a good-hearted fellow—"the old man and me was getting to be the best of friends, when this little unpleasantness occurred. You know yourself the old hyena was just as good as pie—now, wasn't he?"

To this Brady nodded assent. "Well," continued Phouts, "when you left he got cleverer and cleverer, and I was thinking of getting him for a pardner or a brother, or something of the kind. Well, at last, he said the cord hurt him awful, and if I would only loosen it a little, or take it off altogether, he would consider it a great favor. At that I just unhitched it altogether, and the old serpent set around as humble as you please. I kept on getting breakfast ready, so that we could eat as soon as you got back, and then put out with my pet for Pittsburg.

"I didn't pay much attention to him, and the first thing I knew, I had my back turned to him and heard the click of my rifle-lock. I whirled as quick as a wink, drew my tomahawk, and gave my whoop as I made for old goody. As I was closin' in on him he fired, and made this hole in my shot-pouch, and before he could say 'scat,' I had my tomahawk into his brain. Now, that, Captain, is all there is of it."

CHAPTER XXI.

OTHER ADVENTURES OF BRADY.

RETURN TO PITTSBURG——NIPPED IN THE BUD——BRADY TRAPPED——JOY OF THE SAVAGES——A TERRIFIC LEAP——SAFETY——ASTONISHED INDIANS——ANOTHER EXPLOIT——INDIANS SURPRISED——THE INDIAN AMBUSH——BRADY'S WISDOM——BRADY TAKEN IN——THE DESERTED CAMP——THE READY FEAST——MURDERED COMRADES——BRADY CAPTURED——MARCHED TO THE VILLAGES——RUNS THE GAUNTLET——TERRIBLY BEATEN——THE STAKE——THE FIRES LIGHTED——THE TORTURE BEGINS——A STOIC PHILOSOPHER——INDIAN ETIQUETTE——THE BARBAROUS SQUAW——ONCE TOO OFTEN——HER CHILD IN THE FIRE——GENERAL DISMAY——A DASH FOR LIBERTY——ESCAPE OF BRADY——REACHES PITTSBURG IN SAFETY.

Lifting the old Indian's scalp, Phouts and Brady entered the canoe, and at Pittsburg gave what information they had collected, with a probable outline of the Indian plans, and recommending that a force be sent to cut the enemy off; and so accurately had Brady anticipated the savages' ideas that this expedition met with complete success, and nipped in the bud a murderous campaign.

Scouting one day along the banks of a stream, said by some to have been Beaver River, Brady and his force of five men, came upon the trail of a large party of Indians. Following this rapidly, he came upon the Indians eating breakfast. The savages outnumbered them five to one, but Brady determined to attack them and passing the word all fired, and four of the Indians fell. Hastily reloading, the scouts were in turn surprised by a fire from their rear, which dropped two of them in their tracks. Nothing was now left for the borderers but immediate flight, and all of them darted off swiftly, in different directions.

Brady, who was in the most unfavorable position, was forced to fly toward the stream just spoken of, and only made good his escape from the double lines of his enemies by stabbing two of them, as he burst through the line in the rear. Continuing his flight, the savages raised a yell of joy, as they saw him head toward the creek, which they knew to flow between steep banks, some thirty feet high, with perpendicular sides of granite. It was fully twenty-five feet



BRADY'S LEAP FOR LIFE.

wide, and they did not believe that it was in the power of mortal man to clear it at a leap. To do this, or to turn and face his foes, were the only alternatives that the brave scout could consider for a moment; the idea of surrender never entered his mind.

He saw the trap into which the Indians fancied they were about to drive him, and nerving himself for the effort, he sped forward like a deer, and was soon in sight of the gaping chasm. His heart almost sank within him, as he viewed the tremendous gulf, but a death by impalement on the crags below would not be more cruel than one at the stake. As he rushed onward, straining every muscle for the spring, the Indians slackened their speed, and looked to their rifles, confident that the scout would, at the crucial moment, turn from the superhuman attempt.

They did not know the daring courage of their foe, for without a moment's pause, or the slightest hesitation, Brady, rifle in hand, reached the bank, bounded upward and outward into the air, and struck the opposite edge of the wide ravine. Tottering for a moment on his insufficient foothold, and stunned by the violent concussion of his leap, Brady caught at some bushes and succeeded in drawing himself safely on to the bank. The Indians gazed in wonder, and before they had made up their minds to seek a crossing above or below this point, he had slipped into the bushes and made his escape. The concentration of the pursuit on Brady had enabled his companions to get off safely.

At another time, Brady and a few companions came suddenly upon a large camp, in which some forty or fifty Indians lay asleep, and a half dozen stood around the fire, shivering with the chill of the morning air. Stepping carefully back, Brady arranged to give a certain signal, at which his men were to fire, and then make off, as there was no chance of successfully combating the superior numbers of the savages. When the signal was given, the rifles of the scouts blazed out and five of the six Indians fell dead, while the whites slowly and quietly withdrew from the scene.

Not long after this occurrence, Brady came across an Indian trail freshly made, and followed it eagerly, until his party came in sight of a solitary Indian. Firing quickly at the advancing scouts, the savage made his way deliberately to a ravine, and disappeared. The scouts started rapidly forward, but were hastily recalled by Brady,

and ordered to take to the trees, his experienced mind having detected all the indications of an Indian ambuscade, in the savage's unusual deliberation.

Scarcely had the whites gained cover, when the savages, seeing the failure of their stratagem, poured out of the ravine and attacked their foes fiercely. For some time the conflict raged hotly, but the enemy so greatly outnumbered his men, that to prevent being flanked, Brady ordered a retreat, bringing off his party with a loss of only one killed and three wounded, while the savages had lost in killed and wounded at least twenty men.

One incident in the life of our hero serves to show that even the most wily may be deceived, and that no amount of experience can guard against every danger. While scouting one day with four comrades, they came upon an Indian camp but lately deserted, and in which the fire still burned brightly. Near the fire was the carcass of a deer, that had been freshly killed and nicely dressed. From all the indications, Brady came to the conclusion that not more than half a dozen of the savages had camped there, and he determined, after eating, to follow on their trail, and give them battle.

While sitting around the fire, enjoying the fragrant venison steaks, Brady, from some intuition, suddenly came to the conclusion that they had been entrapped, and accordingly said to his comrades: "Boys, there's a trick in this somehow, as sure as you are born—this meat's either poisoned, or it's been left for some purpose. I don't like the look of things." No sooner had he spoken than he heard the report of fifteen or twenty rifles, and every one of his men fell dead. He himself was uninjured, and seizing his rifle he darted off, hoping to effect his escape.

In this he was frustrated, for just as he was about to enter a thicket, with his pursuers in full cry behind, he ran into the arms of a dozen brawny savages secreted there. Calmly accepting his fate, he was tightly bound and, under a continual guard, was carried to the village of his captors. Here he was well known, and his appearance hailed with yells of delight.

Fearing that, if he were allowed any rest before being forced to run the gauntlet, he might make his escape, they determined upon subjecting him to that infliction at once. This they purposely made unusually severe, and he emerged from it a mass of bruises, having been unmercifully beaten about the head and every part of the body.

Thinking that now their victim could scarcely move, much less attempt an escape, the savages determined to bring him to the stake. So weak did they suppose him from his punishment that they did not even tie him, anticipating greater amusement from the feeble struggles they deemed he would make to ward off their blows.

The fires were lighted, but before beginning the torture by blazing rods, heated irons and burning coals, they stood him close to the flaming piles of wood and formed a circle around him, to give the squaws and children a chance to make him sue for mercy. As well might they have attempted to wring a cry from a pillar of iron.

The etiquette of the stake demanded that the victim receive punishment without flinching, and endure blows, without an attempt at evading or warding them off. Brady had been too long a warrior on Indian trails, and had struck too many of his enemies in battle, not to know how it would gratify them to see the dreaded pale face flinch from the torture, and unmoved he endured their taunts and blows.

Only in one thing did the quality of his soul differ from that of his foe; he had that undying courage of the Caucassian which relinquishes hope only with life, and is quenched only at the approach of death. An Indian brave, in his place, would almost have deemed hope itself as cowardice. Brady never cared to think of it. Whether he was conquered or conquerable, even by fate itself, his after conduct will show.

In the circle of tormentors was the wife of one of the great chiefs of the Indians, in her arms an infant about a year old. From its gentle eyes this fiend, in woman's form, had learned nothing of the divine quality of mercy; in the bruised and battered form before her, she could see nothing of the claims of a common humanity, and selecting a heavy war-club, she advanced from the circle and struck the prisoner with all her might. His eyes flashed, but he did not flinch, and the surrounding warriors could not refrain from a grunt of admiration. Others in turn smote him, and the circle moving around, again it came to the turn of the chief's wife.

The bow, too tightly bent, will break, and patience, too greatly imposed upon, is apt to rise or fall to retaliation. As the squaw approached, Brady conceived a sudden plan for escape, which through the means of herself and infant, he hoped would prove successful.

As we have already stated, the savages had neglected to bind him, and as the squaw left the circle, with her club raised for a stroke, Brady sprang at her, seized her by the throat and wrested the baby from her.

This done, he cast the child into the hottest of the burning piles, some dozen feet distant. As he had anticipated, the horror-stricken savages rushed to the rescue of the child, and dashing furiously through them, Brady reached the sheltering forest. He eluded pursuit, and in a week reached Pittsburg, whence in this instance, as in so many others, he had set out on his perilous mission.



CHAPTER XXII.

JAMES AND JOHN BRADY.

A SHORT CAREER——A YOUNG HERO——WOUNDED——VISITED BY HIS BROTHER ——HIS DETERMINATION——INGLORIOUS INACTION——ARMED HARVESTERS ——BRADY CHOSEN CAPTAIN——PLAN OF OPERATIONS——THE INDIAN ATTACK——ONE AGAINST MANY——FLYING COMRADES——A GALLANT FIGHT ——SLAYS THREE SAVAGES——TOMAHAWKED AND SCALPED——RETURN OF INDIANS——TOMAHAWKED AGAIN——CRAWLS FROM THE FIELD——A FAITHFUL FRIEND——IMMENSE VITALITY——THE ALARM——BRADY'S NOBLE CHARACTER——IDENTIFIES HIS SLAYERS——HIS DEATH——AVENGED——JOHN BRADY——HIS SERVICES——ACTS AS AMBASSADOR——A STUPID DUTCHMAN ——DRUNKEN INDIANS——THE THREAT——THE CONVOY——THE FATAL FORKS——AN OLD REMINISCENCE——THE SCARRED FACE——NO IDLE THREAT——DEATH OF JOHN BRADY——SMITH'S ESCAPE——A MARKED MURDERER——LONG DELAYED VENGEANCE.

The career of James Brady (brother of Samuel) was short, but it was that of a hero. Enlisting with his father in 1776, he was present at the disastrous battle of the Brandywine, and received there a wound in the leg, incapacitating him for further duty, and returned to Fort Augusta, then commanded by a Major Hunter, as brave a man as ever lived.

Here James Brady remained until his leg had entirely healed, and was then anxious for additional service. About this time he was visited by his brother Samuel, already a famous scout, and upon the departure of the latter, he determined to follow in his footsteps, and become an Indian hunter. This was a period of inactivity, and the boy had to curb his ambition. At last, however, he heard of a party that had organized for the purpose of assisting a neighbor in harvesting his crop of wheat. Brady immediately volunteered to join them, and his offer was gladly accepted, as all anticipated danger from marauding savages.

The band of harvesters numbered about twenty, and were well armed, as at that time it was necessary to go to their harvesting prepared to drive off their foes, as well as to cradle and bind the golden sheaves of grain. In order to secure the proper concert of action, they set about choosing a captain, and as the Bradys were

particularly noted for their fighting qualities, the choice fell unanimously upon James Brady.

When the field was reached, the rifles were stacked in the center of the field, and the men divided into two forces, who started in from opposite sides of the field. This was done, so that in case of an attack no enemy could possibly get between them and their guns, and each party thus formed a lookout for the other. In case of an alarm from either side, the men were to rally to the stack of rifles, and then make their plans, according to the nature of the conflict. No plan could have been better arranged, and the first day passed off quietly.

On the second day, however, just as they were about finishing their work, late in the afternoon, one man discovered something moving in the bushes near him, and cried out, "Indians—Indians!" Two shots were now fired by the savages, but without effect, and Brady, having full confidence in the courage of his men, rushed swiftly toward the stack of guns. Just as he reached it, he looked over his shoulder, and saw that the Indians, headed by a white renegade, were close upon him. That instant the white man drew a pistol, but just as he fired, Brady's foot struck a sheaf of wheat, and he fell, causing the bullet to miss him.

Scrambling up hastily, he reached the pile of guns, and the horror of his situation may be imagined, when he saw that he alone, of all the harvesters, had made an effort to reach the rifles: the rest, panic stricken, had darted into the woods, and left him to his fate. He knew that to resist meant almost certain death, but he did not hesitate; seizing a rifle, he leveled it and fired, and saw one of the savages fall to the ground.

Dropping the empty rifle, he seized another and another from the pile in quick succession, and two more of the Indians fell lifeless on the ground. Before he could seize and cock the fourth rifle, they were upon him, and endeavored to take him prisoner, but he fought so fiercely that at last one of the savages felled him with a blow from his tomahawk, and then scalped him.

Thinking him dead, the Indians now left, but after going a short distance, some of them returned to get the rifles, which they had overlooked. One of them suggested that Brady was not dead yet, and a boy took a tomahawk and sank it into the wounded man's head four times, and all then departed. Some time after their

departure, Brady—who at no time had lost his consciousness, so great was his vitality—recovered his strength sufficiently to crawl, in a slow and painful manner, to the cottage of a man living near the field, fainting two or three times on the way. When near the door of the



HEROIC DEATH OF JAMES BRADY

hut, he was discovered by the old man, who had heard the firing and the yells of the savages, and who had taken to the bushes to hide himself.

As soon as the man showed himself, Brady advised him to go with all speed to the fort, as he believed the Indians would return, and

then nothing could save him. To this advice his friend—who had the divine ichor of heroism in his veins—replied that he was old, and the red devils could not rob him of many days, but that, even if he had ten times as great reason to fly, he would never desert a comrade in such distress.

To all the entreaties that Brady could offer, he sternly refused to fly, and loading his rifle, he aided the wounded man to the creek, and as he had now become very feverish, employed himself in bringing him water. After quenching his thirst, Brady lay down and dropped into a sound sleep, but the noise of a horse's steps wakened him, and thinking it was the enemy returning, he forced the old man to conceal himself, while he took the rifle, cocked it, and waited until the horseman rode into plain view, followed by a number of others.

He called to the soldiers—for such they proved to be—and gave them a full account of the Indians, and of his fight with them. Before going further, they determined to remove Brady to the fort, and did so with the aid of a litter, which they fashioned of poles and boughs. Reaching the fort, a delirium set in, and continued until the fifth day, when he died. Before his death, however, his mind became clear, and to his father he detailed every incident of the fatal attack. The Indian chiefs he knew personally; one was Bald Eagle, the other Corn-Planter; both of them Senecas.

Years after this tragic event, Samuel Brady, in an attack on the Seneca Indians, at Brady's Bend, came across Bald Eagle, the slayer of his brother, and raging like a lion in the fray, he fought his way within reach of the savage murderer, and shot him through the heart, thus avenging the untimely death of his noble brother.

CAPTAIN JOHN BRADY.

Captain John Brady, the father of the two men of whom we have just given sketches, was the next to fall a victim to the bloodthirsty traits and long cherished malice of the Indians. Living in the vicinity of Fort Augusta, Captain Brady had rendered important services to his country, prior to his service at Brandywine. His sterling honesty and utter fearlessness had made him a general favorite, and had led to his employment on many services of trust and danger, for his neighbors and fellow-settlers.

Major Hunter, desirous of treating with the nation of the Senecas and their tribal relatives, the Muncies—in order to prevent their

joining the hostile Delawares—sent Captain Brady to meet their chiefs in council. After a friendly talk and smoke, finding they could arrive at nothing definite, the captain took his departure, having first invited them to come to the fort and continue the negotiation. A few days after the Indians did come, but again failed to make a treaty, as the whites were either unwilling or unable to make them presents—a thing which the Indian looks upon as his inalienable right to demand. On leaving, they were rather surly, and Captain Brady advised Major Hunter to send runners to warn the exposed settlers, and to march what soldiers could be spared to garrison the outlying posts.

Brady himself went to Der's trading post, to warn the Dutchman —who was keeping it—of the approaching danger. On his arrival, he found Der at home, the yard covered with Indians in various stages of intoxication, and a barrel of rum standing at the door, with the head knocked in, and a tin cup near it. Angry at the stupidity or indifference of the fellow, in thus allowing the savages to intensify their malice, and work themselves up to a state of murderous excitement, Brady, in no gentle tones, demanded of him what he meant. Upon this Der explained that, on their way from the fort, the Indians had stopped, saying that as they had obtained no treat at the fort, they would have it here, even if they had to help themselves. Not wishing any trouble with them, he had rolled out the barrel, in order to save other and more valuable property.

The angry tones of Brady's voice had aroused one of the Indians, who now staggered up, and was about to dip the cup in for another drink, when Brady kicked the barrel over, spilling the rum upon the ground. This rendered the savage furious, and though too drunk to attempt to resist it then, he glanced fiercely at the captain, and told him that he would have his heart's blood for that action. Brady knew the Indians well enough to see that this one was in earnest in what he said, and for years he carefully noticed any of the savages he might meet, not knowing but that this one might be amongst them, and might attempt to put his threat into execution. At last, however, not having seen his threatener for years, he forgot all about it, and concluded that the Indian had died, been killed, or had forgotten him.

On his return with his son, James, from the army, the captain resumed command of a post, of which he had been in charge before setting out with his regiment. This post was very far out on the frontier, and the year after the death of his son, Captain Brady

asked for, and received, additional troops, to keep the savages in check, as they had begun a series of marauding expeditions. In a few weeks, owing to the increase of the garrison, the supplies began to run short, and taking along a wagon and a guard of six men, Brady set out one morning for Fort Augusta, to obtain provisions. The wagon was duly loaded, and the party set out on its return. They traveled in the following order: two of the soldiers rode about a hundred yards ahead, the wagon and a guard of four men came next, and Brady and Peter Smith, an old comrade, rode one hundred yards behind the last.

Within a mile and a half of the post the roads forked; one road, being decidedly the better, though slightly the longest, was the most traveled, and this the wagon followed; the other was somewhat nearer, but not so smooth, and this Brady and Smith concluded to take, Brady making the remark, that it would be more likely to be infested by Indians, but that he'd risk it. On the way he became reminiscent, and amongst other things told Smith of the drunken Indian at Der's, and his furious threat, and remarked: "I don't know when I've thought of him before." In answer to Smith's question, as to whether he would know him, if he should ever meet him again, Brady said, "Yes," and proceeded to describe a large and very disfiguring scar on the Indian's face, making quite a vivid word picture.

By this time they had reached a point in the road where it crossed a small branch, and the bushes and timber were very heavy. Slightly checking his horse, as if from some premonition of his approaching fate, Brady remarked that the situation was very favorable for an Indian ambush. Hardly had he spoken, when there was a flash in the bushes, a discharge of three rifles, and Brady fell from his horse dead. A ball cut a slight furrow across Smith's forehead, and another killed his horse. Smith got up from his fallen steed just in time to catch the captain's horse by the bridle, and mounting as rapidly as possible, dashed on toward the fort. After passing the Indians, he looked back and saw two of them hastily reloading their rifles, while one, apparently the leader, had just stripped the scalp from Brady's head. That one glance was sufficient to show him that this Indian had a face disfigured with just such a scar as Brady had described a few moments before his death.

Thus, after years of waiting, the fiendish malice of the Indian was gratified, and beneath the murderous rifle of a brutal savage fell a gallant soldier, universally loved and regretted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAMES HARROD.

LOVE OF SOLITUDE——BRAVE AND GENTLE——HIS STRENGTH AND DARING——HIS MELANCHOLY END——DATE OF ARRIVAL IN KENTUCKY——BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT——A PLACE OF REFUGE——AN ENCOUNTER WITH M'GARRY——AN INDIAN MASSACRE——HARROD TO THE RESCUE——ON AN INDIAN TRAIL——THE CAMP-FIRE——PLANS AN ATTACK——IMMINENT PERIL——A DELAYED ATTACK——THE SLEEPING GUARD——THE TIGER'S SPRING——KILLS FOUR INDIANS——THE RESCUED GIRLS——THE ROAR OF A LION——DEER STALKING——NOBLER GAME——A FIERCE COMBAT——SLAYS THREE SAVAGES——PURSUED BY INDIANS——HIS CUNNING STRATAGEM——BETWEEN TWO FIRES——A WONDERFUL ESCAPE——IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE——A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT——HARROD TRIUMPHANT——A COLONEL'S COMMISSION——HIS MYSTERIOUS FATE.

Of this pioneer we have but little record, but that little is enough to stimulate the wish that fuller traditions of his exploits had reached us. That so little of his adventures is known is easily accounted for; his expeditions, from a love of solitude or a desire not to imperil others, were usually undertaken alone, and the modesty of the man was such that no boasting of his own deeds would ever escape him.

From the little that has come down to us, we know him to have been one of the bravest men that ever lived, and to his noble courage was added a gentleness of manner that, in another, might have seemed almost effeminate. Like grand old Boone, his character partook of no ferocity nor ambition; malice and envy were unknown to him. In battle he was a lion, raging amongst his enemies, but the combat over, or in a time of peace, no act of vengeance ever stained the spotless purity of his soul. His frame was that of a Roman gladiator, his soul that of a medieval knight.

On the wide border there was no man more daring; in all its reach no child more single-hearted than this frontier athlete, whose chivalry was that of a Raleigh, and whose endurance that of a Hercules. Amongst the pioneers he figured always as a leader, and his fame in that early day was nearly, if not quite, equal to that of Boone. Throughout all the settlements, if a generous deed was to

be done, or a daring feat to be accomplished, Harrod, equally with Boone, was sure to be called on.

And at the last, when this brave, gentle soul, who had not a single enemy amongst his people, started off on the last of his solitary missions—from which he never returned—every voice wished him a God speed, without a trace of coldness in its tones. The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months, and still the wanderer did not return, and at last hope died out of the hearts of his friends, and tears flowed even from manly eyes, long since unused to the agony of weeping.

What was his fate no one ever knew, but—whether he met death in manly combat, or amidst the hellish tortures of the accursed stake, whether he fell beneath the assaults of brute or human foes—all felt that he died like a soldier, at the post of honor, with tranquil soul and heart undaunted. No end could, by any possibility, come to such a man in which his heroic courage would not uphold him, serene in the midst of countless dangers, unafraid in the conflict with unnumbered foes.

Harrod must have approached Kentucky, for the purpose of settlement, even prior to Daniel Boone, though the latter was certainly the first white man who effected a lodgment of any duration within the limits of the "dark and bloody ground." When Boone went to the assistance of Dunmore's surveyors, Harrod had already built a log house, at the present site of Harrodsburg. About the time of this trip of Boone, Harrod returned to Virginia, the State of his nativity, to assist in repelling the cloud of savages who were then gathering upon her borders to annihilate the whites, and he acted with conspicuous gallantry in the battle of Point Pleasant, the most fiercely contested conflict with the Indians that had ever occurred in that State.

Having done his duty like a true knight, he returned to Kentucky to make Harrodsburg a place of refuge for the immigrants who were then beginning to turn their steps in that direction. Here his adventures were numerous, but few of them have reached our day; in fact, not a tithe of them were ever known to his most intimate comrades. He despised boasting as he did a coward, and his exploits, which were not of general witness, never became known. That his courage was as true as steel is witnessed by his encounter with Major Hugh McGarry, who has already been introduced to the

reader, and who, on this occasion, for the first and only time during his life, could have been said to back out of a fight. Reading in the calm, unflinching eyes of Harrod the unconquerable soul of the man, he wisely cooled down, under the advice of friends, and thus one, perhaps two valuable lives, were spared to the borderers.

On one occasion the report came to Harrod's cabin of the murder of an entire family, with the exception of two daughters, who had been carried off by the Indians. No one was at the cabin but Harrod, and he knew that, if the pursuit was not immediate, the savages would escape to their town with their prisoners; so leaving word with the negro boy—who had brought the news—to wait there and send on any men who might come, he struck off for the home of the murdered family at full speed.

Arriving at the cabin, a horrible sight met his gaze, but it did not cause his firm nerves to tremble. Looking around, he saw from "the signs" that the murderers numbered some eight or ten. It was now near noon, and decorously arranging the dead bodies in the cabin, he closed the door, and started swiftly on the trail. A few miles further on the party separated; one half going directly toward the Indian towns, the other bearing off to a settlement, about fifteen miles below. Presuming that the Indians would take the girls by the nearest route, he followed the first trail, and at night-fall was pleased to see, at some distance, the light of a camp-fire.

Making his way cautiously towards the fire, he saw that there were five Indians and the two captives around it. Knowing that it was too early to attempt an attack, he retired some distance, and entering a dense thicket, placed his back against a large tree, and "sleeping with one eye open,"—as the hunters phrase it—waked up greatly refreshed, about twelve o'clock. Concluding to see how matters were going at the camp, he made his way there, and found all of the savages lying down but one, who seemed to be keeping a sort of guard over the others. Being in no hurry to attack, and noticing that this Indian was nodding, as if very sleepy, Harrod concluded to wait for further developments, and about half past one o'clock was gratified at seeing the sleepy savage get up, shake himself, and then lie down by the others.

After waiting some minutes, Harrod left his rifle against a tree, and began crawling toward the camp, but for some cause the guard got up, and walked toward where Harrod had stretched himself on

the ground. Thinking he had been seen, the white man was on the point of springing up and rushing upon his foe, but just then the Indian turned back, and again lay down.



TURKEY HEAD, THE SHAWNEE CHIEF KILLED BY HARROD.

Once more Harrod began crawling toward the camp, but unluckily a stick snapped under his hand. The guard sprang hastily to his feet, and after looking around, he stirred up the fire and took his

seat by it. Cursing his luck, and crouching as close to the earth as possible, Harrod waited for the Indian to again lie down. Minute after minute wore on, and fearing that the day would break before he had accomplished his object, the bold scout began slowly to retreat toward the tree where he had left his rifle. The guard just then once more gave way to his somnolence, and stretched himself out by the side of his companions.

Harrod now determined to take his rifle with him, as he had no time to lose if his attempt would prove a success, and reaching the tree where it stood, again began making his way toward the fire. This time he had better luck, and reached the side of the savages undetected. To draw his tomahawk and brain two of the sleeping Indians was but the work of a moment, but as he was about to strike the third one, the handle turned in his hand, and the savage received the blow on the side instead of the center of his head, and awoke with a yell. It was his last; grasping his weapon more firmly, he struck the fellow a surer blow, and dropped him lifeless to the ground. With a terrific whoop, he now sprang for his rifle, just as the other two Indians rose to escape, and firing hastily, one of them fell to rise no more.

Determined, if possible, to kill the last one, Harrod darted in pursuit, but the flying redman proved too fleet, and halting, he threw his tomahawk with so sure an aim that it lopped off one of the Indian's ears and cut a deep gash in his cheek. The savage did not halt, and Harrod, returning to the camp, unbound the girls, and the next night they were all safe at Harrodsburg. Said one of the girls afterward, in speaking of the rescue: "His whoop was like the roar of a lion; it almost seemed to shake the ground."

At another time, when stalking deer, and just about to raise his rifle for a shot, he heard the buck whistle and saw him erect his head. Knowing, from the animal's alarm, that it had scented some foe, and confident that it could not be himself, as the wind was blowing to, instead of from him, he crouched down and awaited further developments. In a few seconds he heard the crack of a rifle and saw the noble buck leap into the air and fall to the earth dead. Soon after three Indians came up to the buck and began skinning it, laughing and talking loudly.

Thinking he might just as well let them skin as kill his game for him, Harrod waited until they had about completed that operation,

when he fired, and killed the one he judged to be tne leader of the party. Believing that he was too well concealed for them to have detected the direction of his shot, he turned on his back and in that position reloaded his rifle. In the meantime the Indians had treed, but one of them was sufficiently exposed to justify his risking a shot, and another of the savages was stretched lifeless on the ground.

The third Indian had now found out where he was concealed, and rushed toward him with the utmost fury. Harrod set his cap on a



HARROD'S CREEK—SCENE OF HARROD'S ADVENTURE.

stick and began maneuvering with his ramrod as if loading his rifle. The bait took, and the Indian wasted his shot, when Harrod, drawing his tomahawk, leaped upon him, beat down his guard, and at a single blow split his skull. Gathering up the arms of his enemies, and loading himself with the deer meat, Harrod made his way back to his cabin very well satisfied with his day's hunt.

At another time, when on one of his solitary hunts, on Cedar Run, a tributary of the stream now named, in his honor, Harrod's Creek,

he was trailed from his camp of the night before, and was fired on immediately after he had killed a deer, and while his rifle was still empty. His only safety was in flight, and at this he was no novice, when the occasion demanded swiftness. As he ran, the leader of the Indians behind him kept yelling at the top of his voice, and in very good English: "Come on boys—here he—come on!"

So hotly did they push Harrod, that he did not keep a proper lookout ahead, and had almost run into a party of savages, coming up face to face. Thinking to turn the pursuit behind into some benefit, he dashed right at the oncoming Indians, and began yelling "Come on boys—here he—come on," as loudly as his pursuers. The noise had the desired effect. The savages were not in sight of their friends, so they could warn them, and thinking that Harrod had a large party of whites with him, those in front turned, panic stricken, and fled without firing a shot. As they ran, Harrod overtook and tomahawked three of them, one after another, amongst them the fiendish Shawnee chief, Turkey Head.

Coming to a deep ravine, cutting into the trail he was now traveling, Harrod turned into it, and quickly secreting himself was greatly pleased to see his pursuers go by in full cry. How long one band of the Indians chased the other, he never knew, but after reloading his rifle, he cautiously took the back track, scalped the slain savages, and made his way to camp, there rejoining his comrades.

Hoping, on another occasion, to gain some information that would be of value to the settlements, Harrod set off alone to make his way to an Indian village, from which it was learned that a marauding expedition was about to start. Reaching the vicinity of the place about noon, he secreted himself on an eminence, from which he could watch the gathering savages, and when night came went into the valley, secreted his gun, and stole noiselessly into the town, and approached the council house. Crouching down near it, he overheard their plans of theft and murder, and turned to leave. Rising, he had not taken a dozen steps, when he was confronted by a warrior who, suspecting something wrong, seized Harrod by the shoulder and was just about to give the alarm whoop, when the scout caught him fiercely by the throat, and stunning him by a terrific blow of his fist, succeeded in breaking his neck. His promptitude in acting and his gigantic strength were all that saved him. A single cry, or even the sound of a struggle, would have brought to the

scene a hundred infuriated savages, who would have finished him on the spot.

Harrod married, and was given a commission as Colonel for his many services to the frontier. His young and beautiful wife, whom he almost worshipped, was unable to prevent his long, solitary excursions, and as we have before shown, from one of these he never returned. Parties scouted in every direction, scouring the entire border, but like so many of his hardy class, he had "gone under and left no sign." No trace of him could ever be found—no word of him ever came from outlying scouts or boasting savage. His fate is wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOHN SLOVER.

HIS BIRTHPLACE——EARLY CAPTURE——ADOPTED AND REARED BY INDIANS——RELUCTANCE TO JOIN HIS KINDRED——AS SCOUT AND SHARP-SHOOTER——WITH CRAWFORD'S EXPEDITION——LEFT TO HIS FATE——HIS FLIGHT——IN THE SWAMP——OTHER DIFFICULTIES——THE INDIAN WHOOP——A VAST PRAIRIE——INDIAN APPROACH——ESCAPES OBSERVATION——THE STORM——LAME COMRADES——A SKIRMISH——THE SURRENDER——ESCAPE OF JOHN PAUL——A BRAVE BOY——BROKEN PROMISES——TERRIBLY ABUSED——THE GAUNTLET——AN UNAVAILING STRUGGLE——TORTURED COMRADES——CRAWFORD'S RELATIONS——FATE OF A SECOND COMRADE——JAMES GIRTY'S LIES——SLOVER'S NEWS——A FRIENDLY SQUAW——SLOVER'S DOOM.

John Slover, of Virginia, was captured on White River, in that State, when only eight years old, and taken by the Miami Indians to Sandusky, where he remained until he was twenty years of age. In the autumn of 1773 a treaty was made at Pittsburg, and coming in with the Miamis, Slover was seen by some of his relations, and persuaded to return home with them.

This he did reluctantly, having become much attached to his wild, roving life. While residing in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, to which his family had removed, he enlisted in the Revolutionary army, and faithfully served out two terms as a sharp-shooter. When discharged from the army, Crawford, who was organizing his ill-fated expedition against the Ohio Indians, persuaded Slover to join it as guide. Not relishing the idea of serving against his former friends, it was with the greatest reluctance that he finally consented.

When the retreat of the army under Crawford began, Slover was out next to the enemy, guarding horses, and no notification of an intention to decamp reached him, until the uproar of the panic-stricken rout—which soon began—told him of his danger. Selecting the finest horse from the number under his charge, he mounted and flew over deep ravines and through the heavy timber after his retreating comrades, and was soon amongst the foremost ranks. Here his haste came near proving his ruin, for all of the foremost line of



SLOVER'S FLIGHT ON THE ILL-FATED CRAWFORD EXPEDITION.

horsemen plunged into a heavy swamp, from which they could only escape by adandoning their horses.

Some of the fugitives were unable even to cross the treacherous bog on foot, but Slover and a few others did so, and once again on firm land, fled on swiftly through the dark night, their speed stimulated by the horrid yells of the savages, frequent rifle shots and the shrieks of the wounded whites. During his flight, Slover, who was a very active man, overtook six others, who had also crossed the swamp. Joining company with these, he found that two of them had lost their guns. The Indians were pressing them furiously, and turning almost back upon their course, they bore off toward Detroit, hoping thus to throw their enemies off their trail.

In a short time they came to another portion of the same swamp, and fearing to attempt its passage at night, they lay down until daylight, and crossing, very foolishly continued on their course toward the Indian towns, where there was every reason to expect that they might meet passing bands of savages. At 10 o'clock they halted for a breakfast of cold pork and corn bread, of which they had a small supply in their haversacks. While thus engaged, they heard an Indian whoop very close at hand, and supposing themselves discovered, they ran a short distance and fell in the high grass, where they remained until they heard a band of Shawnees pass by laughing and talking very loudly.

When these were out of sight, the party proceeded on their way, turning to the North in order to avoid other bands of the savages, whom they judged to be now returning from the pursuit of Crawford's column. Pressing rapidly forward, they came, about 12 o'clock, to a vast prairie. Greatly alarmed at the idea of crossing this plain—where they could, from a long distance, be so easily discovered—they held a council, and at last came to the conclusion, that it was their only chance, and so with great caution they entered the sea of waving grass.

After proceeding for some distance, the man in advance called their attention to some moving objects, which seemed to be approaching them. They at once determined to hide in the high grass, though they could not tell whether the moving objects were Indians or some species of game. They were not long kept in suspense, for in a short time a troop of Indians passed by them, moving rapidly and noisily along. From this last circumstance they

knew that the savages suspected nothing. Again they arose and continued their flight, keeping a sharp lookout for Indians. As they walked on, the clouds began to gather, and soon the rain fell in torrents, chilling them to the bone. There was no shelter, and nothing was left for them but to continue their flight.

As the sun was about to set they came in sight of a heavy wood, and at the same time the rain ceased. Here they concluded to camp for the night, and rising early the next morning they continued on their journey. To add to their difficulties, two of their number were now very lame; one with a badly burned foot, the other with rheumatism of both knees. The man with the rheumatism falling considerably behind the others, they waited some time for him to come up, halloing, whistling, and in other ways striving to attract his attention. At last they went on without him, and saw him no more, though after many difficulties he reached Wheeling in safety.

Thinking they were now out of danger, they changed their course directly for Pittsburg. Had their trail through the prairie not been so broad and easily followed, they would have had no further trouble, but they had been secretly followed by a party of Indians, and now, on the third day, these had got ahead of the fugitives and were lying in ambush when they came up. A volley from their rifles killed two of the whites, the rest of whom sprang rapidly to the shelter of the trees, only two of them having serviceable guns.

Slover took aim at the foremost Indian, who raised his hand warningly, told him not to fire, and that if they would surrender they should be well treated. Upon this, Slover and two of the others immediately gave themselves up, but a young fellow, John Paul, refused to give himself up, and failing to capture him the band continued on their way back to their villages with their three prisoners.

Paul's activity was as great as his bravery, and he surmounted every difficulty and made his way to Wheeling. His ideas of Indian honor and magnanimity were more correct than those of his comrades, as the sequel will prove. Slover was promptly recognized by one of the savages, and called by his Indian name of Mannuchcothe, and soundly rated for the part he had taken against his former brothers. They were then taken to the town of Waughcotomoco, where, some four years before, Kenton had experienced the effects of Indian generosity.

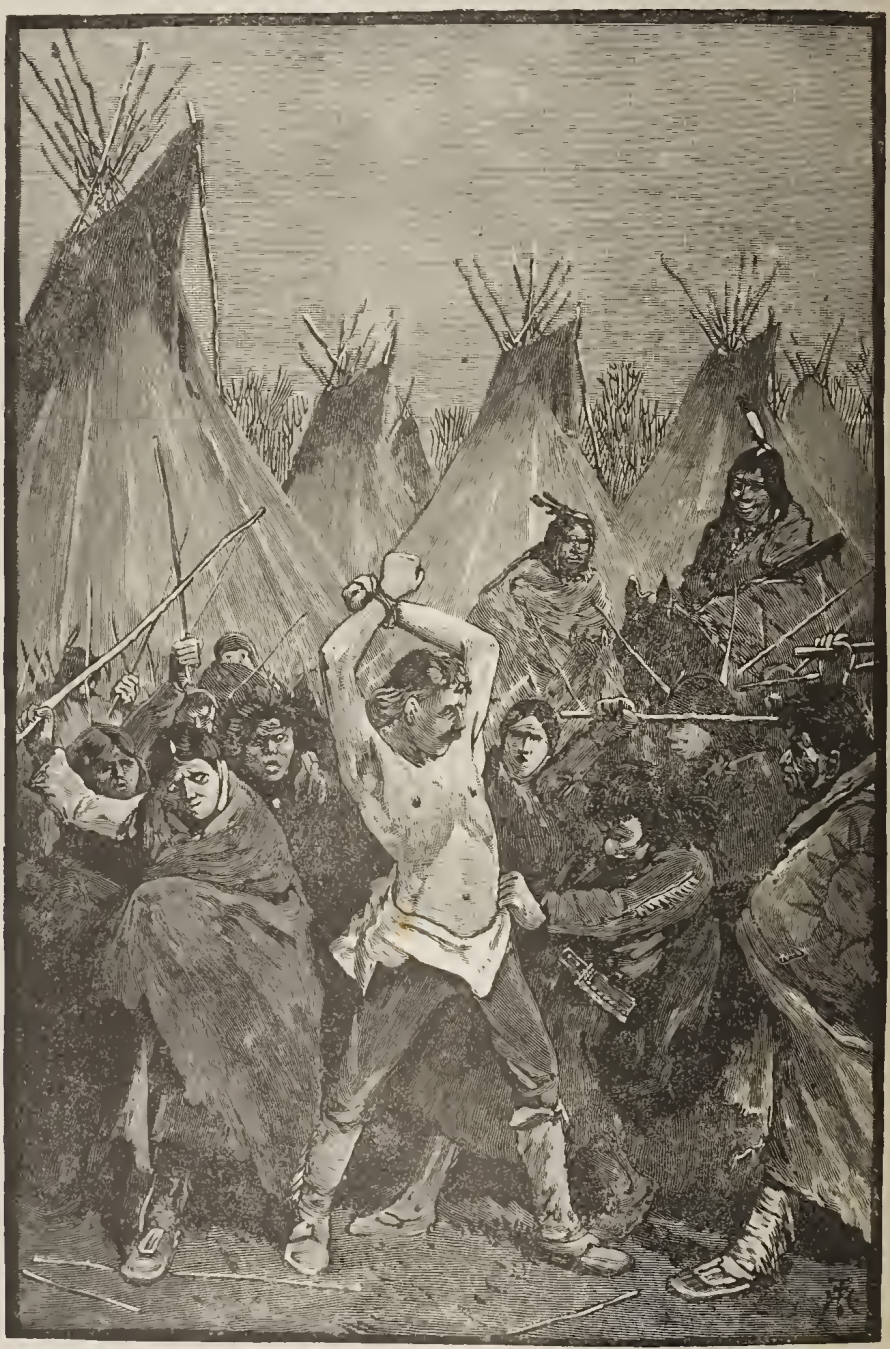
Once in sight of their town, the kind demeanor of the savages changed, and they began to howl out at the prisoners a recapitulation of all the injuries the redmen had sustained at the hands of the white. The squaws, warriors and children poured out at the sight of the captives. The usual barbarities began. They were whipped, beaten and kicked, until this ceased to amuse the savages, and they then selected the oldest of the three, and blacked his face. The poor fellow asked Slover if they were going to burn him, but the Indians forbade him, in the Miami language, from answering, and they went up to the victim, and in their broken English told him, they did not intend to hurt, they intended to adopt him, etc.

They now proceeded from the smaller to the larger town of the same name—distant two miles—having sent a runner in advance, to inform the people of their arrival. As the captives came in sight, they saw that the double line had been formed for the gauntlet. In running this, the Indians gave almost all of their attention to the captive, whose face bore the ominous sable hue, and the other two escaped with a few bruises. The chosen victim was savagely assailed by all; loads of powder were shot into his body, slashes with tomahawks and knives were inflicted, and he was often knocked down with heavy clubs.

Struggling to his feet, he made a superhuman effort, and reached the door of the council chamber. Having heard that here he would be safe, he locked his hands around one of its posts, but was soon torn loose, and again assailed by the mob of howling demons. The miserable victim finally began to return the blows of his inhuman assailants, weeping bitterly the whole time. At last death came to his relief, and his head was severed from his body, which was quartered, and the various parts hung on poles about the town. Slover and his companions beheld the whole of this scene of devilish cruelty, from the door of the council house. It lasted for about an hour.

Slover saw, lying upon the ground, the bodies of young Crawford, Colonel Harrison, and another, whom he supposed to be Colonel McClellan. All of them had been blacked, and from their frightfully mangled bodies, Slover knew, that they, too, had undergone the torture. The Indians asked him if he knew them, and when he called their names, they exhibited the greatest satisfaction. When evening came, these bodies were dragged out of the village a

short distance, and abandoned to their dogs, which feasted upon the remains. By the next evening the bones were picked clean.



SLOVER'S COMRADE RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT WAUGHCOTOMOCO.

Slover's remaining companion was led off to another town, and never after heard of. He was without doubt burned at the stake.

Slover was now summoned to a council, to account for his desertion. There seemed to be no great amount of malice toward their former comrade, until the arrival of one of the infamous Girtys (James), on the second day. Not content with haranguing the Indians, and endeavoring to incite them to anger against Slover, this scoundrel invented barefaced lies to injure him. He averred that he had asked Slover how he would like to live with his Indian friends again, and that Slover told him he would like to stay long enough to take a scalp, and escape.

To the malicious charges and lies of Girty, Slover answered with the untaught eloquence of a brave and noble mind, and for the time his danger was averted, and he was permitted to move at will about the village unbound, and to all appearances unguarded. The intrigues of Girty continued, however, and McKey also used his influence against Slover, as he did against every white captive. To questions of the Indians, as to the news, Slover informed them that Cornwallis and all of his army had been captured, but this Girty and McKey denied most furiously, for they saw the effect it produced amongst the savages, and feared they might be detached from the British interests.

The old squaw to whose lodge Slover had been assigned became very much attached to him, and when the council of Shawnee, Wyandotte, Delaware, Chippewa and Mingo braves assembled and sent for him, she covered him up with buffalo robes, and said he should not go. The two warriors retreated before her fierce invectives, but soon returned in force, with Girty and forty Indians, and Slover was stripped, bound and painted black. The prisoner knew his doom had been decided.

CHAPTER XXV.

BENHAM AND TAYLOR.

CONCLUSION OF SLOVER'S ADVENTURE——HIS REMOVAL——TIED TO THE STAKE ——HIS DETERMINED BRAVERY——AN OPPORTUNE STORM——A MIRACULOUS RESPITE——DELAYED VENGEANCE——JOB'S COMFORTERS——TERRIBLY BEATEN——A NIGHT OF AGONY——THE TALKATIVE INDIAN——HIS ADVICE ——PATIENCE REWARDED——MENTAL TORTURE——FREE AT LAST——THE NOBLE STEED——THE CHASE——SUFFERINGS——REACHES WHEELING—— BENHAM AND TAYLOR——THE KEEL-BOATS——WILES AND STRATAGEMS—— A DISASTROUS FIGHT——THE CAPTURED BOATS——A STRANGE FATALITY ——BROKEN ARMS AND BROKEN LEGS——CO-OPERATIVE LABOR——A PRECARIOUS SUBSISTENCE——A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE——THE PASSING BOAT ——THE EARNEST APPEAL——THE FINAL RESCUE——A ROMANTIC TALE—— SERVICES OF BENHAM.

Slover was now taken to a town five miles distant from Waughcotomoco, and forced for an hour to endure the tortures of the gauntlet. He was then marched to a small town two miles further, and here, in an unfinished council house, he was fastened to a stake, and the fires lighted for his torture. Being secured as Crawford was, Slover gave up all hopes of escaping, and determined to meet death like a brave man. An orator now arose, and by a fierce harangue sought to fan the flame of the Indians' passion to its highest pitch. Fierce ejaculations greeted his oratory, and success crowned his efforts. But now an unexpected interposition occurred in the victim's favor.

When the harangue began, the sky was clear, but as it progressed a high wind arose, the clouds envcloped the heavens, and in a short time the rain poured down in torrents, drenching both victim and spectators, and completely extinguishing the fire. The Indians sought cover immediately, leaving Slover bound to the stake, and occasionally yelling at him that they would burn him on the morrow, thus depriving him of any comfort he might possibly extract from his miserable situation. As soon as the rain ceased, the Indians gathered around the stake, beating and kicking the captive, and this they kept up until eleven o'clock at night.

Half Moon, a young chief, then asked him if he did not want to go to sleep, to which Slover quickly responded that he did, and was

then loosed from the stake, taken to a strong building, and tightly bound with raw-hide thongs, which, from their tightness, eut deeply into his flesh. Another thong was tied to a rafter of the house, and the other end tied around Slover's neck, and Half Moon then departed, leaving him under charge of three guards, and telling him to get a good sleep, as he would have "to eat fire" to-morrow. Two of his guards lay down about midnight, and were soon sound asleep, but even had the white man been disposed to follow their example, the third guard—a talkative old Indian—would have made this impossible.

Smoking and talking, he endeavored to entertain the eaptive with an account of what he would have to suffer in the morning. He told him how many men he had seen tortured; how some bore it like men, while others wept like squaws, and then he began to wonder how Slover would stand it, telling him that he thought it was somewhat painful, yet he had once been an Indian, and ought to behave like a man.

At last Slover's patienee was rewarded; the guard had talked himself out, and his head dropping upon his breast, he began snoring loudly. With his heart beating like a trip-hammer, from his intense emotions, the captive began working at his bonds, and at last felt that his hands were free. He next attaeked the rope around his neck, but it was fully an inch thick, and of the toughest bull-hide, and his teeth made no impression upon it.

The day began to break, and in his agony and the intensity of his efforts, his breathing awoke the talkative guard. He yawned, stretched and looked around, but seeing the captive perfeetly quiet, with his hands under his back, he composed himself to sleep again. Now was Slover's time, if he would escape his fiendish tormentors, and seizing the stubborn rope, he gave it a few strong jerks, saw with delight that he was free, and stole noiselessly from the lodge just as day was breaking.

No one was astir, and darting toward a corn-field, he narrowly missed running over a squaw and her ehildren, asleep under a tree. On the other side of the corn-field he saw quite a number of horses, and taking the rope from his arm, he made it into a halter, and selecting a fine young horse, mounted it and rode for his life. Just as he got upon the horse's back, he heard a door open somewhere

in the village, and knowing that the Indians were now astir, and would soon be in swift pursuit, he never halted until ten o'clock.

Stopping to give his noble steed a short rest, he again mounted and dashing into the swollen and rapid Scioto, crossed and continued his flight. For twenty miles further the gallant horse bore him, and then fell to rise no more, having galloped seventy miles. He had saved a life by his speed and endurance, but had forfeited his own. As his horse fell, Slover heard a hallo afar in the distance behind him, and knew that his foès were still on his trail. He now ran as fast as he could, and continued his violent exertions from three o'clock in the afternoon until ten at night, when he fell exhausted, vomiting violently.

In two hours the full moon arose, and he knew that by its light the savages could still pursue him at full speed. Rising somewhat recuperated, he again began his race for life, and continued throughout the night. When day came, he abandoned the path, which he had so far kept, and taking to a long, rough ridge, he carefully replaced, with a long stick, the grass and weeds which he had crushed down. In this way he completely covered his trail, and that evening reached one of the creeks, which empty into the Muskingum.

Here the mosquitoes swarmed upon him, and with the brush of the thickets and the nettles of the more open woods, almost denuded him of his skin. In describing his condition, he said that he was peeled from head to foot by the time he struck the Muskingum, which was on the third day of his escape. On the banks of this stream, he found some wild berries, the first food he had eaten in four days. Faint from fatigue and exhaustion, he said that in that whole period he had never once felt the pangs of hunger. Swimming the Muskingum, at Old Comer's Town, he reached Stillwater the next day, and caught two crawfish, eating them raw.

Two days after this he reached the Ohio River, opposite Wheeling, and seeing a man with a skiff on the island there, he called him over. After great delay—for the fellow was fearful of Indian wiles—he was at last persuaded to cross to Slover's relief, and in a few minutes he was again safe on the Virginia shore, having made one of the narrowest escapes from torture and death of which there is any record.

An escape from death fully as wonderful as that of Slover, happened in the fall of 1779, when a number of keel-boats—under command of Major Rogers—were ascending the Ohio River. At the mouth of the Licking he saw three Indians on a sand-bar, and a canoe putting out from the Kentucky shore, as he supposed to bring over those on the Ohio side. Thinking themselves unseen, the whites tied their boats to some trees on the Kentucky side, and making a circuit through the woods, completely surrounded the place at which they judged the Indians would land.

Just at this moment, Rogers was astounded to behold rising around him, on all sides, hundreds of Indians, whose appearance was as sudden, silent and unexpected, as if they had emerged from the bosom of the earth. With a terrific whoop these tawny specters poured a destructive volley into the panic stricken whites, and the commander and forty-five of his men fell dead. The remaining whites endeavored to cut their way through the savage masses, and regain the boats, but this effort proved futile, as the five men, left in charge, on hearing the tremendous volleys, had cut loose the hindmost boat, and pulled for the current. A portion of the ambushed savages had already obtained possession of the other boats, and the disappointed men had nothing left but to turn furiously upon the swarming Indians, and again force a passage through their ranks. This was done, and the night coming on, they escaped pursuit, and finally reached Harrodsburg, several of them severely wounded.

When they had first burst through the lines of the Indians, Captain Robert Benham fell with both thighs broken by rifle balls. The Indians, supposing him dead, passed in swift pursuit of the others, and seeing a fallen tree, with a large bushy top, near at hand, the captain crawled to it and carefully secreted himself, effacing as well as he was able all traces of his pathway. The next day the Indians returned to strip the dead, and Benham, though suffering agonies with his wounds, and almost famished for food and water, kept himself thoroughly quiet until they had departed.

The succeeding day he shot a large raccoon, which was descending a tree, but was unable to get it, and hearing a human voice calling, a short distance off, he reloaded his rifle, and lay perfectly quiet, expecting every moment to see a band of Indians appear. Soon the same voice was heard still nearer at hand, but cocking his rifle, Benham made no reply. A third call was now heard, and a voice

exclaimed: "For God's sake, answer—whoever you are—even if it is an Indian!" This convinced Benham that it was one of the Kentuckians, and he speedily called him to his hiding-place. It proved to be a man named Taylor.

When Taylor appeared, Benham saw that he had been shot through both arms. Together they made a complete man—separated they must both starve. Taylor kicked the raccoon to Benham, who skinned,



CAPTAIN ROBERT BENHAM, HERO OF THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE AT THE MOUTH OF THE LICKING.

dressed and cooked it, then feeding himself and his companion. In this way they lived. Benham would load his rifle and kill the game, his comrade would kick it to him, and also push along with his feet the wood necessary to make fires.

When they wanted water, Taylor would take a hat in his mouth, and wading into the river, would dip it full of water. Benham

dressed both of their wounds. In this manner they were enabled to exist for several weeks, until their wounds healed sufficiently for them to move about, when they built a rude shelter near the mouth of the Licking, and remained there until late in November, looking every day for a boat.

On the 27th of this month they beheld a large flat moving slowly down the stream. This they eagerly hailed, only to see it move over to the opposite side of the river, evidently supposing them to be decoys. They continued their supplications, however, explaining who they were, and just as they were about to despair of succor, a canoe put off from the flat, and with great caution approached them. Taken on board, they were carried to Louisville, Benham barely able to hobble along on crutches, and Taylor only able to use one hand, and that very slightly.

Thus were they providentially saved from a horrible death at the hands of the Indians, and the whole account reads more like the improbability of the novelist's plot than the actual occurrence of a border incident. Benham afterward served through the whole of the war against the Northwestern Indians, taking an active part in the campaigns of Harmer and Wilkinson, the terrible defeat of St. Clair, and the crowning victory of "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORGAN AND POE.

A VENTURESOME MAN——"ELBOW ROOM"——PROWLING INDIANS——A PRESENTIMENT——THE THREE SAVAGES——A LONG SHOT——MORGAN'S RETREAT——KILLS A SECOND INDIAN——RIFLE AND TOMAHAWK——HAND TO HAND FIGHT——THE UNEQUAL COMBAT——MORGAN DOWN——THE INDIAN'S THEFT——A DEATH GRIP——THE SEARCH FOR THE KNIFE——THE FATAL APRON——THE DEATH STRUGGLE——A TERRIBLE STROKE——MORGAN REACHES HOME——THE NEIGHBORHOOD AROUSED——THE WOUNDED INDIAN——HIS DEATH——ADAM POE——AN INDIAN RAID——THE GREAT CHIEF, BIG FOOT——A BAND OF BROTHERS——THE PURSUIT——A FLASH IN THE PAN——A BOLD MOVE——THE PANTHER'S SPRING——A FEARFUL STRUGGLE——A POWERFUL ANTAGONIST——THE KICK——POE KILLS ONE INDIAN——THE FIGHT IN THE WATER——THE SWIMMING MATCH——POE WOUNDED BY A COMRADE——ARRIVAL OF POE'S BROTHER——THE LOADING CONTEST——TOO GREAT HASTE——DEATH OF BIG FOOT——THE LOST SCALP——ALL OF THE INDIANS KILLED.

DAVID MORGAN.

The hero of our sketch was the brother of General Daniel Morgan, and settled upon the Monongahela about the beginning of the war of the Revolution. Being fully as venturesome as his more noted brother, he disdained the protection of a frontier post, and built his cabin at some distance from any other, to have, as he expressed it, "plenty of elbow room." The Indians were continually prowling about these exposed settlements, and one morning, after sending the younger children out to a field at some distance from the house, he became uneasy, and taking his rifle, hastened to the spot.

Here he found nothing unusual, and giving them some directions as to the method of conducting their work, he mounted the fence surrounding the field, and began a searching survey of the neighboring woods. While thus engaged, he saw three Indians gazing at them from the opposite side of the field, and bidding the children to fly to the house and have their mother bar the door, he took a hasty aim at one of the Indians and fired.

The savage fell dead, although the shot was a long one, and Morgan immediately reloaded his rifle, and getting down from the fence, proceeded to cover the retreat of the children. The Indians, on the

fall of their comrade, had started toward Morgan, but when his gun was loaded, became more circumspect, and took to the trees, advanc-



MORGAN, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY, DEFENDING HIS YOUNG CHILDREN.

ing from one to another, and thus endeavoring to cut Morgan off from his house. Seeing that his children could now make good their

escape, Morgan, a man of some seventy years, began his retreat, the two Indians pressing him closely.

In his flight he passed through a portion of the forest where most of the trees were too small to furnish shelter against a rifle ball, and finding the Indians rapidly gaining upon him, he turned and ran back towards them to gain the cover of a large tree he had just passed. This movement took the enemy by surprise, and retreating, they took shelter behind some small trees, the largest they could find, but not of sufficient size to prevent Morgan from killing one of them, a part of the Indian's person being exposed.

His gun was now empty, and again he turned in flight, the last Indian coming on at full speed. Had his aim been as good as that of the old borderer, the latter would have been doomed, for the Indian halted and fired, not even touching Morgan. They were at last on equal terms, and the white man stood at bay, clubbing his rifle, and waiting the approach of the savage, tomahawk in hand. As he whirled his gun for a stroke, the Indian threw his tomahawk. The weapon of the savage cut off two fingers from Morgan's left hand, and the breach of the white man's rifle was shattered against the skull of the Indian. Both men were unarmed and at close quarters. The savage attempted to draw his knife, and Morgan grappled with and threw him to the ground.

The struggle continued for some minutes, and the strength of the old white man began to fail, and the robust young Indian at last succeeded in turning him, and planting his knee on the breast of the under man, the Indian began searching for his knife, in order to terminate the combat. In this he might have been successful, but he had on an apron, which he had stolen from some white woman, and his hands became entangled in its folds. Morgan, who had graduated in the rough-and-tumble school of the Virginia pugilist, was more than a match for the Indian upon the ground, and getting the forefinger of his foe's right hand into his mouth, Morgan held on like grim death. The savage howled with pain, and used every endeavor to release his finger, but in vain.

Morgan now took a part in the search for the Indian's knife, and both reached it at the same moment, Morgan obtaining a slight hold upon its handle, while his opponent caught it firmly by the blade. The Indian's hold was much the best, but Morgan neutralized this advantage by grinding the Indian's finger between his jaws with

greater foree than ever, and while he was raving and squirming with pain, the white man gave a sudden jerk, and got possession of the weapon. The savage now sprang to his feet, drawing Morgan after him, and made the most frantic efforts to break away.

Morgan, however, held on with his teeth, and made a quiek stroke at the Indian's side with the knife. Striking a rib, he was compelled to make another stroke, this time penetrating the abdomen, into which Morgan thrust the knife, blade and handle. The Indian fell, and Morgan made his way to the house, where he dropped exhausted upon the floor. The neighborhood was speedily aroused, and going in pursuit of the wounded savage, they found a broad trail of blood, from where he had fallen, to a tree-top near at hand.

Here he was found. He had succeeded in withdrawing the knife from his wound, which he was dressing, at their approach, with the stolen apron, that had proved so fatal to him. With the hypocrisy of his raee, his lips were drawn into a pleasant grin, and putting out his hand, he exclaimed: "How de do, brudder, glad to see you, brudder!" A borderer, slipping up to him, refused his hand, and sank his tomahawk into his brain, after which he was promptly scalped.

ADAM POE.

On the 15th of July, 1782, a party of seven Indians, members of of the Wyandotte nation, erossed the Ohio River, a short distanee above Wheeling, and began their work of murder and robbery. They had succeeded in killing an old man—who dwelt in a solitary eabin, near where they had erossed the river—but in so doing, the settlement had been alarmed, and the savages began a retreat. Among the settlers were Adam and Andy Poe, both men of the most desperate courage and of unequaled strength and dexterity. Of the two, Adam exeelled Andy, almost as mnch as the latter excelled the ordinary borderer, in feats of strength and agility. From the trail it was surmised that the Indians were the eelebrated ehief, Big Foot, his five brothers, and one other Indian.

Adam Poe was delighted at the idea of measuring his prowess with that of the gigantic Big Foot, who was the warrior *par excellence* of all his tribe. He was over six feet high, with the brawn of a Hercules, and his strength was enormous. All of his brothers were large men and noted warriors, though less celebrated than Big Foot.

Pushing along eagerly, Adam's rapid pursuit soon outstripped his comrades, and brought him up with the object of his chase.

For some time pursuers and pursued had been following the bank of the Ohio, but all at once, when near the crossing, which whites and Indians alike usually made, the trail bent off over a rocky ridge. Directing his brother and the party to follow the trail, he kept up the bank, confident that the savages would cross at the accustomed ferriage. Pushing on through the thick willows which lined the shore, he came to a slight bluff, which overhung the bank, and was about fifteen feet high.

Crawling cautiously up this bluff, he peered over the other side, and there, within twenty feet of him, lay Big Foot and a small warrior, unsuspicious of all danger. Taking a careful aim at the breast of the gigantic savage, Adam pulled the trigger, but his rifle flashed in the pan. Seeing himself discovered, all three of the men jumped to their feet, the two Indians standing close together. Poe had hunted too eagerly for this chance to test the metal of the great warrior, to retreat now that he had found him, and dropping his rifle, he sprang with the agility of a panther upon the two savages. He alighted full upon the breast of Big Foot, his right arm encircling the neck of the smaller warrior, and he bore them both to the ground. Just at that moment a firing was heard a few yards distant, and the trio knew that the others were engaged.

Big Foot was at first greatly stunned by the shock of the fall, but recovering himself, he pressed Adam to his breast so tightly, that the latter could scarcely breathe. This forced him to release the small Indian, whom Big Foot ordered to get his tomahawk, and kill the white man. Adam now redoubled his efforts to escape from Big Foot, but in vain, and the small Indian came on with uplifted tomahawk. Making several feints, the savage approached to strike the fatal blow, but when the weapon fell, Adam turned in the grasp of the giant, received it upon his left wrist, and gave the smaller Indian such a kick in the stomach that he was bent double. Taken by surprise at the failure of his comrade, Big Foot was off of his guard for a moment, and Adam wrenched himself loose, and seizing one of the Indians' rifle, shot the smaller one dead.

Big Foot, by this time, had again seized him, and placing one hand on his collar and the other on his hip, tossed him ten feet into the air, as easily as the white man could have thrown a child. Adam fell on his back in the edge of the water, but furious at the idea of



ADAM POE'S STRUGGLE WITH BIG FOOT AND THE LITTLE INDIAN.

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being so easily disposed of, he was up like a flash, and flew upon the Indian. It was now a pugilistic encounter, and here the superior skill of the white man began to tell, when the Indian again closed with him, and once more threw him.

In the fury of their struggle, they rolled into the water, and each endeavored to drown the other. Here the superior endurance of the white man gave him the upper hand, and holding the savage down by his long scalp-lock, he thought, as the latter had ceased to struggle, that he must be drowned, and let him loose, in order to draw his knife, and take the Indian's scalp. He now saw that Big Foot had only been feigning death, for he instantly rose, and seizing Adam, soon had him under. By this time, however, they had got into deep water, and each began swimming for life, both striving to be first at the bank, where there was still a loaded rifle.

Seeing that he was no match for Big Foot, who was rapidly gaining on him, and having no idea of hastening to the shore only to be shot, he turned, and swam further out, intending to take the chance of frustrating his foe by diving, as he should fire. By this time, however, Andrew had come up, followed by another white man, who saw Adam making for the opposite shore, and supposing him to be an Indian escaping, fired upon, and wounded him badly in the shoulder.

Adam now turned, and shouted to his brother to shoot the big Indian. As it happened, Andrew's gun was empty, and by a fatal error Big Foot had seized the empty rifle of the smaller Indian. It became a contest as to which should load first. Big Foot had a slight start, but hastily drawing his ramrod from the thimbles of his gun, it flew out of his hands, and fell into the river. Andrew improved the advantage this gave him, and ramming home his ball, he took a quick aim and fired, and the Indian fell, dying, into the water.

In his death struggle, the gallant savage rolled himself over so as to gain the current of the river, and Adam cried loudly to his brother to get his scalp, but Andrew was so intent on saving Adam, that he paid no heed to him, and the body of Big Foot was swept out of reach, his head still wearing its warlike trophy, which in life he had so bravely defended. Every one of the Indians was killed, and the loss of Big Foot, and his five scarcely less noted brothers, was an irreparable one to the Wyandottes. To the credit of the six brothers, be it said that they at all times opposed the torture of the stake, and had saved many a poor prisoner from its infliction. Their conduct had, for savages, been as magnanimous as it had been brave.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DE SOTO.

PONCE DE LEON——THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH——THE ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS ——DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI——CHARACTER OF DE SOTO——HIS SORDID PURPOSE——SEARCH FOR TREASURE——WINS A WIFE——A COMRADE OF PIZARRO——THE SPOILS OF CUZCO——DE SOTO'S EXPEDITION—— MOBILE——A HEAVY BATTLE——DE SOTO VICTORIOUS——DISCOVERS THE MISSISSIPPI——FLEET OF CANOES——CROSSES THE MISSISSIPPI——VISITS MISSOURI——ON WHITE RIVER——AN UNBROKEN WILDERNESS——SPANISH BRUTALITY——FATAL FEVERS——ILLNESS OF DE SOTO——APPOINTS A SUCCESSOR——DEATH OF DE SOTO——HIS LAST RESTING PLACE——FATE OF HIS COMRADES——A BROKEN HEART——DONNA ANNA'S DEATH.

Though some historians have thought that Ponce de Leon penetrated almost, if not quite, to the Mississippi River, in his search for the golden "Fountain of Eternal Youth," yet all such suppositions are mere surmises, and as such are not worthy of a place in an account pretending to accuracy. These vague guesses arise from the probability that the fabulous fountain of the Florida Indians was none other than the celebrated Ouachita Hot Springs, of Arkansas, whose virtues were magnified, as the tale was transmitted from tribe to tribe, and finally reached the Atlantic Coast in the seductive form in which Ponce de Leon heard it.

There is, really, little doubt that De Soto was the first of the Caucasian race to behold that mighty stream, whose valleys are destined to support a population almost as great as the combined nations of Europe. That it was not with the noble idea of benefitting future generations by the discovery of rich territories, upon whose fertile bosoms grand empires might be founded, does not detract from the honor of the discovery; still it is as well to disabuse the minds of all, of the commonly accepted idea, that De Soto was one of those grand pioneers, who, like Columbus, crossed the trackless seas in the interests of science, impelled by the irresistible impulses of genius or philanthropy.

In the case of De Soto, we find a brave, hardy Spaniard, of the sordid type of Pizarro or Cortez; in his expedition, nothing more

than a search for new empires, similar to Peru and Mexico, from which gold and treasure might be extorted, at any cost of torture and misery to the wretched inhabitants. His accidental discovery of the grandest river in the world adds nothing to the nobility of his intentions, and when disappointed in his search for cities like Cuzco and Mexico, it is doubtful if he gave a single thought to the noble stream, upon whose banks he was destined to die, or attached the slightest importance to the discovery. Avarice, not honor, was the mistress of his soul; gold, not discovery, was the object of his search. In this he was not unlike others of his day and nation, whose most adventurous men looked on the robbery and enslavement of the natives of America as honorable and legitimate.



FERDINAND DE SOTO.

De Soto had won his wife with Peruvian gold, (not that gold could buy the love of that noble woman, only it was necessary to purchase the consent of her mercenary father), and becoming enraptured with the charms of conquest and of rapine, he sought, after his service with Pizarro in Peru, to find other fields of similar adventure, Cortez having already been beforehand in Mexico, and plundered the rich capital of the Aztec empire. Fully believing that there were other cities equally as rich, on the vast continent of North America, he organized his expedition with the aim of their spoliation in view. Let his object have been what it may, however, he was one of the western pioneers, and the first of them, and as such must claim a place in our narrative.

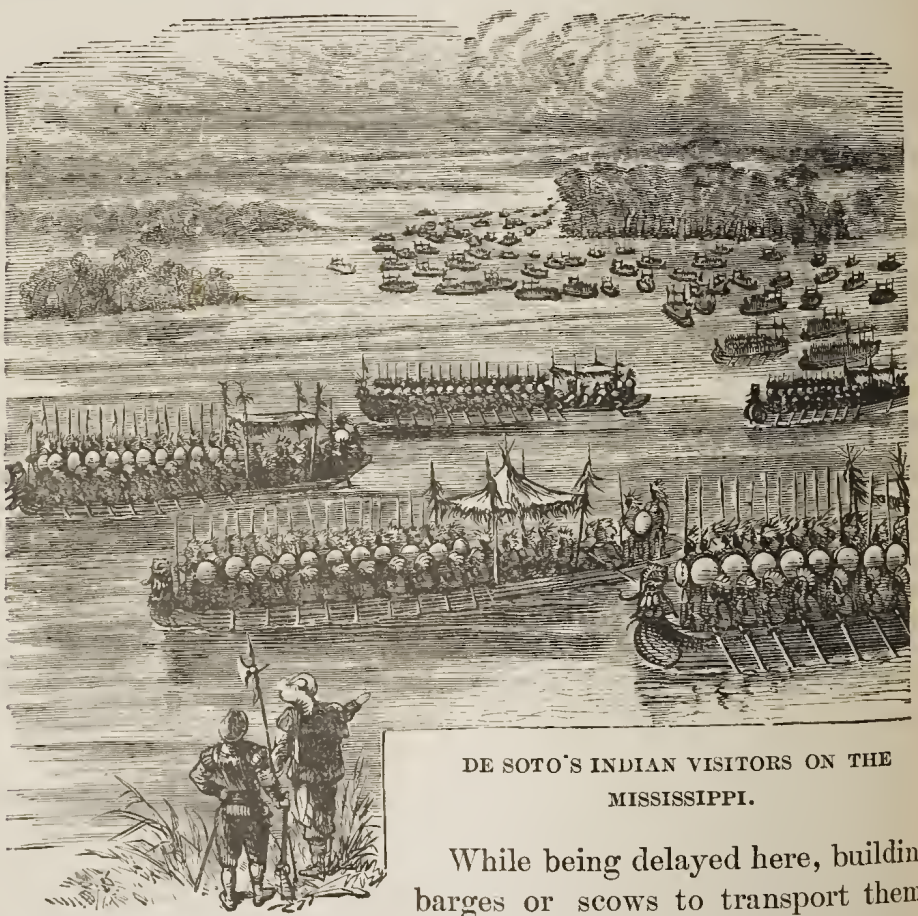
De Soto's earliest exploits were performed, as already said, under the eye of his dear friend, Pizarro, and at the fall of Cuzco he distinguished himself above all others by his gallantry in storming that unfortunate city. Here the famous Inca of Peru, Atahualpa, was captured, and De Soto shared in the spoils wrung from him. Here was the far-famed Temple of the Sun, upon whose eastern wall flamed a glowing, golden image of that luminary, displaying a wonderful knowledge of the goldsmith's art, and worth millions of dollars. This formed part of the loot of the warlike conquerers.

Returning to Spain, laden with these spoils, De Soto fitted out an expedition of six hundred men and three hundred horses, with which he intended to reach the interior of North America, where, from the tales of the Indians and his own surmises, he did not doubt but there were other kingdoms as rich as Peru or Mexico. Sailing about the close of the year 1538, he touched at Cuba, and leaving his wife in command there, reached Espiritu Santa Bay, Florida, in May, 1539. Landing his men, horses, and bloodhounds—for these latter were an invariable part of all Spanish expeditions—he reached Flint River, near Apalachee Bay, where he spent some time, and late in July reached the Coosa River, and marching on, approached Mavilla (now Mobile), a large fortified Indian town.

Their cruelty and overbearing disposition had greatly exasperated the natives, and when they attempted to occupy Mobile, they found the Indians ready to receive them. Here a fierce battle raged for hours, but at last the discipline and fire-arms of the Spaniards gained the day, and setting fire to the town, they beheld with satisfaction those of the Indians who had escaped their swords, bullets and battle axes, perish in its flames. Of the Indians, more than twenty-five hundred were destroyed, while of the invaders one hundred and fifty were killed, seventy wounded, and they lost twelve of their horses.

Notwithstanding his victory, DeSoto retreated northward to Chicaca, an Indian town on the western bank of the Yazoo. Here his purposes of depredation were again shown, by seizing some of the natives as slaves. At night, masking their purpose by a show of submission, these rose on the Spaniards, set fire to their own town, and succeeded in killing eleven of the whites and a large number of their horses, which they regarded with as great a hatred as they did the men.

In the flames the troops of De Soto lost most of their arms, and retreated to the West, ambushed by hostile parties and suffering great difficulties; but on the seventh day they reached the broad waters of the Mississippi, at the lowest of the Chickasaw Bluffs. The grandeur of their discovery does not seem to have impressed them in any other way than with a sentiment of disgust that they must make considerable preparations to ferry it. The broad reaches of this inland river, winding between fertile banks, fringed with gigantic forests, and dotted with innumerable islands, were to them only a barrier to halt them in their search for plunder.



DE SOTO'S INDIAN VISITORS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

While being delayed here, building barges or scows to transport themselves and horses across the river, they were visited by many chiefs, who came in immense canoes, two hundred in number. Under awnings of woven grasses and barks reposed the chiefs, while their thousands of followers plied their paddles with a rythmic regularity, and in graceful array the imposing pageant swept down the river. Bringing with them gifts for the strangers—whom they thought of

supernatural origin—the conduct of the latter soon convinced them that the whites were but men, and very sordid ones at that, and when the Spaniards were ready to cross the river, it was with difficulty the chiefs restrained their followers from disputing their passage.

After crossing, De Soto soon reached the vicinity of New Madrid, Missouri, and from that point made his way to the headwaters of White River, and not finding there any treasure cities, he deflected to the South, and spent the winter amongst the Tunica Indians, at their town, Antiamque, near the Arkansas Hot Springs. It is highly probable that these Indians were the ancestors of the Navajos—who seem ever to have had the divine germ of civilization amongst them—as they are represented as having fixed abodes, cultivating grains, and weaving a cloth of the delicate inner barks of certain trees. The brutality of the Spaniards was here fully revealed, these generous and peaceful Indians being abused frightfully, hunted and torn by bloodhounds, and otherwise cruelly tortured.

Not having yet succeeded in the object of their search, the wanderings of the Spaniards again began in the spring, and through matted morass, tangled cane-brakes and dense forests, they made their weary way to the mouth of Red River. From the natives here they learned, that the country below was an unbroken wilderness, whose lonely desolation was not the abode of a single human creature.

Not knowing which way to turn, the revenge of the outraged natives was soon about to be complete. Worn down by continual exposure, tormented during the day by the innumerable gnats and other insects, and unable to sleep at night from the stings of the swarming musquitoes, their debilitated systems gave way to attacks of fatal fevers, and they died with frightful rapidity. Such of their horses as did not succumb to the same difficulties wandered off into the forests, and were lost.

To add to their dismay, their hardy leader sickened, and at the thoughts of losing him, they gave way to the utmost despair. At last, when De Soto saw that his death was only a question of time, he looked the grim monster calmly in the face, and set about making his preparations for meeting him. Calling his men to him, he told them that in a short time some other must lead them, and begged them, before he departed, to choose his successor.

Unwilling to do this, they asked that he should name the one he deemed most worthy to succeed him. To this request he acceeded, and appointed Moscosco, and then, feeling the near approach of death, he bade his followers adieu, dismissed them, and sending for the priest, submitted himself to his ghostly offices. In a short time after receiving the sacrament, he commended his soul to God and passed quietly away. Thus, on the 21st day of May, 1542, died, in the prime of life, Ferdinand De Soto, aged forty-two years.

Attempting in vain to reach Mexico by land, the followers of De Soto returned to the Mississippi River, and building vessels, floated down that stream to the Gulf of Mexico, and finally reached Panuco, on the Mexican coast; and here we leave them. Owing to



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

brawls and duels amongst themselves, but a small remnant of the band ever reached Cuba or Spain, most of them having perished in their wanderings along the Mississippi and its tributaries, or after their arrival in Mexico. So ended an expedition, conceived in avarice, and carried out with brutality.

After the death of De Soto, his comrades desired, for their own protection, to perpetuate the idea of his supernatural origin, and concealing his death, they wrapped his body—clad in its ponderous armor—in a winding sheet, and heavily weighting the latter, they guarded it jealously until the midnight darkness, and pushing off in a light canoe, with this solemn freight, they committed it to the

murky waters of the noble river that he of all white men had been the first to behold. A solitary link-man, with a single torch, a priest, with his spotless robes and gilded crucifix, and half a dozen of his trusty followers, formed the funeral cortege of the ill-fated adventurer.

Thus, in the western wilds, perished one for whom a brighter destiny might well have been predicted. His frenzied search for gold had terminated in disappointment, despair and death; his dreary wanderings—beset with toil and dangers, harassed by care and sufferings—had led him on, by devious paths, to his own solitary grave, beneath the rushing torrent of the mighty Mississippi. Battling against terrible odds, and pursuing the object of his quest with indomitable zeal and courage, when the inevitable came, he met it with fearlessness, and crowned a life of daring adventure, cruelty and carnage with the calm and hopeful death of a devotee.

It was three years before news of her husband's death reached the noble Donna Anna, and in three days she, too, had passed away, a victim to her grief for one who—whatever may have been his faults in the eyes of others—to her was ever a gallant hero, and the object of her undying devotion. Of her it might be truly written that she died of a broken heart.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEROIC WOMEN.

COURAGE OF THE SOFTER SEX——MICHELET'S OPINION——STORY OF JAEL——THE WARLIKE SEMIRAMIS——BOADICEA AND ISABELLA——HEROINES OF AMERICA COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHER LANDS——PART PLAYED BY BORDER WOMEN——OUR DUTY——VANISHING VETERANS——MRS. PARKER——HER FAMILY——A FATAL HUNT——THE LYING INDIAN——THE BOY MESSENGER ——PREPARATIONS FOR A SIEGE——THE SIMULATED VOICE——DETECTION ——THE ATTACK ON THE CABIN——AN INDIAN KILLED——THE WOMEN'S RUSE——ITS SUCCESS——THE VOLLEY——THE BATTERING RAM——ANOTHER INDIAN KILLED——FLIGHT OF THE THIRD SAVAGE——THE WOMEN PREPARE TO LEAVE——THEIR PRIVATIONS——ESCAPE TO ST. LOUIS——SEARCH FOR THE MISSING MEN——A FORMER ADVENTURE——ITS LUCKY TERMINATION.

As may be gathered from some of the incidents already related, the heroic courage and patient endurance of the border was not confined solely to its brave men—lovely women, too, exhibited a fortitude and a daring as noble as wonderful. We are too apt, while granting to the softer sex the possession of endurance and passive courage, to deny to it the bravery that dares, the heroism that acts. So much is this the case that quaint old Michelet—at once the plainest and tenderest writer that ever painted woman and her thoughts and actions—says: "The bravery of woman is endurance, her heroism is to suffer and to give, but not to act."

While this is mainly true, yet, in every stage of history, we see notable exceptions. In Judges we find Jael killing Sisera, though the manner of the killing was hardly so commendable as the act:—"And Jael went out to meet Sisera, and said unto him, 'Turn in, my lord, turn in to me; fear not.' And when he had turned in unto her into the tent, she covered him with a mantle." When he had drunk some milk, which she gave him, he fell asleep. "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples and fastened it into the ground, for he was fast asleep and weary, so he died." This is the Bible account.

Are not the legends of mighty Nineveh filled with the exploits of the warlike Semiramis, and do not the annals of Assyria reflect her

mighty deeds? Babylon, the beautiful—with its towering walls and its hundred brazen gates; its gently flowing canals, and its wonderful hanging gardens; its myriads of artisans, and its hosts of warriors—was the dream of her brain, the work of her hands.

Who has not read of Boadicea, Queen of the Britons, and her brave but ill-fated efforts to drive off the haughty Roman invader? Where the fury of battle waxed the fiercest, there she raged like a lioness robbed of her whelps; where her bravest warriors shuddered at the terrible onset of Rome's trained legions, there was she to encourage and to aid them, and at last, when the retreat must come—when savage valor could no longer withstand the disciplined courage of the cohorts of the most martial people the world ever saw—hers was the only chariot that did not turn in the inevitable flight. Throwing herself upon her spear, she died like a true heroine, casting away life, when all that made it noble, or of any worth, was gone.

Upon the river Thermodon, in Pontus, dwelt that mighty race of warlike women, the Amazons, amongst whom valor and heroism were not the exception, but the rule. Long time deemed a myth, the tale of their exploits, in our day finds confirmation in the fierce body-guard of Dahomey's sable king—a thousand women, the bravest of his soldiers. An old legend has it that one of the Amazonian queens, Pethesilea, came, after Hector's death, to aid the Trojans, and fell beneath the mighty arm of no less a warrior than Achilles.

Isabella, the gracious and generous queen of Ferdinand, camped with her armies before the walls of Grenada, and her devoted courage stimulated the flagging spirits of her discouraged soldiers. With all her bravery, she had a true woman's heart, and wept for the unfortunate descendant of a long line of kings, noted for their bravery and their wisdom, and in her tongue of liquid music, the soft Castilian, is commemorated the despair of the Moorish prince, in the name of the pinnacle from which he last viewed the city of his nativity, the proud home of his ancestors: *El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro.* ("The last sigh of the Moor") Weeping for the lovely gardens and palaces which he had lost, and for the proud empire that had departed from his race forever, his fierce licutenant scornfully exclaimed: "Aye, weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man;" but his noble enemy, Isabella, wept with him in his sorrow.

But in all the pages of history, or legends of the misty past, no truer heroines appear than the obscure but glorious actors in our border tragedies. Not the patriotic Charlotte Corday, the inspired Joan of Arc, nor the unselfish Maid of Saragossa, displayed more of courageous conduct or patriotic love of country than did these heroines in homespun. Though homely their lives, and familiar with peril rather than pleasure, yet their souls were noble, their hearts steadfast, and their actions irreproachable. Themselves the daughters of heroes, they perpetuated a race of courageous men and true women. Unlettered, and untaught in frivolous accomplishments, they may have been, but truly feminine they were for all that.

Small need was there of the piano upon the savage border, where the shrill yell of the Indian made its discordant music, and the moan of the wounded and the wail of the widowed composed a funeral dirge. Here was the place for women, who, instead of fainting at the sight of blood, could act the leech when the need came, and bind up the wounds of husband, father or lover. Here was the field where, instead of shuddering at the rifle's sound, a woman's hand should deftly load, and if the worst came, she should be able to surely aim and fire the unerring weapon of the border. The life of the pioneer woman was hard, and its scope was narrow, but that scope was filled to its utmost bound with the nobility of duty and bravery. Here was no timid shrinking from a harmless mouse, no fainting at a tiny spider, no real or pretended fright at the attack of a flock of geese, but an eye that gazed unquailing on danger, and a heroic courage that did not falter at the thought of death.

How truly the border heroine played her part in the awful drama of the early settlement of the West, only those who have closely scanned that page of our history really know. How uncomplainingly she endured hardships, that upon her tenderer nature bore more severely than upon that of her hardier companion, is known to all the world. How bravely she suffered the pains and horrors of captivity, and how nobly she submitted to the decrees of a Providence, that often, in a single night, made her homeless, husbandless and childless, has been told in legend and in song.

But now that the new is pushing out the old, and the lore of the trapper and the hunter, and the song and the story of the pioneer, linger no more in the ears that have heard so much that is later, and

their histories are seldom read by eyes that have seen so much that is wonderful, let us again take up these idyls of the wood, these



THE MODERN BELLE——ANTIPODE OF THE BORDER HEROINE.

tragedies of the valleys and the forests, that should be kept forever fresh in the memories of Americans.

Civilization, now pressing from the West as well as from the East, will soon have obliterated the border; and its tales and its dramas will, unless carefully preserved, soon have vanished from all record. Standing, as we do, at the threshold from which one era departs, as another enters, let us do our duty in endeavoring to fix upon the impartial pages of history these deeds while yet they are fresh in the minds of some of the actors upon those eventful fields. But a very few years at the farthest, and

"Earth loses their pattern forever and aye;"

but a short time, and every actor and spectator who occupied the stage of that grand time, the era of the pioneers, will have passed into the Silent Land.

Even now but few of these old veterans "lag superfluous on the stage," and in a short time all who have even seen the oldest of the pioneers, will have left the ranks of "shadow-casting men." The youngest men alive to-day, who talked with Boone, are over seventy years old; those who held converse with Kenton, over sixty. Of the pioneers themselves, heroes of the plains and of the mountains, very few, if any, still live.

Let us, therefore, while at least the oral traditions of their exploits survive, fix them forever by "the art preservative of arts;" and while we strive to preserve a picture of the daring of western heroes, let us not forget that of the noble western heroines who, in a two-fold measure, deserve our admiration and applause.

MRS. PARKER.

In 1812 there lived on the Illinois River, some two hundred miles above its mouth, a hardy old pioneer, commonly known as "Old Parker, the Squatter." The family of the old borderer consisted of a wife, two boys—one aged nineteen, the other fourteen—and a daughter, seventeen years old. As their only dependence for meat was upon the game procured, Parker and his oldest son were often gone for days at a time on hunting expeditions, the Illinois Indians at that period being all peaceable.

At the time of which we write, he and his oldest son had been gone three days in company with some Indians regarded as friendly. On this day, (the third after their departure), one of the Indians returned, entered the cabin, and sitting down began to smoke. This

was not regarded as any thing ominous, they supposing the savage had been discouraged by something which his superstition caused him to regard as an ill omen, and had turned back from the hunt.

After remaining silent for some time, the Indian at last spoke. "Ugh!" said he, "Old Parker die." The family were now terribly excited, and Mrs. Parker hurriedly asked what was the matter with her husband. To this the Indian answered: "Parker sick, tree fell on him—Parker die—You go see." To questions as to where her husband was, and whether he had sent for her, the Indian gave contradictory replies, that excited the suspicions of the woman, but she determined to send the remaining boy along with the savage to see if there was any truth in his report. Neither Indian nor boy returning that night, nor the next day, the suspicions of the woman were confirmed, and she determined to keep strict watch.

Accordingly, she secured the door with the strongest fastenings she could devise, and awaited the attack she felt sure would come. For arms they had the rifle of the youngest boy and an axe. Scarcely had the darkness of the night descended, when steps were heard approaching the cabin, and after knocking at the door, some one called out: "Mother—mother." The daughter started to unfasten the door, but holding her back, the mother, who fancied she detected an Indian accent in the voice, said: "Jake, where are the Indians?" "Um gone," was the confident reply of the savage.

Mrs. Parker, now fully satisfied that her husband and sons had been foully murdered, was seized with an idea, that, if well carried out, would lessen the number of the traitors by one at least. "Put your ear to the key-hole, Jake, I've something I want to tell you, and don't want anyone to hear—the Indians may be skulking around." She had already cocked her boy's rifle, and when the head was laid against the door, she sent a bullet through it and lightly stepped to one side. The Indian fell dead, but his two comrades fired hastily through the door, and nothing but the prudent forethought of the woman, in stepping aside, saved her life.

Turning now to her daughter, she told her that one of the savages was dead, and that if they could kill another, the third one would fly. "I will load the rifle again, and when they break in the door, which they will do, if they hear no noise, I will fire on them, and if I shouldn't kill one, you must use your axe." The daughter promised that she would not fail, and just then the Indians again

fired through the door. Not a movement inside. The Indians again reloaded, and fired two more shots, without hearing a sound.

Fully convinced that their random shots had killed the women, and eager for scalps and plunder, they obtained a heavy log, and after a few unsuccessful attempts, at last succeeded in breaking



CAPTURE OF MISS HARBISON AND COMPANIONS BY THE TWO CONCEALED INDIANS.

down the door. Dropping their battering-ram, they sprang into the breach, when the unerring aim of the heroic woman stretched another one dead upon the threshold. The third Indian, now thoroughly terrified, fired his gun at the women without effect, and turning quickly fled into the night.

"We must leave, before he can raise others to aid him," said the older woman, and deserting their cabin, they entered a canoe, carrying the faithful rifle and the axe. For six days they drifted down the current of the river, and at last reached the French settlement of St. Louis, having in all that time had no other food than one duck and two blackbirds. These were eaten raw, as they had no way of making a fire.

A party of men started out from St. Louis to search for "Old Parker" and his sons, but no trace of them could be found, and indeed, they were never again heard of.

Here we mention an earlier incident. Mrs. Parker, when a young girl, was captured in a manner very similar to that of the Boone and Callaway girls. She, with a Miss Harbison and Miss Berry—neither of them over sixteen years old—was out riding in a small skiff, and as there had been no alarm of Indians for some months, they did not anticipate any danger. On the opposite side of the stream, however, as they sat idly rocking in the boat, its single oar fell into the water, and before they could recover it or push the boat from the bank, they were seized by a couple of savages, lying concealed behind some large trees.

They were hurried as fast as possible toward the Indian villages, but one of the savages had taken a violent fancy to Miss Harbison, and our heroine advised her to make every use of it to delay the flight. At every opportunity she herself would break off twigs to indicate the trail, and in this way the pursuers—amongst whom was Miss Harbison's lover—were enabled to follow so swiftly that on the morning of the second day they were rescued, and their captors killed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BETTY ZANE.

THE SIEGE OF WHEELING——BRITISH AND INDIANS——THE INFAMOUS GIRTY——SURROUNDED——PROMISES AND THREATS——CAPTAIN BOGGS GOES FOR REINFORCEMENTS——GIRTY'S PARLEY——HIS LIES——A DESTRUCTIVE CANNON——A FIERCE SIEGE——NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE WOMEN——INDIAN ARTILLERY——ITS TRIAL——A DISASTROUS DISCHARGE——OUT OF POWDER——A SCHOOL-GIRL HEROINE——HER BRAVE DEED——THE FLIGHT OF ATALANTA——ESCAPES UNHURT——THE SIEGE RAISED——FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS——MRS. CRUGER'S STATEMENT——WHAT IT PROVES——WHO MRS. CRUGER WAS——PRESENT AT THIS SIEGE.

The feat we are about to narrate has been attributed to two, if not more, of the pioneer heroines, and while this has caused a great confusion amongst the chroniclers, yet it seems to us easy of explanation, for the fact doubtless is, that several similar exploits really happened, though but a single one of them may have been recorded. In this way each one who knew of the performance of such a deed, supposed it was a mistake to attribute it to any except the heroine of his particular acquaintance.

On the 11th day of September, 1782, a party of British, numbering fifty and known as the "Queen's Rangers," under a Captain Pratt, and three hundred Indians, under the leadership of their various chiefs, laid siege to Fort Henry, as Wheeling, Virginia, was then called. The whole body of Indians and British was under the command of the infamous Simon Girty. The leader has by others been said to have been George Girty.

Encircling the fort, a demand was made for its surrender; the usual promise of good treatment being given, in case of submission, and threats of a savage massacre, if the fort had to be taken by storm. To these promises and threats, the garrison replied with taunts and jeers, somewhat similar to those of young Reynolds on another occasion. Girty then drew off his forces, and waited for the night before making an attack.

Inside the fort were fully forty women and children, but of men, with boys able to manage a rifle, there were only eighteen; still they

were not daunted by the terrible odds. Upon the approach of the Indians, Captain Boggs, the commander of the fort, had ridden off to some of the adjacent posts to bring up reinforcements, and the command had been turned over to Colonel Silas Zane and a Mr. Sullivan, the latter a man of great experience in Indian warfare, and as brave as a lion.

The sun was just sinking, when Girty made his second appearance, and endeavored to prevail on the garrison to surrender. "Your treatment shall be that of"—— Here he was interrupted by Mr. Sullivan, with, "Colonel William Crawford." And he continued: "We know you Girty, for a dirty dog, too cowardly to be honest,



BETTY ZANE, THE HEROINE OF FORT HENRY, NOW WHEELING.

and so filthy a beast that you felt yourself only fit to live amongst savages. Your promises are plentiful, but you are such a liar that, if you tried, you couldn't tell the truth. If you want us, you will have to do some better fighting than you and your sneaking Indians have ever yet done. We only hope that you will hang around our walls until our messenger brings up reinforcements, and we will exterminate you."

"Yes, by G—!" replied Girty, "but I've got your messenger safe. He won't bring up any help for you."

"Have you really?" asked Sullivan. "What sort of a man was he—how did he look?"

"Oh, he's a fine, aetive fellow, young and good looking."

"That's a d—d lie!" put in Sullivan. "He was an old, gray-headed man."

At this Girty retired, and in a short time led up his forees to the attaek. Thinking that they would have but a short time in which to reduee the fort, the mixed troops of Girty fought with more than their usual courage and determination. A small cannon, mounted on one of the bloek-houses, made terrible havoc amidst the erowded masses of the enemy.

It seems that, at a former attaek, the garrison had no eannon, and in order to terrify the assailants mounted a dummy of wood, whose eharaeter was soon diseovered. Thinking the present one no more dangerous, the besiegers made sport of it, dared the garrison to fire it, and crowded into a solid mass in front of it. At this moment the mateh was applied; there followed a loud explosion, and a lane was mowed through the howling and now thoroughly frightened savages.

Girty next divided his men into two parties, and attaeked from opposite sides, but the brave little garrison stubbornly held its own. The women were of great advantage; they gave way to no panic fears; they indulged in no hysterieal fainting spells, or sereams, but, throughout the awful night—made hideous with the shrill explosions of the rifles, the seream of the bullets, and the fieree war-whoops of the Indians—they stood to their posts like the true heroines that they were, loading, eleaning and eooling the rifles, that with the constant firing had beeome foul and overheated.

At last the long night passed away, and with the daylight the Indian attaek slaekened. A new idea had seized the red men. At the wharf lay a barge loaded with eannon balls. These were under the eharge of Mr. Sullivan, who was taking them from Fort Pitt to Louisville, when he stopped at Wheeling to aid the little garrison there. The savages determined to utilize these munitions of war, and went to work to make a eannon out of whieh to fire them. Selecting a large log, they split it open, seooped out a bore in it of the proper size, and then, plaeing the two pieees together, bound it with ropes, ehains and iron bands.

When completed, it was quite a creditable affair—for Indians. Would it work? Of this its builders had not the slightest doubt, and pouring in several pounds of fine rifle powder, they rammed home several of the balls, and aimed the quaker at the fort. Proud of their invention, the Indians gathered in a dense mass around it, each anxious for the honor of touching it off, and all expecting to see the fort speedily demolished.

At last, the match was applied, and a terrific explosion was the result; pieces of chain, huge splinters, and mangled Indians flying through the air in all directions. The garrison, which had been told that the siege guns had at last arrived, when they saw the effect of this one, only wished Girty's army had a dozen such.

But to come at once to the exploit of our heroine. Outside the walls of the fort, and distant from it some sixty yards, stood the residence of Col. Zane, which had been temporarily abandoned for the more secure protection of the fort. When the powder in the fort began to be exhausted, it was remembered that there was a keg of it in the house just mentioned, and volunteers were called for to bring it into the fort. Several young men promptly responded, when it was announced that but one would be allowed to go, as more could not be spared, on account of the weakness of the garrison. Every one saw that the attempt was one of great hazard, but they also saw that whoever went must go alone, and it was now that woman's courage came out in bold relief.

Miss Elizabeth Zane, sister of Col. Ebenezer Zane, stepped to the front, and begged that to her might be assigned the perilous mission. For a time no one would hear of it, but the young girl insisted, saying that she knew just where the powder was, that the garrison was too weak to lose even a single man, where a woman would not be so greatly missed; and besides, she added, she didn't believe that the Indians would expose themselves to take the scalp of a woman, at such a time.

At last her eloquence prevailed, and the gate being opened the young and beautiful girl—who had just completed her education in Philadelphia and before whom life, with all its pleasures, was opening—bounded out into the open space, and swift as an Atalanta sped for the solitary house. The Indians did not know what to make of it, and fearing some trap held their fire until the intrepid girl began

her flight back to the garrison, with the powder in her arms. Now all sprang forward in the race to intercept her, and volleys of bullets were fired at her, but without a scratch she again entered the gate of the fort. With the ammunition thus secured, the garrison was enabled to hold out through the rest of the day and another long night of danger, when the enemy raised the siege and fled.

In some accounts it is stated that Col. Zane had resolved to hold his house against all odds, and that it was here that the powder had begun to run low, when Miss Bettie made the dangerous trip to the fort to secure it. This seems the most reasonable, as the frontier forts were usually trading posts as well, and fully supplied with powder, lead and other articles of barter.

Mrs. Cruger attributes this feat to Molly Scotts. As Mrs. Cruger was the daughter of Captain Boggs, and was in the fort during the entire siege, it would seem that she ought to know whereof she speaks. She says that, at this time, Betty Zane was in or near Washington, Pennsylvania, and at no time during the siege was at or near Fort Henry.

In order to strengthen her statement, she makes oath to it. She says that she helped serve the powder throughout this siege, and that during a lull in the attack, a woman was observed to leave Col. Zane's house, and make her way to the south gate of thefort. That, being admitted, and her errand made known, she (Mrs. Cruger) was sent with her to obtain the ammunition needed, and poured the powder herself into Molly Scott's apron, and saw her depart with it.

Mrs. Cruger (Lydia Boggs) says further, that in the fort many of the women would have done the same thing, and that at that time it was accounted as nothing remarkable. This very statement, it seems to us, furnishes the solution to the difficulty, for we can hardly doubt there must have been similar straits elsewhere, and may safely presume that the same exploit was performed not by Miss Zane alone.

CHAPTER XXX.

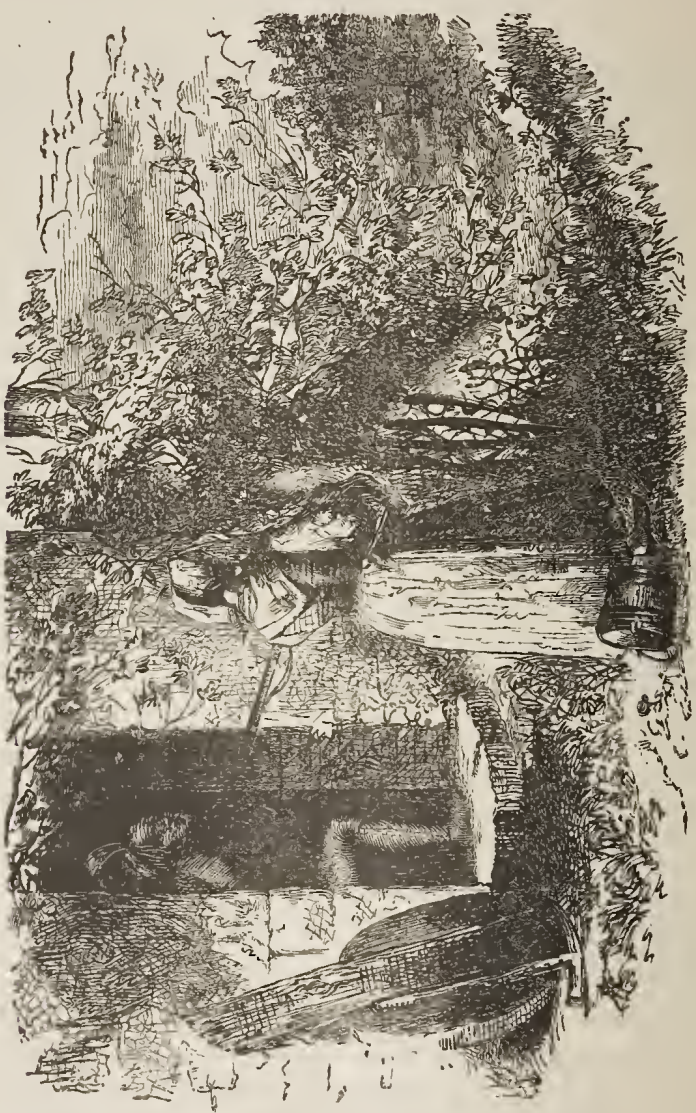
MRS. PURSLEY.

OBSCURE HEROES —— WANT OF OPPORTUNITY —— SUGGESTIVE NAMES —— A WOMAN'S PRISONER——A FRONTIER FORT——THE SALLY——AMBUSHED——FLIGHT TO THE FORT——BOLD THOMAS HIGGINS——A FRONTIER DARE-DEVIL——HIS DETERMINATION——A WOUNDED COMRADE——A FRIGHTENED HORSE——THE RETREAT COVERED——SWARMING SAVAGES——THREE TO ONE——BADLY WOUNDED——STRUCK AGAIN——RECEIVES THREE MORE BULLETS——KILLS ONE INDIAN——DESPERATE SITUATION——HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT——COVERED WITH WOUNDS——A TERRIBLE TOMAHAWK WOUND——HIGGINS DOWN——RUSH OF THE TWO INDIANS——A FIERCE STRUGGLE——BRAINS ANOTHER SAVAGE——THE SEARCH FOR THE RIFLE ——THE KNIFE COMBAT——A DEMI-GOD'S COURAGE——HIGGINS DOWN AGAIN——A LOSING FIGHT——APPROACH OF SAVAGES——MRS. PURSLEY'S PRAYERS——HER HEROIC ATTEMPT——A SHAMED GARRISON——HIGGINS SAVED.

Gray, in his incomparable Elegy, intimates that often in obscure stations, only the field is wanting to cause a display of talents equal to the rarest the world has seen, and to this dogma we are inclined to give our heartiest assent. In our heroine's name there is naught of poetry; no such suggestiveness of high and mighty birth, as is indicated by that of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere, no such intimation of nobility of soul as the name of Joan of Arc calls up: still, in her true woman's heart, there was the grandeur of latent courage, and of unbounded sympathy. The sketch of her present exploit has its prelude of savage warfare, that rings like the blare of a cavalry trumpet, or the long-roll of the alarum drum.

It is but fair to say that this exploit, while her chief was by no means her only one, as she on one occasion captured the most desperate Indian on the border. Going from her garden to her house one day, she saw a rifle standing by the door, and securing it, she looked in, and saw a gigantic Indian rummaging through her effects. When he saw that he was detected, he drew his tomahawk and sprang toward the door, but the white woman had already cocked the rifle, and now presented it, telling him if he moved she would shoot him. So cowed was the savage by her determined conduct, that he made no further attempt at escape, and was captured by some of the neighbors, who happened to come by.

During the war of 1812, a fort was erected within twenty miles of Vandalia, as a frontier outpost. Its garrison was insignificant in numbers, and was under the command of a Lieutenant Journay. It was on the 30th day of August, 1814, that skulking Indians were seen near the post, and early the next morning the lieutenant made



MRS. PURSLEY'S PRISONER AT BAY, AT THE MOUTH OF HIS OWN RIFLE.

a sally with his entire force, certainly a bad stroke of policy. After proceeding but a short distance in the direction in which the enemy had been seen, they were ambushed by a considerable body of Indians, and the lieutenant and three men killed and one man wounded, at the first volley.

One dare-devil borderer, named Thomas Higgins, determined to have some revenge for his murdered comrades, but the other six hastened into the fort with all their speed. Higgins' horse had been shot, and the scout at first thought fatally, but on dismounting he saw that the wound was not at all serious. Once on the ground he concluded not to mount again until he had killed at least one of his enemies, and was darting toward a tree, when the Indians started towards him.

He saw that he could not reach the tree, so he turned on the advancing savages, and shot the foremost one dead. Hastily reloading his rifle, he got on his horse and started to ride off, when he heard the voice of Burgess, the wounded man. As he turned around on his horse, Burgess said to him:

"Tom, you won't leave me will you?"

"No," said the hero, "I'll not leave you—Come on!"

"I can't get to you," said Burgess, "My leg is broken."

Instantly dismounting, Higgins led his horse to the spot, and attempted to put Burgess in the saddle, but the animal becoming frightened, started off toward the fort.

"Now, that's what I call mean," said Higgins, "blamed mean—but I'll save you anyway. You get off the best you can on your hands and your well foot. I'll stay behind and cover your retreat."

Burgess followed his friend's advice and escaped, but the savages now began to crowd up on Higgins, who scorned to save himself at the sacrifice of a friend, and in order to keep the Indians from following up Burgess, he started off in an oblique direction, and soon emerged from the thickets which, so far, had protected him. Three savages immediately darted in pursuit, and Higgins determined, if possible, to get them separated, and kill the three in detail.

On foot he was very swift, and did not doubt but that he could get the Indians strung out, but in entering a small brook he discovered that in the engagement he had been struck in the leg by a bullet, and that it was giving out. Affairs were now at a crisis, and he saw very slight chance of escape—none at all, unless he could kill the largest of the enemy, who had from the first kept in the lead, and was now uncomfortably near him.

Every time he turned to fire, the Indian sprang from side to side so rapidly that he could take no aim, and not wishing to throw away a shot, he halted, let the Indian aim at him, and just as his finger

pressed the trigger, the borderer wheeled, but not in time to escape the bullet. He was struck in the hip, and knocked down, but instantly arose again, and having no chance to get a sight on the big Indian, continued his flight.

The rifle of the Indian reloaded, the three pressed the pursuit energetically. They were fast gaining upon Higgins, when he again fell, and as he arose the three fired together, each ball striking him. Again he fell, but with the enormous vitality of a grizzly bear, he again arose, when the three savages throwing aside their guns, endeavored to close in on him.

As they neared him, he presented his gun first at one, then at an other, thus causing them to fall back. At last, however, the large Indian, evidently much the bravest of them, came to the conclusion that the gun of the frontiersman was empty, and he pressed forward fearlessly, when Higgins took a quick aim and killed him.

His situation was now truly desperate. Upon his person were five serious wounds, in his hands an empty gun, around him dozens of the savages, while advancing upon him were his two infuriated and unharmed foes. Many a man would have given up in the face of such fearful odds. Not so Thomas Higgins.

He began to load his rifle as swiftly as possible, but the two rushed in on him before he could finish, and began stabbing him with their spears. Luckily these were too thin to penetrate his body, but turned their points on striking a bone; still they covered him with painful wounds, causing great loss of blood, and thereby weakening him woefully.

One of the Indians now threw his tomahawk at Higgins with frightful effect. Striking him upon the cheek it cut a furrow through it, severed his ear and cut a long scar, clear to the bone, terminating at the back of the head, and the force of the blow knocked the indomitable scout down upon the earth. Down, but not dead; he is worth a dozen dead men yet.

Rushing upon him, they attempted to use their knives, but he fought them off so fiercely with his unaided hands and feet that they again had recourse to their lances. Catching one of these, the Indian tugged so hard to recover it, that he raised the borderer to his feet. To stoop, snatch his rifle and beat out the brains of the savage was the work but of a moment.

Seeing how faint his foeman had become from the effects of this last exertion, the remaining Indian rushed upon him, knife in hand. Higgins' blow upon the skull of the other Indian had broken his rifle, but he still retained the barrel of it, and warding off the blows of the Indian's knife with his left hand, he drew back for a stroke with his right. At this the Indian, who, physically, was now a match for four such men as the plucky Higgins, began to retreat from the glaring eyes of his adversary, whose noble courage death alone could conquer.

His course was toward his rifle, and Higgins knew that if he could reach and load it, the battle was over, and throwing aside his rifle barrel, he drew his knife and rushed upon the Indian. Meeting each other in a fierce embrace, they fought like jungle tigers, but the strength of the white man had ebbed away with his blood, and he was no longer a match for the Indian.

Dashing his foe upon the ground, the latter went in search of his rifle, but, with the courage of a demi-god, the white man again arose and sought for the other rifle, tottering along with frame unstrung, but with a heroic soul, from which not all of his wounds and sufferings could banish his inexhaustible bravery. No hero beneath the walls of Troy, no trained gladiator within Rome's fatal arena ever fought against greater odds, or with more unflagging courage. As he pants along in search of the rifle the main body of the savages appear in sight and press eagerly toward the scene of the combat. Higgins sees them, but although it is certain death to remain, yet it is no less surely fatal to fly, with his armed foe upon his trail, and his former fleetness now no more.

The whole combat had been seen by the garrison, yet no one ventured forth to aid their comrade. With womanly sympathy and generosity, Mrs. Pursley attempted by prayers first, and taunts afterwards, to induce some of the men to go to Higgins' relief, and reminded them that his present condition was due to his noble effort in behalf of a wounded comrade, and showed them how any of them might have been wounded, as well as Burgess.

Of no avail—in that fort there were no Logans, nor Kentons. Finding all entreaty useless, and all raillery futile, Mrs. Pursley declared that "never, while she could ride a horse or aim a gun, should so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins die for want of a little help,"

and seizing a rifle, she mounted a horse, and dashed out of the gate to where Higgins had fallen insensible, bleeding from dozens of wounds.

Shamed by her noble example, the men mounted rapidly, and at a full gallop followed the heroic woman. Reaching the gallant borderer, he was thrown across a horse, and all of them made their escape into the fort. After lying as if dead for days, Higgins began to mend, and eventually entirely recovered. His gratitude to Mrs. Pursley was ever profound.

Where, in the records of heroic deeds, is one whose lustre outshines that of this grand woman? Where is the human heart that does not beat with fuller throbs of joy and pride to know that, with all of its ills and its imperfections, with all of its vanity and its folly, humanity still links such god-like virtue to its viler dross? Who now shall say that woman's courage is mere passive endurance of pain, the unflinching fortitude under suffering? To all such, the exploit of this noble woman is sufficient refutation; for one such deed absolves the entire sex from all derogation, and in the coming years, should but one such legend live, it will suffice to show to the world that the pioneer heroines of the West joined to the tender sympathy and true femininity of their sex the hardier courage and unflinching determination of the sterner one.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MISS WASHBURN.

LOVELY LANDSCAPES——MOUNT PLEASANT——GATHERING INDIANS——THEIR AMUSEMENTS——THE TWO SPIES——THEIR PERILOUS POSITION——OUT OF WATER——M'LELLAN'S VENTURE——TURN ABOUT——WHITE'S ADVENTURE ——THE WHITE SQUAW——FORCED TO KILL THE OTHER——THE FLIGHT—— DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD BODY——THE PURSUIT——SURROUNDED——A FIERCE ATTACK——THE MISSING GIRL——THE UNGUARDED SPOT——THE INDIAN DISCOVERY——A LONG RANGE——A BROKEN FLINT——THE WARRIOR'S LEAP——THE MYSTERIOUS SHOT——THE GULF OF DEATH—— ANOTHER ATTEMPT——THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH——DISHEARTENED SAVAGES ——THE MYSTERIOUS MARKSMAN——THE ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE——A DARING GUIDE——THROUGH THE INDIAN VILLAGE——SAFETY——GREAT HARDSHIPS ——A BRAVE GIRL

By the cruel irony of Nature, seemingly never thoroughly in sympathy with humanity, the most idyllic valleys, the most picturesque crags and hillsides, have been the scenes of battles and massacres the most terrible. Landscapes, whose ideal beauty would almost seem to hold spell-bound the gazer, have echoed to the horrid yell of the savage, and have been bathed in the blood of the innocent and the defenseless. Hardly a vale in all this boundless West but has witnessed the fierce combat, scarcely a hill-top but has echoed to the death whoop of the red man.

Overlooking a wide and lovely valley, upon the Hockhocking River, towers the romantic peak of Mount Pleasant, broken into crags and chasms, and covered with graceful trees. In 1790, spectators upon its summit (and there were such), could have seen a lively picture of Indian life down in the beautiful vale beneath. One of their villages occupied a portion of the plain, and in October, of the year we have mentioned, it was the scene of unusual activity. Gathering in a council, that had for its object the extermination of the border settlements, were the warring bands of the neighboring tribes. Before setting out on their deadly mission, they were amusing themselves with the sports usual to their nation. There were races of horses and of men, leaping, throwing the tomahawk, and shooting at a mark.

Fearing no spectators, they chanted aloud their songs of war and rapine, gave vent to their hatred of the whites in fierce yells and pantomimic gesturings, and over and over again enacted, in their savage dances, their deeds of arson, outrage, and murder. Day



INDIAN SCALP DANCE.

after day their numbers increased, and their revelry grew more wild and hideous as the time was rapidly approaching, when they would steal out upon the hated whites, and plunder, burn, and slay.

Had they but known it, their every movement had its keen spectators, their every word its eager listeners. Upon the topmost crag of the mountain lay White and McLellan, two of the most daring scouts of their day. An inkling of the movements of the savages had reached the post above the mouth of the Hockhocking, and two of its scouts had been detailed to watch them, and give timely notice of their movements. Provided with an ample store of jerked beef and corn bread, they lighted no fire, and in every way avoided giving any sign of their presence in the vicinity.

Occasionally a band of the Indians would stroll up to the mountain's top, to view the prospect, or to indulge in secret counsel. At these visits the scouts carefully secreted themselves in caves or thickets, thoroughly effacing every indication of their trail. At last the water, which the rains had poured into hollows of the rocks, gave out, and still the Indians showed no signs of moving. They could not now avoid going in search of water, and in doing this, they ran the risk of detection from the constantly moving bands of the savages.

McLellan being the most experienced, determined to make the first exploration, and cautiously descending the hillside, he skirted around it toward the river, and after making an abrupt turn, came suddenly upon a beautiful spring. To a man who had been drinking the stagnant water of the hill-top, this clear fountain, now known as Cold Spring, was a treat indeed. Drinking his fill, McLellan carried off two canteens of the crystal fluid, and soon regained his eyrie. After this the scouts took turn about at this perilous duty, and on one of these occasions White had filled his canteens, but lingered, loath to leave the spring. While sitting there, his eyes fixed on the sparkling water, he heard a sound, and looking up, beheld two squaws just turning the abrupt break in the hill. They saw him at the same time, and the elder at once gave vent to the alarm whoop of the Indians.

Reflecting that he must silence this clamor, or he and his comrade perish, he sprang at once upon the two squaws, and being a man of unusual strength and activity, he soon had them in the little brook, that led from the spring out into the river. Here he endeavored to drown them both at one time, but the younger struggled violently, and at last managed to gasp out a few words of English.

Releasing her at once, he soon succeeded in smothering the older woman, and allowing her body to float on down the stream, he hastily made his way back to his comrade, accompanied by the white girl, who had been a captive amongst the Indians. Long before they reached their hiding place, they heard a terrific whooping, some hundreds of yards down the river, and they knew that the Indians had discovered the body of the old squaw.

McLellan, from his look-out, saw the Indians in the plain below scatter off in all directions, some twenty of them making their way up the steep sides of the mountain. The borderers, on their isolated pinnacle, now thought but how to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and advised the girl to return to the savages, and say that she had been taken prisoner by the scouts. They told her, that if she would do this at once, and truly state their number, the Indians would not harm her, but that if she remained, it would only be to die, as they saw no possibility of escape.

They did not know the metal of which the girl was made. With a clear eye and an unwavering voice, she announced her determination to remain at all hazards. She might be of some service to them, and as for death, she did not fear it, and would prefer to die with her own people, rather than live with the savages. If either of them did escape, and she was killed, all that she would ask was to have her relatives notified of her fate. "If," she added, "either of you should be disabled, I can use a rifle, and I will assist you in making the sacrifice of our lives cost the Indians as dearly as possible." Seeing that remonstrance availed nothing, the scouts prepared for the combat, and soon the savages were seen stealing from tree to tree and from cover the cover, until in a short time they were completely surrounded.

There were but two ways of approach to the position of the whites; one along a narrow back-bone of the hill; the other an isolated spur, to be reached only by a leap across a deep chasm. The distance across was only about twelve feet, a mere nothing to the agile red man, but a fall or a mis-step would precipitate the leaper down into the chasm, fully two hundred feet. The point once gained, the scouts were doomed to certain death, as they had no shelter against a shot from that direction.

Hoping that this "coign of vantage" might escape the keen observation of the Indians, White and McLellan now turned their attention to the forest, where the foemen were stealing rapidly nearer.

Some of these were incautious enough to expose a portion of their persons, and went down before the infallible aim of the white men; one of the dying warriors rolling in his death agony just below them, and lodging in a heavy thicket. The girl had disappeared, but to this circumstance they had no time to pay attention, nor to the dead Indian almost in reach of them, and whose rifle would have been a great prize to them.

Several of the savages had fallen, but neither of the white men had yet been touched, when McLellan saw two or three of the Indians stealing toward the point, which, once gained, was equivalent to the death of the brave scouts. If they but had a single companion to guard the fatal spot—but pshaw! repinings are useless—they will fight while they may, and die when they must. At last they saw one of the Indians reach the edge of the ravine, and prepare for the leap. From where they lay it was a long shot, one hundred yards if it was an inch, and in that day they had no Sharps nor Winchesters, but McLellan determined to try it. Raising his rifle, he aimed with an extra degree of caution, and touched the delicate trigger.

Just at the moment of contact the flint snapped into a thousand pieces, but the rifle did not even flash in the pan; not a spark of fire having been generated. At the most critical time his gun had failed him, but with as great coolness as if nothing unusual had happened, he selected another flint and carefully adjusted it. He did not even hope that he could be ready in time to prevent the leap of this savage, but he must be ready to kill.

As he had surmised, before he had secured the flint, the Indian gathered himself up for the spring, but just as he launched himself into the air, there came a sharp, whip-like report, and turning over and over in its rapid descent, the body of the Indian fell into the deep gulf below. The wail of the savages ascended, and their grief was certainly no greater than the surprise of the two comrades.

Here was aid from a hand of which they knew nothing. The lull after the death of the first leaper, they knew would be of short duration, and soon again a swarthy frame steals along toward the bank of the jagged chasm. Determined to give the unseen marksman no time to take a deliberate aim, he gained the edge in two bounds, and with the third sprang for the other side.

Just as the scouts as well as the Indians, were thinking that this one had succeeded, a report again rang out, and the ball striking the



MISS WASHBURN'S SHOT.

savage while in mid air, he reached the desired spot, but only to rebound from it into the chasm a corpse. The scouts could not

resist a shout of triumph, but no answer came from the mysterious marksman. After this second sacrifice, the disheartened red men drew off their forces down the mountain to a safe distance, and determined to await the next day, before renewing the attack.

The sun was just sinking in a glorious blaze of golden light, and the lovely October twilight wrapped the hill and the valley in a robe of beauty, when the cessation of hostilities first gave the scouts a chance to think of the captive girl. After a few words upon the subject, they came to the conclusion that she had become frightened at the dreadful prospect, and stealing off, had returned to the Indian camp.

In a few moments, however, they beheld the slight form of the girl approaching, rifle in hand, from the direction of the solitary rock, and from her they learned the history of the mysterious shots. When she was certain that the warrior who fell early in the action and rolled between the two fires was dead, she skirted down a small ravine, and cautiously approaching the thicket, secured his rifle and ammunition. While there she heard some of the Indians call out to others to gain the point spoken of, and hence she had determined, if possible, to be ahead of them, and defeat their object.

Gaining a favorable point, she had shot down the two warriors, who had attempted the daring leap. In the second one who fell beneath her aim, she recognized High Bear, a Shawnee brave, who ten years before had killed and scalped all of her family, except her brother, Eli Washburn, a famous scout, and who had taken her a captive. In that shot she had wreaked a desired vengeance, as well as defeated the deep laid plans of the red men.

When it became thoroughly dark, the scouts determined to attempt a retreat, though they knew that their risks would be greatly increased by the heavy clouds, which had now rendered the sky of inky blackness. To the girl every locality was familiar, and it was determined to let her lead the way. This proved a lucky arrangement, for they had scarcely gone a hundred yards down the hillside, when, at a low hush from the girl, they sank down and waited in silence for her return. After an absence of a quarter of an hour, she came back and told them she had succeeded in removing two sentinels from the path. They continued their way in silence, until suddenly, right at their feet, they heard the barking of an Indian dog.

Not knowing what to expect next, they hastily cocked their rifles, at which the girl touched them, warned them to be quiet, and told them they were in the midst of the Indian village. Only a few yards further on, an Indian woman protruded her head from a lodge door and spoke to the girl. Answering her in her own language, the girl did not stop. Hastening along in this manner for some time longer, the girl touched them, and whispered that they had now passed through the village, and were safe.

With a sagacity only equaled by her heroic courage, the girl had determined to make her way through the village, knowing that every other avenue of escape would be most rigidly guarded. Her judgment proved correct, and after several days of hard marching the party reached their post in safety, having suffered many hardships on the way.

The Indians, fearing that their plans had all been discovered, gave over their attack on the settlement, and thus the bravery of a delicate girl had proved of signal benefit; not only saving the lives of the two scouts, but preventing an Indian raid, and all of its attendant horrors. All honor to this border heroine, whose frail body contained a spirit as brave, and a soul as noble, as that of Saladin or Coeur de Leon.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. DAVIESS AND MRS. PORTER.

BIRTH-PLACE OF MRS. DAVIESS——REMOVES TO KENTUCKY——THE EARLY BIRD ——A RAPID FLIGHT——FRIENDS TO THE RESCUE——A COVERED TRAIL ——THE WOUNDED DOG——THE ENEMY IN SIGHT——CONDUCT OF THE SAVAGES——A BOY SCALPED——THE REST UNHARMED——A WOMAN'S WIT ——A LONG DRESS——FORETHOUGHT OF A MOTHER——HER INTENTIONS ——FATE OF THE SCALPED BOY——TERRIBLY DISFIGURED——DEATH OF YOUNG DAVIESS——ANOTHER INCIDENT——THE DESPERADO——HIS CAPTURE ——THE SKULKING INDIAN——MRS. DAVIESS SAVES HER HUSBAND'S LIFE ——MRS. PORTER——PONTIAC'S WAR——A PENNSYLVANIA HEROINE——THE ABSENT HUSBAND——INDIANS IN SIGHT——SWORD AND RIFLE——THE SABRE'S STROKE——TWO INDIANS KILLED——THE THIRD SHOT——REACHES HER HUSBAND——RIFLED AND BURNED——THE INDIANS REMAINS——A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

The name of Daviess is one of historical significance in the annals of Kentucky; the women who bore it, as well as the men, being possessed of unusual courage and determination. The subject of the present sketch, as well as her husband, Samuel Daviess, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, and removed to Whitley's Station, in Lincoln County, Kentucky, in the fall of 1779. Concluding, after some months residence in the fort, that there was no danger to be apprehended from the Indians, they moved to Gilmore's Lick, about six miles distant, and opened up a farm there, building a comfortable log cabin.

Everything went well until August, 1782, when, stepping out of the door one morning, Mr. Daviess walked off a few steps, and then turned back to reenter his house. As he turned, an Indian appeared between him and the door. Starting to run around the house, hoping by that means, to draw the Indian after him, when he would have a chance to dart into the door, he partially succeeded, but, on looking inside, he saw that the house was now filled with savages.

He realized that, unarmed as he was, he could render no assistance to his family, and throwing his pursuer off of his trail, by dodging about in a corn-field, he darted off rapidly to the nearest station, that of his brother, James Daviess. Before reaching the station, he was observed, and his condition denoted that he was in trouble.

When he arrived, the five men, who were at the station, were ready armed, and they hastily turned back in the direction of his house. Here everything was in confusion, all of the family gone, but no signs of any of them having been murdered.

The savages had taken such precautions, that they had left no trail, but with the instinct of the frontiersman, the party divined the course that would be pursued, and after a quick and fatiguing march of some miles, they heard the baying of a hound, which Daviess recognized as one of his. This dog had persistently followed the family, and the Indians, after vainly trying to beat him off, had fired at and wounded him.

They were now certain that they were on the trail, and they rushed forward at their utmost speed. After keeping up this gait for a short time, they came across two savages, the rear guard of the party, and drove them rapidly in upon their companions. In order to save the prisoners, the rescuing party redoubled their speed, and did not arrive a moment too soon. A quick volley scattered the Indians, but at the first alarm one of them had knocked the oldest of the Daviess boys down, and scalped him.

The other children scattered into the thick brush, and Mrs. Daviess saved herself and infant by jumping into a sink-hole. The oldest boy was thought to be dead, but soon revived, and rising to his feet, his first words were: "Curse that Indian, he has got my scalp!"

The conduct of the savages was learned from Mrs. Daviess. When they entered the house, in a few seconds after her husband had left it, they were four in number, but were afterward joined by the one, who had gone in pursuit of her husband. She was confident that they had been lying near the door for some time, expecting to rush in as soon as it was opened. Once inside, they made motions for her to get up and dress herself. She occupied all the time she could in this operation, and hoping to amuse the savages, so as to detain them as long as possible, began showing them various articles of clothing; succeeding in keeping them thus engaged for more than two hours.

The savages were in no great hurry to depart, as in answer to a question of theirs, she told them that the nearest house was eight miles off. At last they ordered all of the family out of the house, rifled it, and set off through the woods, forbidding the children,

on pain of death, to break a twig or limb, fearing that it might betray their course. An Indian cut off some inches from the length of Mrs. Daviess' dress-skirt, for fear its dragging on the ground might have the same effect.

The smaller children becoming very weary, the mother made the larger ones take them up and carry them, knowing the Indian habit of murdering such prisoners as were unable to keep up. In speaking of what she would have done, had she not been rescued that day, Mrs. Daviess said she intended to wait until the savages were asleep that night, and then secure what of their arms she could, and endeavor to escape with her children. She believed, she said, that by securing and secreting their arms, and then firing upon them, she could so confuse them that they would take to immediate flight. Luckily, however, the brave woman was not forced to make any such attempt.

Young Daviess, who was scalped, was horribly disfigured by his mutilation, and ever entertained the bitterest hate for the savages. This he determined to take the first opportunity of satiating. His father died the year after this savage raid, and it is supposed that his violent exertions on that occasion were the cause of his death. Ten years after his horrible experience, young Daviess, now twenty-one years of age, went, with a party of neighbors, in pursuit of some Indians, who had been stealing horses from the whites, and falling into an ambuscade, was killed.

We will give two other incidents in the life of Mrs. Daviess, and our sketch is concluded. Just before her husband's death, Kentucky was infested with desperadoes, some of whom operated in organized bands, while others perpetrated their evil deeds single-handed. Among the latter was one, who was noted for his determined bravery and his lawlessness. He had committed frequent depredations upon the property of Daviess and his neighbors, and at last they determined to hunt him down, and deliver him to the officers of the law.

It so happened, that while they were out on this hunt, the very desperado for whom they were searching, rode up to the house, dismounted, and entered with his gun and tomahawk. Mrs. Daviess knew him at once, and she could also see that he had not heard of the hunt that had been instituted. Inviting him to take a seat,

she placed before him a bottle of whisky and a glass, telling him to help himself.

This he proceeded to do, and while engaged in the pleasant pastime of swallowing the fiery beverage, she stepped into an adjoining room, got a rifle, cocked it, and marched in upon the



MRS. DAVIESS SAVES HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.

desperado, before he could either retreat or use his weapons. Warning him that if he did not sit still she would kill him, she mounted guard, and held him a prisoner in the room until the return of her husband, when he took charge of the fellow, and delivered him over to justice.

At another time, Mrs. Daviess noticed an Indian skulking along under the edge of a high crag, and believing him to be bent on mischief, she stepped quickly into the house, and securing a rifle, secreted herself behind a large tree, and watched the savage closely. At last, seeing him examine his rifle carefully, and raise it to his shoulder, she took a hasty aim and fired, and the Indian fell dead. Reloading her rifle, she made her way to the clearing where her husband was at work, and from his position she had no doubt but that he was the intended victim of the savage.

MRS. PORTER.

The next incident, which we shall relate, occurred during the Indian war, which had been incited by the eloquence, and conducted by the genius of Pontiac, one of the greatest chiefs America ever produced. Had the Indians possessed the tenacity of purpose, and the inextinguishable courage of their white opponents, so well were the measures of this savage Napoleon taken, and so admirable his plans, that for a time at least, the extension of the pioneer settlements would have been checked, and their advanced posts wiped off of the face of the earth.

But easily dispirited by defeat, and lacking the bull-dog pluck necessary to carry into effect any great design, if they failed at the first rush to accomplish their purpose, they were ready for a retreat. In this way the ambitious schemes of their great leader were defeated, and their conspiracy came to naught.

Amongst other things, we have it, on the authority of the Indians themselves, that during this war some of the tribes partially returned to a state of cannibalism, and the hearts of several white men were cooked and eaten. While the war was in progress, innumerable deeds of bloodshed and cruelty were enacted by the savages, and during these terrible scenes, the heroism of the border women was often made manifest. One of the most notable occasions was the one we will now narrate.

Prior to the beginning of this war, a Mr. Porter had removed to the Sinking Valley, in Huntington County, Pennsylvania. He was accompanied by his wife, the couple having no children. The portion of Virginia from which they had removed, had long since ceased to be infested by the savages, but neither Mr. Porter nor his wife,

was a stranger to their character and their fiendishness.. It happened on one occasion, when her husband had gone to mill, that Mrs. Porter saw an Indian, hideously painted and heavily armed, approaching the house. Knowing that, in so open a structure as her cabin



MRS. PORTER KILLS THREE INDIANS.

she could not repel a siege, she determined upon a bold, but desperate expedient.

Taking down her husband's rifle, she placed it in a convenient position, and getting his heavy sabre (for her husband was a militia captain!) she opened the door sufficiently wide for a person to pass

in, and then so secured it that it could not be pushed wide open. The savages, who had doubtless, from some convenient ambush, witnessed the departure of her husband, advanced with the utmost confidence, though at some distance from each other, and in single file. Their conduct showed conclusively that they had no idea of the reception awaiting them.

Reaching the door, behind which Mrs. Porter was hidden, the first Indian entered leisurely, and was about to make himself at home, when, with a rapid sweep of the sabre, the brave woman cleft his skull, and without a sigh or a groan, he fell dead. The second followed quickly in his leader's footsteps, and like him fell beneath the edge of the sabre. The third, pressing eagerly on, beheld the fall of his comrades, and fearing to enter, hovered around the house. In order to get a shot at the third Indian, Mrs. Porter ascended to the upper story, and the savage, seeing this movement, and thinking she was endeavoring to hide, rushed up the stairs after her, and on reaching the upper floor, was fired upon and killed.

Hoping that the last of her foes had fallen, Mrs. Porter went cautiously down the stairs, and looking around the yard, she saw a skulking savage sneaking off at the top of his speed. She then ran hastily along the road her husband had taken, fearing that larger bodies of Indians might be around. She met her husband on his return, told him what she had done, and they sought the shelter of the nearest block-house. On the next morning a party went to the house, and found that it had been rifled and burned, but in its ashes were the half-consumed skeletons of the three Indians.

This brave exploit has rarely been equaled, and never excelled even amongst the firm-nerved, hardy heroines of the border, and must ever challenge our admiration and excite our wonder, so long as gallant actions call up a thrill of enthusiasm in the breasts of men. This daring achievement, the action of a delicate woman, was worthy the time-tried and battle-tempered courage of one of the iron veterans of Napoleon.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. MERRILL AND WAR-WOMAN CREEK.

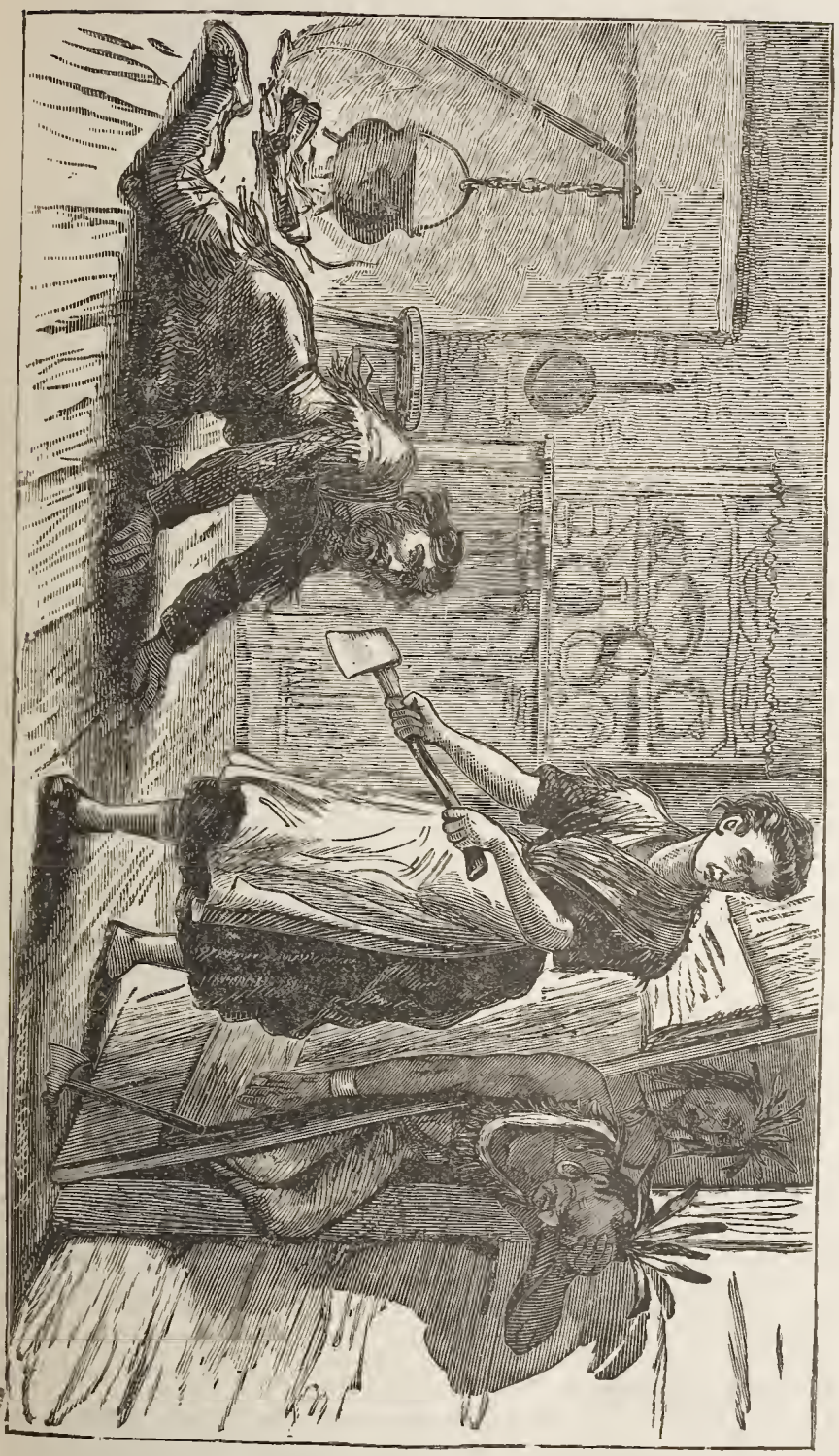
THE MOST REMARKABLE FEAT ON RECORD——THE NIGHT ATTACK——THE HOUSE SURROUNDED——A FAITHFUL DOG——THE OPEN DOOR——MR. MERRILL WOUNDED——THE BARRICADE——A WEAK GARRISON——THE BREACH EFFECTED——A KENTUCKY AMAZON——HER HEROIC DEFENSE——FOUR INDIANS KILLED——A DIVISION——TWO INDIANS TRY THE CHIMNEY——THE FEATHER TICK——SUFFOCATED SAVAGES——TWO MORE SLAUGHTERED——THE SEVENTH WOUNDED——HIS FLIGHT——A TALE OF TERROR——THE GIANT SQUAW——AN IMMENSE TOMAHAWK——WAR-WOMAN CREEK——AN INDIAN LEGEND——A DEED OF BLOOD——A BEREAVED MOTHER——LEFT FOR DEAD——THE DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE——ON THE TRAIL——THE INDIAN CAMP——THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED——A RIGHTEOUS FURY——DEATH OF THE INDIANS——REBOUNDING CRUELTY——DEATH OF THE WHITE WOMAN——REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

MRS. MERRILL.

Probably one of the most remarkable of combats, if not the most remarkable on record, was that of this heroine. When we take into consideration the great odds against her, the depressing circumstances under which she fought, her steady bravery, her ready wit, and quick expedients, we may lay aside all question of sex, and place this exploit on a plane with that of any hero that ever lived.

About twelve o'clock one night, during the summer of 1787, the Indians surrounded the house of John Merrill, in Nelson County, Kentucky. The faithful dog gave warning of their presence, and Mr. Merrill incautiously opened the door to look out. This was just such a chance as the savages wished, and firing a volley from their rifles, Merrill fell to the floor with a broken arm and thigh. Calling hastily to his wife to close the door, the Indians were thus made aware of his crippled condition, and fearing no danger from the white woman, the door was no sooner closed than they began hacking at it with their tomahawks and soon effected a large breach.

They now prepared to force their way in, but here they met with unexpected opposition. Mrs. Merrill, who was a perfect Amazon, and who knew no fear, seized a keen axe standing near, and stood on guard. At last one of the savages protruded his head and shoulders into the breach, when, with a powerful sweep of her heavy axe, the



MRS. MERRILL'S TERRIBLE COMBAT—KILLING SIX INDIANS AND WOUNDING ONE.

brave woman cleft his skull in twain, and then pulled him through the opening in the door.

This ruse succeeded; supposing that their comrade had effected a lodgment, and hearing no signs of a struggle, another Indian pressed forward, and met with the same fate.

In this manner four of the savages met their deaths, when the others, becoming suspicious, determined to try another entrance. Climbing to the roof, two of the marauders entered the broad chimney, leaving their last comrade on watch at the door. It was a trying moment, and only a ready wit and quick action could save them, but of that the Kentucky Amazon was capable. Leaving the door for a few seconds, she darted to the bed, took off the feather tick, ripped it open and emptied it upon the fire.

Rushing back to the door again, she found that the Indian outside was making no attempt to enter. Just then there was a bright blaze, then a dense smoke and in a few seconds two almost suffocated savages fell into the fire-place. To dash forward, and cleave their shaven skulls, was the work of but a moment, and before they had recovered from their suffocation, the tawny murderers were ushered into eternity.

Not knowing how many more of them there might be, she again mounted guard at the door, and as the surviving savage put in his head, calling for his companions, she aimed a strong blow at him. Dodging just in time to save his life, he received a slash which split his cheek from eye to chin. Howling with pain, he ran off, and made the best of his way back to the Indian town of Chillicothe.

A white man, who was a prisoner in Chillicothe at the time, said that the report of the Indian was to the effect that, after shooting a man in Kentucky, they attempted to enter the house, and were met by a white squaw, at least ten feet high, who had an immense tomahawk, with an edge two feet long, and who fought them with all the fury of a demon. The others had fought her bravely, and had perished, he alone, by his superior skill and courage, being enabled, after dealing the terrible squaw some deadly blows with his tomahawk, to make his escape with the wound in his cheek.

Here was a heroine, indeed, worthy to have fought with Boadicea for a kingdom, or to have gone up with Penthesilea against the warlike Grecians, whose army girdled the walls and towers of fated Troy.

WAR-WOMAN CREEK.

Our next legend is taken from the traditions of the Indians themselves, and as that people are ever prone to magnify their own exploits, while decrying those of others, we may conclude that it is "an o'er true tale." Frost, the historian, recites it as follows: "The annals of North Carolina are rich in the traditions of sudden surprises and savage slaughter, and not a hill, vale or water-course in the western part of the State, but has its tale full of wierd interest. Many of the massacres perpetrated by the Creeks, Cherokees, and other southern tribes, were upon detached settlers, and thus whole families, as in the present instance, may have often been blotted out of existence, the fact attracting no attention, owing to the want of neighbors to whom it might have become known, and by whom it might have been perpetuated. In such cases the account of the savages present the only record of these bloody facts.

The facts were first made known by an old Indian in 1838, and are as follows: "Many years ago, in the first settlement of the country, a wandering party of their tribe (the Cherokees) attacked the house of a squatter, somewhere up on their borders, during his absence, and massacred all his children, and left his wife covered with the mangled bodies of her butchered offspring; scalped, like them, and apparently dead. She was not, however, wounded so badly as they supposed, and no sooner did she hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, than, disengaging herself from the heap of the slain, haggard, pale, and drenched with her own and the blood of her children, she peered steadily from the door, and finding her enemies no longer in sight, hastily extinguished the fire, which, before leaving, they had applied to her cabin, but which had, as yet, made very little impression on the green logs of which it was composed.

Wiping from her eyes the warm blood, still reeking from her scalpless head, she directed her agonized gaze to the bleeding and disfigured frames of those who, scarce an hour before, were playing at the door, and gladdening her maternal heart with their merry laughter, and as she felt, in the full sense of her desolation, the last ray of hope die within her bosom, there stole over her ghastly face an expression as savage as was ever worn by the ruthless slayers of her innocent babes.

Her eyes gleamed with the wild fury of the tigress robbed of its young, as closing her cabin carefully behind her, with a countenance

animated by some desperate purpose, she started off in the same path by which the murderers had departed. Heedless of her wounds and wasting blood, and lost to all sense of hunger and fatigue in the one absorbing and fell purpose which actuated her, she paused not upon the trail of her foes, until at night she came up with them, encamped at the side of the creek, which is indebted to her for its present name.

Emerging from the gloom of the surrounding darkness, on her hands and knees, she noiselessly crept toward the fire, the blaze of which, as it flickered upward, discovered to her the prostrate forms of the Indians, who, overcome by an unusually fatiguing day's travel, were wrapped in deep sleep with their only weapons, their tomahawks, in their belts. Her stealthily advancing figure, as the uncertain light of the burning fire fell upon it with more or less distinctness—now exposing its lineaments clotted with blood, and distorted by an expression which her wrongs and the desolators of her hearthstone exaggerated to a degree almost fiendish; and now shading all, save two gleaming, spectral eyes—was even more striking than the swarthy faces which she glared upon.

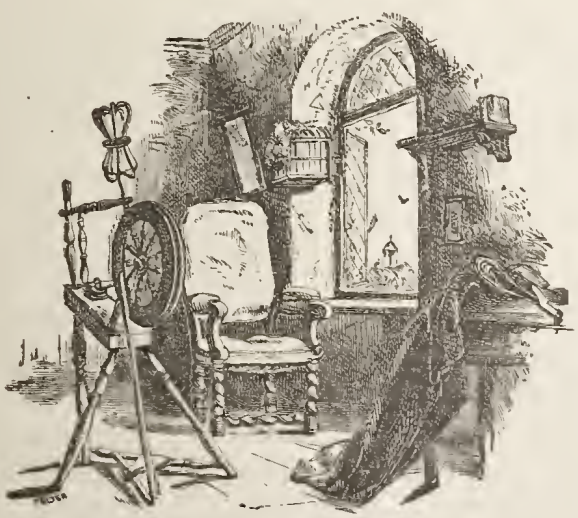
Assuring herself that they were fast asleep, she gently removed their tomahawks and dropped all but one in the creek. With this remaining weapon in her hand, and cool resolution in her heart, she bent over the nearest enemy, and lifting the instrument, to which her own and her children's blood still adhered, with one terrific and unerring blow buried it into the temple of its owner. The savage moved no more than partly to turn upon his side, gasped a little, quivered a minute like an aspen, and sunk back to his former position quite dead. Smiling ghastly in his rigid face, the desperate woman left him, and noiselessly as before, dispatched all the sleepers, but one, to that long rest from which only the last trump can awaken them.

The last devoted victim, however, was roused to a consciousness of his situation, by the death struggles of his companions. He sprang to his feet and felt for his weapon. It was not there, and one glance explained everything to him; he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand, and with it succeeded in partially warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate

woman faint with the loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now, and the wounded savage only availed himself of his remaining strength to crawl away.

In her piteous plight the poor woman remained until near noon on the following day, when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of whites, to whom she told her story, and then died. After burying her on the spot, they made some exertions to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale, the little stream before mentioned, was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also by the pale faces, as the "War-Woman Creek."

A gruesome tale, but one well showing the fond love of a mother turned to a frenzy of despairing hate against the inhuman murderers of her loved ones. It would, too, be difficult to find an instance in which an excess of cruelty rebounded with fatal effect upon its perpetrators more swiftly, or in which a righteous retribution was more speedily wrought, or by a feebler instrument, than in this case. They who had sown the wind of brutal slaughter and coward outrage, reaped the whirlwind of righteous death, through midnight murder.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

HEROIC CHILDREN.

THE JOHNSON BOYS——CHILDISH PLAY——INDIANS IN DISGUISE——THE CAPTURE——THE CAMP AT NIGHT——CLOSE PRISONERS——THE RELEASE——A PLAN TO KILL THE INDIANS——THE LITTLE TREMBLER——A GALLANT YOUTH——FLIGHT TOWARDS HOME——THE ELDER JOHNSON'S PLAN——A WONDERFUL TALE——INCREDULITY——A VISIT TO THE CAMP——ONE DEAD INDIAN——ONE TERRIBLY WOUNDED——ESCAPE OF THE LATTER——YOUNG DARKE——RABBIT HUNTING——NOBLER GAME——AN INFURIATED PANTHER ——SAVAGE COMBAT——DARKE TO THE RESCUE——DESPERATE BRAVERY ——ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT——A FURIOUS CHARGE——MIRACULOUS ESCAPES ——DARKE'S APPEARANCE——CUTS DOWN A SAVAGE——HIS SERVICES—— YOUNG BINGAMAN——A GIANT'S BATTLE——A FEARLESS SETTLER——CABIN SURPRISED——A COWARDLY HAND——A WOUNDED WOMAN——SEVEN INDIANS KILLED WITH A RIFLE BARREL——PURSUIT OF INDIANS——THE PREMATURE ATTACK——THE ENVIOUS CAPTAIN——THE REPROOF——THE CHILDISH PRISONER——BRUTALLY ABUSED——BOLD DETERMINATION—— ATTACK POSTPONED——REGRETS——TWO AT A SHOT——THE DEAD AND WOUNDED——THE BOY'S REVENGE——SAFE AT HOME.

THE JOHNSON BOYS.

Even the children of these pioneer parents, when occasion offered, showed the same courage and determination that marked the conduct of their fathers and mothers. One of the most remarkable instances of skill and bravery ever shown by children was the exploit of the two Johnson boys; one aged about twelve years, the other nine. They were one day playing upon the banks of Short Creek, a stream that empties into the Muskingum, near its mouth. They were engaged in the childish pastime of skipping stones along the surface of the water, and soon noticed approaching them two men dressed as ordinary farmers. These men stopped from time to time to skip stones along the water, as if full of innocent sport, and this, together with their dress and the fact that no one anticipated any trouble from the savages, prevented any alarm on the part of the boys.

When, however, they had approached so near to the boys that they knew the latter could not escape, they sprung swiftly forward, and soon had captured them. They proved to be two Delaware Indians. Taking the children in their arms, they turned into the

woods, and made a rapid march of six or seven miles. They then halted, made a fire, and camped for the night, and anticipating no trouble from the children, they set their rifles and tomahawks against the tree at their heads, and lay down to sleep, each of them holding a boy in his arms. After lying quietly thus until the fire had burned down to a bed of coals, the elder of the boys began trying to release himself from his captor's arms, and as the latter seemed to be very tired, and was sleeping very soundly, he in a little while succeeded.

Unwilling to escape and leave his little brother in the hands of the savages, he walked to the fire, and throwing on some wood to make a light, so that he might be able to see the exact position of the Indians and their arms, he stepped noiselessly to his brother, and whispered him to try and release himself. The latter did so, and both were now free; but the elder had no idea of being recaptured by the savages, and he hurriedly whispered to his brother the plan he had conceived for dispatching the Indians. He would sight a rifle on one of them, cock it and leave it at a rest, so that all the smaller boy had to do was to pull the trigger, and that Indian would be killed. He would stand over the other one with a tomahawk, and when he gave the word, his brother was to fire and he would strike.

While he was making his arrangements, the younger boy had become very nervous, and before his brother was prepared, pulled the trigger. The explosion of course roused the other savage, and he started to spring up, but the elder Johnson struck him a heavy blow with his tomahawk. He had used the blunt end of the blade, and the Indian was only stunned, but turning the weapon in his hand he rained a shower of blows upon his head before he had recovered, and then ran off after his little brother, who had fled as soon as he pulled the trigger of the rifle, and whose flight had been so rapid that he was with difficulty overtaken, evidently fancying the savages in full pursuit.

Before going a hundred yards from the camp that had proved so fatal to the Delawares, the older boy had the forethought to place his hat upon a bush, so that he might be able to again find the spot.

Traveling rapidly from the time of their escape, they reached home just at daylight, where they found their mother greatly terrified at their unaccountable absence. She supposed that they had been drowned, scarcely giving a thought to any danger from

Indians. When the boys told their tale to the assembled neighbors, it was received with a great deal of incredulity, all insisting that, if it was true, the boys should lead them to the scene of the exploit.

To this the elder brother readily agreed, and setting out, they reached the camp early in the afternoon. Here they found the savage who had been tomahawked, but the one who had been shot, had disappeared. At length, however, they discovered a trail of blood, leading from the place, and following it up, they came upon the other Indian. His under jaw had been entirely shot away, and with his hands, arms and breast covered with blood, he made a horrible appearance. As his pursuers came up, he faced about and stood at bay, and each time that the pursuit was pressed, he exhibited this resolute demeanor, until the white men, either repelled by his ghastly appearance, or, as they claimed, afraid that he would lead them into an ambush, allowed him to make good his escape. It is hardly probable that, with so frightful a wound, he could reach his people or recover, but still he had saved his scalp from the pale-faces, and that, to an Indian, was a signal triumph. These events occurred in 1793.

YOUNG DARKE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Darke, who distinguished himself by such heroic gallantry at St. Clair's defeat, early showed the firm qualities of his soul. When a lad of seven or eight years, he went into the woods with a small axe and a dog, for the purpose of hunting rabbits. After a considerable amount of this boyish sport, Darke started for home very tired, and with his rabbits slung across his shoulders. When about a mile from home, he noticed a large animal in a tree, and was passing along carelessly when the creature sprang at him. By a quick movement the boy evaded its leap, and as it struck the ground, it was seized by his faithful dog.

It soon became evident that the dog, though large and powerful, was no match for this animal, which Darke now knew to be a panther. He had heard terrible accounts of the fierceness of the panther, but he could not make up his mind to abandon the dog, which had come to his aid. Rushing up to the struggling animals, he struck the panther a couple of swift blows, compelling it to release the dog. The fierce brute, infuriated by its wounds, now turned upon the boy, and fastened its huge teeth in his leg. Though suffering terribly with pain, the boy continued to slash the panther

with his axe, and at last, when its attention was engaged by the dog, which had again come to the rescue, he succeeded in splitting its skull, and the combat was ended.



YOUNG DARKE'S ADVENTURE WITH THE PANTHER.

When a mere youth, Darke became a soldier, and by his desperate bravery, his coolness, and military skill, rapidly won his way to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, which he held at the battle already

alluded to, where St. Clair suffered so signal a defeat at the hands of the allied savages. During this engagement, Darke was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, and his clothing was cut in many places by the bullets of the enemy. When the rout began, St. Clair collected the stragglers from half a dozen batallions, and placing at their head young Darke, the bravest of the brave, gave the order to charge, and, if possible, check the victorious savages, who were cutting down the whites by the score.

Infusing into his men a portion of his own bravery and enthusiasm, Darke put himself at their head, and thundered down upon the flushed redskins. The charge was successful, and finding that there was still some resistance to be overcome, the savages became more cautious in their advance, and thus a general massacre was averted. The Indians were driven back fully a quarter of a mile, and relieved from this pressure, the flying whites became cooler and more orderly in their retreat. Darke's escape from death was almost miraculous. His face was handsome, his bearing erect and military, he having served through the war of the Revolution, and his person tall and noble, making him, in his elegant uniform, a conspicuous mark for the enemies' sharp-shooters.

In his last charge, when he had beaten back the enemy, and was returning to his former position, Ensign Wilson, a gallant boy of seventeen, fell to the ground shot through the heart, and an Indian, who lay hid in the high grass, sprang up to scalp him. Noticing the action, Darke, who was retreating in the rear of his regiment, faced quickly about, rushed at the savage, and with a single blow of his sabre split his skull wide open. He met with a close volley from dozens of rifles in performing this noble action, but reached his regiment in safety. Darke participated in all of the Indian campaigns, and after the peace of 1794, returned to his home in Virginia.

YOUNG BINGAMAN.

In the year 1758, a gigantic Virginian, named Bingaman, was the actor in a savage combat, without a parallel in the annals of border warfare. At this time he was living with his family in a detached cabin, on the present site of the flourishing little city of Petersburg. His cabin was at some distance from the nearest settlement, and Bingaman was often warned by his neighbors of the great peril to

which his family was exposed. He was, however, a man of the greatest strength and activity, and was absolutely without fear. He averred that he was perfectly able to repel any number of the savages that were likely to assail him, and that he intended to remain where he was at all hazards.

His ability to defend himself was put to its full test that fall, for one night a party of eight Indians made a desperate effort, and forced the door of the cabin, before Bingaman was aware of their presence. The cabin consisted of but two rooms, one on the first and one in the second story. In the lower room slept Bingaman, his wife and little son, and his aged parents; the upper room was occupied by a hired man. When the savages entered, they fired a volley into the room, wounding Mrs. Bingaman slightly in the left breast, but the heroic woman would not cry out or complain, for fear it might disconcert her husband. Calling to his family to get under the beds, and to the hired man to come to his aid, the former promptly obeyed, but the latter did not stir.

Discharging his gun at random, for the room was very dark, he stripped off his only garment, so that the Indians might not be able to hold him, and clubbing his gun, began to use it with terrible effect. Certain that his family had obeyed his command, he struck savagely at every moving form, and so powerful were his blows and so great his activity, that out of the eight assailants, seven were soon stretched dead, or dying, upon the floor of the cabin, which now looked like a slaughter house, piled with its bloody victims. Several times the Indians grappled with him during his terrific struggles, but, owing to his precaution in removing his shirt, were unable to hold him. The eighth Indian, glad to escape from the blows of the giant borderer, fled howling from the scene.

When morning came, Bingaman discovered that his wife had been wounded, and so great was his anger at the craven part played by the hired man, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed on, by his wife, not to shoot him.

Another incident of the prowess of the Virginian is given on the authority of Kercheval. A party of the whites were pursuing a number of marauding savages, and had come upon them just as they were going into camp for the night. It was hurriedly determined not to attack until the savages had gone to sleep, as by that means

it was hoped that all of them might be killed. The whites dismounted, and Bingaman was ordered by the captain to hold the horses, while the others went ahead to reconnoiter the camp. Disregarding these orders, Bingaman pushed on with the rest, the action was prematurely brought on by an impetuous young man firing at an Indian who was approaching him rather closely.

All was now confusion. The savages started to fly, and Bingaman, dropping his rifle, dashed forward in the pursuit. Singling out a gigantic Indian, he passed unnoticed several smaller ones, and reaching his victim, split his skull with a well-aimed blow. As the others began to reach him, he cut them down one by one, and the other whites having closely followed the flying enemy, there were none left, and the combat ceased. At this point, the captain of the company, an enemy of Bingaman, came up to him and thundered out, "Why are you not with the horses, sir? I ordered you to stay with the horses." "I know you did," said the giant, scowling upon him with his terrible eyes; "And I knew your object was to disgrace me, and if I hear one more word of your infernal insolence, I'll serve you like that Indian there," and he pointed to one of his victims.

When a child, Bingaman had been taken a prisoner by the savages, and treated with their usual unkindness and brutality. He and an older companion had been out in a canoe, and returning to the shore, they were dragging the canoe up on the sand, when two savages rushed out of the bushes. These quickly tomahawked and scalped the young man; and one leading and the other driving, with threats and blows, the thirteen year old boy, they struck out into the forest, and rapidly pushed on toward their villages. By night they had made a distance of some twenty-five miles, and the boy, who had been terribly abused on the march, was utterly worn out.

Even at that age, he possessed a determined courage, and while the Indians were making their preparations to camp, he was endeavoring to form some feasible plan of escape. Halting about half an hour before sunset, one of the savages had immediately started out in quest of game, while the other, having made a fire, lay down upon his blanket, leaving his rifle standing against a tree near by him. Seeing that his captor anticipated no danger, young Bingaman at first determined to possess himself of the rifle, slay the Indian

and fly, but reflecting that, even if the absent one did not hear the report of the rifle and hasten back, it would be but a short time until the savage would be upon his trail, and feeling his inability to cope with this warrior, he gave up the idea, and determined to wait until they had fallen to sleep before attempting anything.



YOUNG BINGAMAN TAKEN PRISONER.

He knew that he must kill both of them, if he hoped to make good his escape. On his return to camp, the hunter seemed equally as unsuspecting as his companion, but after supper he proceeded to bind the lad tightly, and then pass one end of the cord under the boy's body and tied it to his own wrist. Thus secured, and with an

Indian on each side of him, the lad almost regretted not having carried out his first intention. After awhile both of the savages were sound asleep, and Bingaman began tugging at his bonds. It seemed to him that he had been thus engaged for two or three hours, and he had just succeeded in freeing one hand, when the hunter awoke. Feigning the soundest sleep, the boy held the cord tightly in his hand, and the Indian, satisfied by the groans of the lad, as he jerked the cord, that his captive was still firmly bound, turned over, and was soon once more snoring away.

Releasing his other hand, the boy arose, and after rubbing his arms and wrists to restore their circulation, he matured his plan. Fearing that if he used a tomahawk its blow upon one might awaken the other, he secured the two rifles, and aiming one at each of the sleepers, he secured them in rest with the pieces of rotten wood lying around. Taking a final sight over the guns, he laid a tomahawk near at hand and touched the trigger of each rifle. Just as the explosion occurred one of the savages turned, and the load intended for his head took effect in his shoulder, while the other was instantly killed.

The wounded one promptly comprehended the situation, and seizing the boy endeavored to draw him to him. The prudence of young Bingaman in providing the tomahawk was now rewarded, for, seizing it, the lad laid blow after blow upon the yelling Indian, thus revenging the kicks and cuffs of the latter, for this one had been extremely cruel in goading on the youthful captive. The savage was at last dispatched, and taking a tomahawk, one of their rifles and all of their ammunition, the lad scalped his enemies as well as he was able, and made his way home in safety.



CHAPTER XXXV.

MIKE FINK—THE LAST OF THE FLATBOATMEN.

BATTEAU AND BARGE——KEEL AND FLATBOAT——ERA OF STEAM——"ROARING RALPH STACKPOLE"——BRAVERY——THEIR QUAINTNESS——THEIR HARD LIFE——EXCESSES——FINK'S BIRTHPLACE——DRINKING BOUTS——SHOOTING MATCHES——HORSE TALK——JOKES MADE TO LAUGH AT——AN ADVENTURE AT WESTPORT——THE QUIET STRANGER——FINK FURIOUS——THE GROUND SCUFFLE——FINK WHIPPED——"CALF ROPE"——ORDERED TO LEAVE——FEATS OF MARKSMANSHIP——THE NEGRO'S HEEL——A GENTEEL BOOT——FINK JEALOUS——THE NEST OF LEAVES——PEG'S PUNISHMENT——TALBOT AND CARPENTER——UP THE MISSOURI——TRAPPING——THE QUARREL——THE RECONCILIATION——A BRUTAL MURDER——THE UNLUCKY BOAST——RETRIBUTION——DEATH OF TALBOT.

The era of steam swept out of existence much that was picturesque, some things that were good, and many that could lay claim to neither of these merits. From our highways it drove the romantic stage coach, with its multiferous traditions, and the clumsy wagon, with its lazy team and obstinate driver; from our water-ways it banished the batteau and the barge, the keelboat and the flat, with their amphibious crews, "half horse, half alligator." Along our western waters those men, in their day, filled the proud position occupied at a later date by the overland coach driver on the broad stretches of our western plains, and excited a universal admiration in the breasts of small boys, hostlers and rural damsels.

These men were the models from which the stage borrows its "Roaring Ralph Stackpoles, chock full of fight and fond of the women." They were extravagant boasters, whose desperate bravery was ever ready to redeem their roystering challenges. The man who, braggart-like, would boast of his ability to out-run, out-jump, knock down and drag out more men "than any other cuss from the roarin' Salt to the mighty Massasip," would brave untold dangers in defense of a comrade, and would fight to the death against any odds, no matter how desperate, if only duty, friendship or affection called him into the breach.

Their courage was the God-given quality of the hero; their quaint, bizarre ways and expressions, the overflowing of too exhuberant

animal spirits. They were the western Gascons, whose strength and vitality must find expression in words, lest, like the overcharged boiler, without a safety valve, their very light-heartedness might endanger them. Their life was hard and full of excesses, but like other nccessary evils, they filled what would otherwise have been a void in the economy of their day and generation, and when the wizard motor, steam, arose to take their place, they vanished as completely as the frozen tracery of the frost-work beneath the ardent glances of the golden sun.

It is to be regretted that but few, if any, of their exploits have survived the lapse of even this short time, and we are forced to turn to the records of those of Mike Fink, the last, and by no means the best, of the fraternity. This man was born in Pittsburg, and like most of the rising generation of his day, his sole ambition was to become a keelboatman. This ambition he took the earliest opportunity to gratify, and soon became noted along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers as one of the most dexterous of his class.

Like others of the brotherhood, low stages of the water compelled him frequently to long seasons of inaction, and these he usually spent in low debauch, or at the shooting matches then so prevalent along the border. At rifle shooting his cool nerve soon made him such an expert that he was barred from all matches, the competitors preferring to share with him rather than be invariably beaten. In his drinking bouts, too, he was unapproachable, and it is reliably stated that he used often to drink a gallon a day of the pure corn whisky then made.

It was the custom, when two or more boats met on the river or tied up in port, for the rival crews to adjourn to some convenient spot and pair off at fisticuffs, until all hands were satisfied, or the proper grade of a fighter's powers established. In these combats Mike's gigantic strength made him a formidable competitor, weighing as he did one hundred and eighty pounds, without an ounce of superfluous flesh. His talk was that of the regular "Salt River Roarer," and was seasoned with a rough sort of humor, that gained for its possessor the reputation of a wit, and of this he was very proud.

It was his custom, when he had given utterance to what he considered a joke, to lead the laugh at his own wit, and woe to the man who was so dull of comprehension that he could not see the point or

join in the cachinnation. His jokes, said Fink, were made to laugh at, and he did'nt intend that they should be slighted, and forthwith he would proceed to belabor the unlucky wight. On one occasion, while his boat was tied up at Westport, on the Ohio River,



ONE OF MIKE FINK'S JOKES.

Mike was, as usual, cracking his jokes to an admiring audience. In one corner sat a small, quiet-looking man, evidently very much abstracted, and deeply bent on attending to his own business. Joke after joke of Mike's passed unheeded, until at last the "roarer"

could stand it no longer, so going over to the quiet man, he touched him and told him that it would pay him to give a little heed to the first-class jokes that he was getting off, for if he did'nt, somebody would get hurt. "Ah," said the quiet man, "is that so," and he immediately relapsed into his reverie.

The next joke was told and duly enjcyed, but no laugh eame from the eorner of the quiet man, and Mike, now thoroughly indignant, went over to him, and told him he intended to whip him. "Ah, indeed," asked the man, "is that so?" and hardly were the words out of his mouth, than with a tremendous blow under the ear he struck the giant, felling him to the ground. Rising quiekly, Fink made for the stranger, who slipped down upon his back and began that fight with the feet for whieh so many of the borderers were noted, and in a few minutes a worse whipped man than the jolly flatboatman was never seen.

When Fink ealled for quarter, or, as he expressed it, "hollered ealf rope," the quiet man said to him: "I am Ned Taylor, sheriff of this county; if you don't board your boat and push off in five minutes, I'll arrest you and your erew." To this Fink did not demur, and was soon floating down the Ohio.

When gliding along the river, Mike used often to eut off the tails of the pigs running along the shore, with bullets from his rifle, and on one occasion, seeing a negro walking along, who had the long, protruding heel of his race very strongly developed, he said it made him sad to think the poor fellow eould never wear a genteel boot, and throwing his rifle to his shoulder, he sighted along it, and touching the trigger, the poor negro fell, minus one heel.

Another time Mike had along with him a poor ereature whom he passed off as his wife, and becoming jealous of her glanees at the men on an adjoining boat, Fink determined to punish her for her ineonstaney, a frailty whieh, in the marital relation, he allowed only to himself. Going ashore when the boat tied up, he began building a huge nest of the withered autumnal leaves, and having finished this to his satisfaction, he got his rifle and ordered his wife ashore. Trembling with fear, she obeyed, begging pitifully at every step.

"Get in that nest, eurse you," said Fink. "Get in, or I'll shoot you." The poor ereature erawled in, when Mike eovered her up with leaves, split up some staves, seattered them over the pile, and

set the whole on fire. Peg stood the heat as long as she was able, and then, despite Fink's rifle, dashed out and jumped into the river, her clothes and hair on fire. When she emerged, Mike read her a lecture on the evil effects of looking around too much, and they sailed on down the river.

Fink had in his train two friends named Talbot and Carpenter, and next to their friendship for each other was their regard for this rough humorist. One of them, Carpenter, was fully a match for Fink with the rifle and oar, but they had never tried conclusions in a rough-and-tumble, or any other trial of skill or strength. In the



PEG FINK.

year 1822, when steamboats had pretty well banished all crafts propelled by hand, these three comrades engaged with Ashly and Henry for a trip up the Missouri, on a trapping expedition. Reaching the Yellowstone, they built a fort, and the party of sixty men then split up into five or six parties, and spread up the different tributaries of the river.

When the winter had set in, and the smaller streams began to freeze, the men returned to the fort for the purpose of remaining until spring. All of them, except the men in Fink's party, quartered in the fort; these built a large dug-out and remained outside. It

was while in their winter quarters that Fink and Carpenter had a serious quarrel, supposably about an Indian squaw. In the spring they went to the general rendezvous at the fort, and in their cups the quarrel was again agitated, but through the mediation of Talbot was patched up, and they agreed to seal their good humor with one of their novel shooting matches; in which they were accustomed to shoot a tin cup of whisky off each other's heads.

Tossing a copper to see who should have the first shot, Mike won, and Carpenter, fearing his treacherous disposition and his unforgiving heart, made his will, bequeathing to Talbot his arms and wages, and then, like a brave man, took his place with the cup of whisky on his head. The distance was sixty yards, and in the center of the cup was a black spot, about the size of a nickel.

"Hold yer head stiddy, Carpenter!" called out Mike, and then taking his rifle down he added, "don't spill that whisky—I'll want some in a minit." With these words he again raised his gun to his shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel, and fired.

Without a word the brave Carpenter fell, and Fink, cocking the now empty rifle, blew the smoke from the touch-hole, and then called out, "Did you spill the whisky, Carpenter?"

"He's dead," said one of the trappers; "you've killed him."

"Have I?" asked Fink, "Well, it's all an accident. I took as square a bead on the spot on the cup as I ever took in my life," and then he began blaspheming about his luck, cursing his eyes, his gun, and himself.

Of course, nothing was done with the murderer, but with Talbot the suspicion of murder became a certainty, and when, months afterward, Fink in a braggart mood acknowledged that he had killed his friend on purpose, Talbot coolly drew a pistol, one of a pair presented to him by the murdered man, and blew out Fink's brains.

Thus perished by the hands of a comrade the "Last of the Flatboatmen." Talbot, who became surly and ferocious after the death of his friends, perished not long after in attempting to swim a swollen mountain torrent.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BILL SEDLEY.

A TYPICAL BOATMAN——A GIGANTIC KENTUCKIAN——THE UNDER DOG——"COCK OF THE WALK"——HIS STRENGTH AND SKILL——PURE WHISKY——GAMBLING——NEW ORLEANS IN FLAT-BOATING DAYS——SALOONS——"THE SWAMP"——MOTHER COLBY'S "SHORE NUFF HOTEL"——"RIDE AND TIE"——POLING AND CORDELLING——NATCHEZ UNDER THE HILL——BOWIE'S BATTLE——THE BOWIE KNIFE——ITS CHRISTENING——SEDLEY'S EXPLOIT——A FAMOUS COMBAT——THE CORTINAS BROTHERS——DESPERADOES——CLEANED OUT BY GAMBLERS——THE CHEAT DETECTED——"I'M A SALT RIVER ROARER"——THE DOOR BARRED——"THE PAINTER'S PLAYMATE"——THE ROAR OF COMBAT——TWO TO ONE——THE OPEN DOOR——THE DYING GAMBLERS——SEDLEY'S INVITATION——SEDLEY'S WOUNDS DRESSED——FLIGHT TO KENTUCKY——REFORMS——A GOOD OLD AGE.

Perhaps a truer and better picture of the typical flatboatman was Bill Sedley, a gigantic Kentuckian, "who feared no shape of man or beast," though not at all quarrelsome. Big of heart and broad of shoulder, he was as generous as a lord, and would fight to the death for a friend. One of those who, from foree of sympathy, fight always on the weaker side, or, as he would express it, who "hang always to the under dog," he rescued many a stranger from the rough river men of that day, amongst whom he was a universal favorite.

Born in Kentueky in the pioneer days, he had hunted Indians with Boone and Kenton, and in that savage warfare had learned to aim a rifle and wield a tomahawk and a scalping-knife. He was the one boatman to whom Mike Fink was willing to play seeond fiddle, since his aim was as true, and his musele even greater. In his day, he was undoubtedly "the Coek of the Walk" from Pittsburg to New Orleans.

Innumerable anecdotes are told of his prowess, his protraeted gambling bouts, his long-continued drinking matches, in whieh he consumed immense quantities of white corn whisky, fiery as Vesuvius, clear as crystal, and of absolute purity; for in that day the Government did not license one man to poison his fellows, for the small sum of two hundred dollars yearly, as it does now. At shooting, drinking,

or wrestling, Sedley was sure to outdo his companions, but the practical skill of the manipulator of the cards was certain to "down" him.

Along the front streets of New Orleans, in the flatboating days, stood long rows of buildings, occupied by those who catered to the trade of these inland mariners. Generally two stories in height, though some were three, the front room down stairs was invariably a saloon, while back of it was a gambling room, where roulette, *Vingt Un*, and other French and Spanish games of chance were dealt. Up-stairs were long dormitories fitted up with bunks, and here these men lodged, sleeping a few hours each morning before beginning their day's carouse. The gambling was all open, there being no attempt made at concealment.

Away back in the suburbs of the city, where Girod street now traverses it, there was a dingy locality, known as "The Swamp." This suburb was set apart, by general consent, as the especial rendezvous of the boatmen, but few of any other class caring to invade its uninviting boundaries. In "The Swamp" were brothels, saloons, gambling rooms, and one or two caravansaries, which afforded entertainment for such characters as our subject. Amongst the most noted and the best patronized of these taverns, was one kept by an old woman, known as Mother Colby. Its euphonious title was the "Shore 'Nuff Hotel," and here these hardy "sons of Belial" were wont to congregate nightly, so long as money or credit lasted, making night hideous with their bacchanalian revels.

When the gambler, the bar-keeper and the "scarlet woman" had exhausted their exchequer, they would procure a horse and, two or three in a squad, would strike through the wilderness for Louisville or Pittsburg. Mounting the horse, one of the party would ride along the trail for two hours, the others following along on foot. At the end of his two hours, or "trick," as they called it, this first one would dismount and tie the horse to a tree, and continue his journey on foot. The others reaching the horse, one of them would mount and ride out his "trick," and tie up the horse for the last one. From this practice arose the expression "ride and tie," so generally used in the West to designate any enterprise, in which the parties are to share equally in the pleasures and hardships.

Occasionally the owner of some well built boat, would want it taken back to be reloaded; in fact this was not at all uncommon. It was accomplished in the following manner: On each side of the

boat's deck were planks running its full length, and called "walking boards." Placing the ends of their long poles, called "setting poles," on the bottom, they applied their shoulders to the other end, and walking from the bow to the stern, propelled the craft against the heavy current. In the lighter stretches of the current, long oars or "sweeps" were substituted, and when, from too great depth, too swift current, or any other cause, neither of these modes could be used, a



BILL SEDLEY'S FLIGHT FROM "THE SWAMP."

long rope was attached to the inside gunwale, near the bow, and taken on shore, and the boat was dragged along by this means. This method of propulsion was called "cordelling."

"Natchez Under the Hill" was the paradise of these men, and going up or down the river, every crew stopped here for at least a day, and fist fights, drinking, dancing and other and more disreputable frolicking filled up the day and night. This town was the river's

half-way house, and it was one of the cardinal points in the mariner's creed never to pass it without stopping. Here it was that a steamer, hearing the lively crack of pistols, and the fierce shouts of enraged men, rounded in and witnessed an encounter between Jim Bowie and an opponent, each backed by some dozen friends.

The ring of the pistol soon ceased—they had no revolvers in those days of flint locks—and then the bludgeon, the dirk and sword-cane did their silent but fatal work. Wounded sorely by a pistol ball through the thigh, Jim Bowie this day christened, in his enemies' blood, the knife made by his brother Rezin, and came out of the fray winner. It was at Natchez that Sedley once, when enraged at a drunken bully, knocked him down, caught him by the heels, and spinning around once or twice, threw him out into the river, a distance of fully fifteen feet. The man is said to have weighed one hundred and eighty pounds.

The combat for which Sedley is chiefly noted, was fought at New Orleans, in the year 1822, and occurred in the gambling room of old Mother Colby's hotel. The saloon and gambling rooms were rented out by the old woman to two brothers, Spaniards from Vera Cruz, Mexico, both of whom were known as desperate men, sure shots with pistols, and proficient in the use of that Latin weapon, the knife or stiletto. On one of his visits to the Cresent City, Sedley confined his attention almost exclusively to the bar of Juan, and the cards of Manuel Cortinas, and at a very early stage of his stay, found himself almost without money. He had calculated on a long series of bacchanalian orgies, and to be pulled up short in the midst of his pleasures did not at all suit him.

He expected to be cheated, but not so industriously, and watching closely, detected Manuel playing too many cards. At the time, no one save the two brothers and Sedley were in the gambling room, but those outside could plainly hear all that went on within.

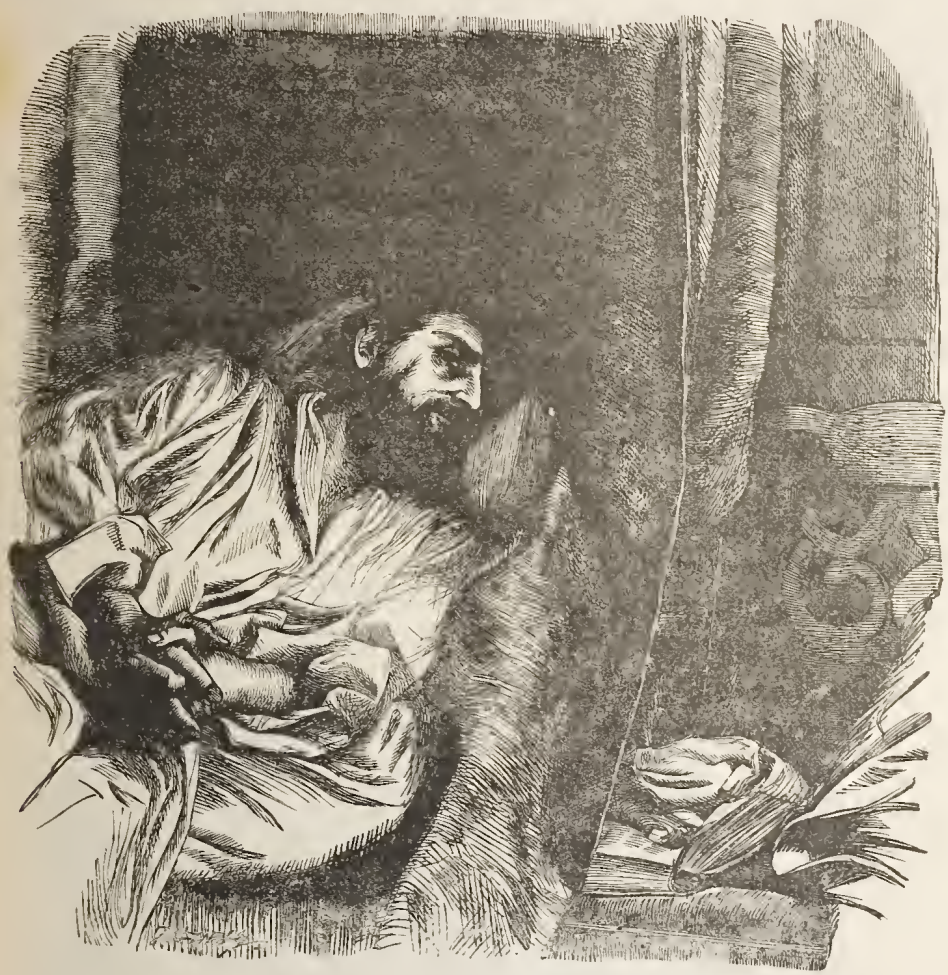
"I'm a Salt River Roarer," they heard Sedley yell, "You musn't play me for a spring chicken, you d—d greaser, you. I'm a cross of a cock-eyed alligator and a red-hot snapping turtle. Give up that money, you thief, or down goes your tabernacle."

Manuel was heard to deny that he had cheated, when Sedley again roared out:

"You lie, you nigger, you stole them cards. Down with the dust, or over goes your apple-cart.'

Juan now stepped to the door and barred it, so that no outsiders could get in, and the brothers prepared to murder the boatman. Manuel drew his pistol and fired at him, wounding him in his left arm, and with a yell Sedley jumped at him.

"I'm the catamount of the Cumberland," he yelled, "I'm the painter's (panther's) playmate. Here's at you—you greaser, you nigger!"



DEATH OF THE GAMBLER JUAN CORTINAS.

What happened in the few minutes the three men were alone in the room, could only be guessed, but high above the breaking of chairs and tables and the crashing of glass, Sedley's voice could be heard:

"Come on both of you. I'm the ring-tailed squealer. I'm the man on the pale horse—whoop—try it again. I'm the terror of the wilderness."

By degrees all grew quiet within, and the gathering crowd were preparing to break in the door, when they heard the rattle of a chain, the dropping of a heavy bar, the door flew open, and before them stood the big Kentuckian, bleeding from two pistol and half a dozen knife wounds, but smiling as lightly as ever.

"Walk in, gentlemen," he said, "I'm keeping house now, and it's my treat. The American eagle has just winned his main, and the Mexican buzzard has took a back seat. Walk up to the bar and help yourselves, the Cortinas brothers have just moved out, and left me in charge. If you can't find any glasses, drink out of the bottles, I'll excuse you."

Stretched across a long, low table lay the dead body of Manuel, with an exploded pistol by his side, and in his right hand a sharp Spanish dagger; while upon the floor near him, Juan was gasping in the agonies of death. Sedley's wounds were rather serious, but they were patched up by a surgeon, and being set across Lake Pontchartrain, in company with two friends, he journeyed through to Kentucky, and never returned. It is said that, a few years afterwards, he was converted by Peter Cartwright, and lived to a good old age, a consistent Christian and universally beloved.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PIONEER PREACHER.

"THE GLAD TIDINGS"——THEIR BRAVERY——"ANOTHER FOR HECTOR"——THEIR INFLUENCE——THE FIRST TEMPLES——THEIR CONGREGATIONS——RUDE FURNITURE——A TYPICAL PIONEER PREACHER——PETER CARTWRIGHT——BIRTH AND YOUTH——REMOVAL TO KENTUCKY——CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS——THE INDIAN SPY——A VIGILANT SENTINEL——SURVIVOR OF THE INDIAN AMBUSH——MURDERED FAMILIES——RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION——A HARD YOUTH——CANE RIDGE——THD FIRST CAMP-MEETING——STRENGTH OF THE WESTERN CHURCH——JAMES HAW AND BENJAMIN OGLE——A LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE——THE SLEEPER——THE TRAINED LAMB——THE CHALLENGE——THE COLLISION——"TAKE UP YOUR CROSS"——THE DUTCH DISCIPLE.

In the noble ranks of the pioneers, we must not forget to include those, who first carried into the wilderness "the glad tidings of great joy," and who at every risk and in the midst of daily and deadly perils, pushed forward the Master's work. Upheld by no confidence in their trusty rifles; stimulated by no blood-stirring combat, where foe met foe in hand-to-hand encounter, and the fierce pleasure of mad passions sustained a courage, that otherwise might droop, these men went forth preaching the gospel of "peace on earth, good will to man."

Like Him of old, their combats were not with carnal weapons, but in the arena where Christianity met paganism, they battled with ignorance, superstition and prejudice. Often repulsed, they returned again and again to the charge, heroes as brave as ever faced the deadly bayonet, or marched up calmly to the cannon's mouth to win some outwork, or perish in its ditch.

Unarmed, they shunned no dangers; unaided, they faced the most terrible odds. Theirs was the cool heroism, that wins through force of mind; not the infuriate daring, that recklessly opposes force with force, and like the thirsting tiger, conquers or dies with nerves distended and blood on fire with hate. Theirs was the heroism of the soul, as the soldier's is the heroism of the body, both admirable in their way.

Into border cabin, frontier fort and Indian village, they made their way, often opposed by taunts and jeers, sometimes doomed to horrible torture. Neither threats nor sufferings stopped them, but when one fell at his post, like Scott's hardy clan of Highlanders, another took his place. As they rushed on to certain death at that ringing shout: "Another for Hector!" so these heroic missionaries sprang forward, one after another, to fill the gaps in the ranks, where others equally noble had fallen.

It is due to the influence of these worthy men, that the passions of the pioneers, stimulated by the continual cruelty and outrages of their savage foemen, did not degenerate into a thirst for revenge and a barbarous retaliation, and their respect for these sacred teachings has been perpetuated in their descendants, along with a chivalrous courage, and a contempt for everything base and mean. A high moral tone has ever pervaded the children sprung from these early settlers, in whose own lives the spiritual truths of religion had taken deep root.

The pioneer preacher was often a man of little or no education, of uncouth or eccentric ways, but he was always hardy, honest and filled with the spirit of his work. In him there was no hypocrisy, and his rude, but burning eloquence, was not controlled to utter only honied praises for epicurean hearers. His church was God's own temple; the gothic arches of some primeval forest, whose oaken architraves and leafy fret-work dwarfed into insignificance the puny work of human pigmies in their temples of brick, and their mighty cathedrals of builded stone.

His congregation was not a cloth and silk-clad audience of wealthy burghers, whose ears must not be offended by the denunciation of pet sins, but stalwart men and noble women, clad in home-spun and in buckskin; the women bearing rosy children in their laps, the men with trusty rifles between their knees.

"There were giants in the earth in those days," and the rugged stump, or the rough hewn log, made as fastidious a seat as these pioneers desired, and unlike some of our city congregations, whose cushioned pews hold only the sons and daughters of Epicurus, and whose ears must not be assailed with rough words of dire import, nor their cheeks made pale by the denunciations of "scribes and pharisees," these hardy borderers listened alike to anathema as to

praise, and decorously aimed, amidst all their trials and temptations, to keep to the line of duty.

Some of the scenes at backwoods camp-meetings and revivals would seem rather ludicrous to us of the present day—who, in this age of cynicism and unbelief, seek rather for the comical than the pathetic side of life—but to those sturdy people, whose whole existence was one continual hardship, there was a terrible solemnity and reality about them. The quaint, eccentric, old Peter Cartright, one of the most conscientious men that ever lived, has left us, in his autobiography, realistic pictures of these meetings, and the characters, good and bad, who frequented them. A true member of the church militant, he did not fear to do manly battle for the good, old cause, not only with spiritual arms, but also with those of the flesh. Like a brave, true hero, he has concealed nothing, "nor aught set down in malice," but has pictured in his strong, yet simple manner, the trials and dangers that beset the pathway of the itinerant dispenser of the word of God of that era, now almost forgotten.

So much of preface, though this portion of our work needs neither introduction nor apology; the lives and actions of these men speaking for themselves, and in no uncertain tones.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

As a type of the pioneer preacher, we have chosen this well-known and eccentric man, for the reason that he is more widely celebrated than any of his fellow-laborers upon the borders. In his autobiography he says, that he was born in Amherst County, Virginia, on the James River, September 1st, 1785. His father had served two years in the Revolutionary war, and at its close moved to Kentucky with his family. The road, from the older State to the new, was through an unknown wilderness, and pack-horses had to be employed for transportation, in lieu of wagons and carriages. Thousands of Indians still infested this wilderness, and it was necessary to travel in large companies as a protection against these savages.

The fall that the Cartwrights moved, there were two hundred families and one hundred young men thus united for mutual protection. The first Sunday they were on the road, they traveled all day and camped early, having seen several skulking savages. In the camp, the women and children were placed in the center; outside

of them the married men, and outside of these again, the single men.

A few were advanced as piekets, amongst whom was the elder Cartwright. In the night, seeing a dark object approaehing, he fired on it, and when a light was brought, an Indian was found dead, rifle in one hand, and tomahawk in the other. The vigilance of Cartwright had saved his life, and probably those of others.

A few days later, they came across a solitary white mån, very badly wounded, who had just been in a fight with the Indians—who had killed six of his comrades, losing five of their own number in the fight. Arriving one night within seven miles of the Crab Orchard settlements, all but seven families determined to go into the fort that night, as Indians had been seen hovering about them all day, and they feared a night attack. The seven families, who determined to camp where they were, turned out their cattle, and after supper retired, without leaving out a single man as a guard. In the night twenty-five warriors rushed into eamp and massacred every person there, exeept one man, who eseaped almost naked, and made his way to the fort.

The eommander of the post was thoroughly versed in Indian warfare, and hastening to the river, the next morning, he planted an ambush, and the savages falling into it, all but three of them fell at the first fire. Of these three, two were killed in the pursuit, and only a single one eseaped. Thus was the already fertile soil of Kentucky watered with the blood of the warring races, and drenched with the tears of widows and orphans.

At the time of Cartwright's settlement in Kentueky, the Methodist ehurch already had out its pioneers; amongst the earliest of whom were Jaeob Lurton, John Page and Benjamin Northcut, all earnest and powerful men, and zealous in their Master's eause. At this period, the nearest mill to the Cartwright's was forty miles, and the border filled with thieves, eounterfeiters, desperadoes and murderers.

Wolves and other wild beasts abounded in the forests, and travel by night was unsafe on aeeount of them. Cartwright used to tell a tale of a drunken, old fiddler, who was on his way to play for a dance in the neighborhood, and was treed upon a high rail fenee by a large paek of wolves. So fieree were they, that they began springing up in the air to reach his dangling feet, when a sudden inspiration

occurred to him, and drawing his bow across his fiddle, he delighted his savage assailants with the melodious strains of "Snow Bird on the Ash Bank," "Money Musk," and other of the famous old-time airs. At last the frolickers, growing impatient, set out in search of him with lighted torches, and dispersing his now attentive and



TREED BY WOLVES.

respectful audience, rescued him from his elevated position, and had their ball.

Sunday was regularly set apart for horse racing, card playing, balls and parties. After the patience of the honest people had been

worn out, they formed the inevitable vigilance committee, or regulators, and the two factions met in Russellville, and fought a pitched battle; in which several on each side were killed, many wounded, and the rogues left masters of the field. On a second trial of strength, the regulators came out ahead, and by lynching, banishing and lashing, considerably purified the moral atmosphere.

According to Cartwright's own story, he was about as hard a boy as he well could be, and equipped with a fast horse and a deck of cards, was making considerable progress on the road to ruin, when, through the influence of his mother, he was turned away from his evil course, and burning his cards, discarding his race horse, and swearing off from his debased associates, he joined the church, and became a better man.

The account of the first "camp meeting" ever held in the United States, is thus described in his own words: "Somewhere between 1800 and 1801, in the upper part of Kentucky, at a memorable place, called 'Cane Ridge,' there was appointed a sacramental meeting, by some of the Presbyterian ministers, at which meeting, seemingly unexpected by ministers or people, the mighty power of God was displayed in a very extraordinary manner; many were moved to tears, and bitter and loud crying for mercy. The meeting was protracted for weeks. Ministers of almost all denominations flocked in from far and near. The meeting was kept up by night and day.

"Thousands heard of the mighty work, and came on foot, on horseback, in carriages and wagons. It was supposed that there were in attendance at times, during the meetings, from twelve to twenty-five thousand people. Hundreds fell prostrate under the mighty power of God, as men slain in battle. Stands were erected in the woods, from which preachers of different churches proclaimed repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and it was supposed by eye and ear witnesses, that between one and two thousand souls were happily and powerfully converted to God during the meeting.

"It was not unusual for one, two, three and four to seven preachers to be addressing the listening thousands at the same time, from the different stands erected for the purpose. The heavenly fire spread in almost every direction. It was said, by truthful witnesses, that

at times more than one thousand persons broke out into loud shouting, all at once, and that the shouts could be heard for miles around.

"From this camp-meeting, for so it ought to be called, the news spread through all the churches and through all the land, and it excited great wonder and surprise; but it kindled a religious flame, that spread all over Kentucky, and through many other States. And I may here be permitted to say that this was the first camp meeting ever held in the United States, and here our camp meetings took their rise."

According to this authority, the first conference in the West was held in Kentucky in 1789. In 1787 the Methodist church, west of the Alleghanies, had ninety members and five traveling preachers, and the first bishop, that ever visited them, was Bishop Asbury, in 1787. In 1801, the year in which Cartwright joined the church, the entire Western Conference, which covered about all the settled parts of Kentucky and the Mississippi valley, contained but two thousand, four hundred and eighty-four members, and fifteen preachers. In all America there were only seventy-two thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four Methodists, and in the world, one hundred and ninety-six thousand, five hundred and two. The two first itinerants sent West, were James Haw and Benjamin Ogle, sent to Kentucky in 1786.

Notwithstanding the able mind and thorough reverence of our pioneer preacher, there was a strong vein of humor pervading his composition, as several anecdotes, which he gives, will show. In one place he says: "To show the ignorance the early Methodist preachers had to contend with in the western wilds, I will relate an incident or two that occurred to Wilson Lee in Kentucky.

"He was one of the early pioneer Methodist preachers sent to the West. He was a very solemn and grave minister. At one of his appointments, at a private house, on a certain day, they had a motherless pet lamb. The boys of the family had mischievously learned this lamb to butt. They would go near it and make motions with their heads, and the lamb would back and then dart forward at them, and they would jump out of the way, so that the sheep would miss them.

"A man came into the congregation, who had been drinking and frolicking all the night before. He came in late, and took his seat on the end of the bench, nearly in the door, and having slept none

the night before, presently he began to nod, and as he nodded and bent forward, the pet lamb came along by the door, and seeing this man nodding and bending forward, he took it as a banter, and straightway backed and then sprang forward and gave the sleeper a severe jolt right on the head, and over he tilted him, to the no small amusement of the congregation, who all burst out into laughter, and grave as the preacher, Mr. Lee, was, it so excited his risibilities that he almost lost his balance. But recovering himself a little, he went on in a most solemn and impressive strain.

"His subject was; 'Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross, he cannot be my disciple.' He urged on his congregation, with melting voice and tearful eyes, to take up the cross; no matter what it was, take it up. In the congregation was an ignorant Dutchman and his scolding wife, and both were wonderfully affected by the sermon. They prayed, wept and resolved to lead a better life. After the meeting had been dismissed, the preacher lingered awhile, talking to some of the members, and then started home.

"He had gone but short distance on his way, when, ahead of him, he beheld a man staggering along under the heavy burden of a large fat woman. When he overtook them, he was surprised to find the Dutchman and his wife, whom he knew to be sound and well. Asking the meaning of the strange proceeding, he found that the Dutchman was trying to carry out literally the words of the text, and was then engaged in bearing his greatest cross. In a few words the good man showed them the true path to peace, and both became firm and earnest members of the church."



CHAPTER XXXVIII

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

THE "JERKS"——A STRANGE AFFECTION——ITS TREATMENT——A BELIEVER IN VOODOO——THREATENED VENGEANCE——PUT TO FLIGHT——KILLED BY THE JERKS——THE FLYING JEW——CARTWRIGHT'S FLOOD——THE PHYSICIAN CONVINCED——A TWO-SIDED ILLUSTRATION——THE CITY PREACHER——GENERAL JACKSON IN CHURCH——CARTWRIGHT'S RETORT——ON A TRIP ——FINDS A PISTOL——ADVENTURE WITH A HIGHWAYMAN——THE ROBBER DISMAYED——THE TOLL-GATE BULLY——FINDS THE WRONG MAN——THE FRIGHTENED NEGRO——THROUGH THE GATE——THE FURIOUS LANDLORD ——CARTWRIGHT INCENSED——CATCHING A TARTAR.

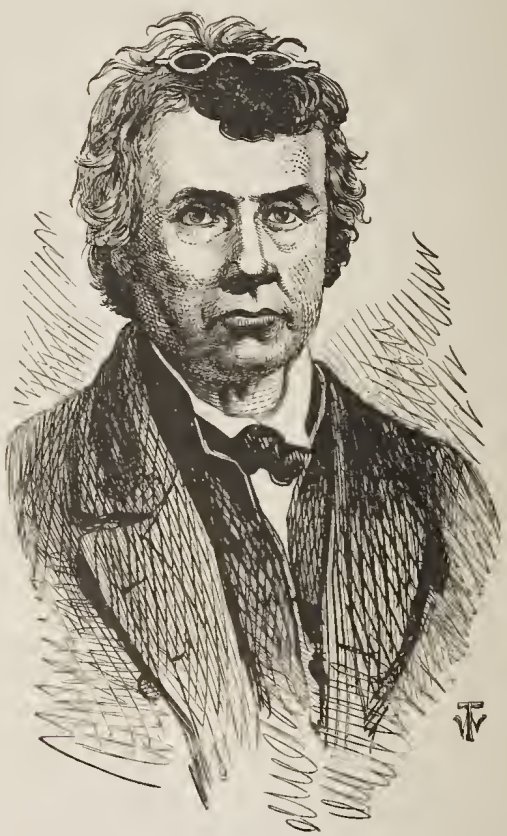
Of "the *jerks*"—that singular nervous affection, which often seized on attendants at these meetings, and whose phenomena science hardly accounts for, since they seized, (if we may credit Cartwright's statements,) the non-sympathetic and sceptic, in preference to the enthusiastic, and alike affected strong men and hysterical women—he gives this account: "Just in the midst of our controversies on the subject of the powerful exercises amongst the people, under preaching, a new exercise broke out among us, called the *jerks*, which was overwhelming in its effects upon the bodies and minds of the people.

"No matter whether they were saints or sinners, they would be taken, under a warm song or sermon, and seized with a convulsive jerking all over, which they could not, by any possibility, avoid, and the more they resisted, the more they jerked. If they would not strive against it, and pray in good earnest, the jerking would usually abate. I have seen more than five hundred persons jerking at one time, in my large congregations.

"Most usually persons taken with the jerks, to obtain relief, as they said, would rise up and dance. Some would run, but could not get away. Some would resist; on such the jerks were generally very severe. To see these proud young gentlemen and ladies, dressed in their silks, jewelry, and prunella, from top to toe, take the *jerks*, would often excite my risibilities. The first jerk or so, you would see their fine bonnets, caps and combs fly, and so sudden would be

the jerking of the head, that their long, loose hair, would crack almost as loud as a wagoner's whip."

At one of his meetings, the Kentucky boy—as Cartwright was then called—feeling unwell, had recourse to a small bottle of peppermint, that he carried in his pocket. During his sermon, two fashionably dressed young ladies took the jerks, and their two brothers attributing it to the voudoo medicine the preacher had used, swore to horse-whip him. The sermon over, Cartwright was duly



PETER CARTWRIGHT.

informed, and going to the brothers, endeavored to explain to them, but they would not hear him, upon which, drawing his vial, Cartwright said: "Well, if I gave your sisters the jerks, I'll give them to you, too," and starting toward them, soon had them in full flight. Before their final eradication, these jerks ran into involuntary howling, barking, jumping, running, and gesturing; people fell in fits and trances; many saw visions, and lay for days without motion.

It was one of the most singular of all the nervous epidemics, that the world has ever seen.

One more incident, and we will pass to other subjects. Cartwright says, that he knew the following incident to have occurred during a camp-meeting on "the Ridge," in William Magee's congregation: "A lot of drunken rowdies, headed by a large, powerful man, had gathered to interrupt the meeting. They had their bottles of whisky along, and having got up steam, the leader began to curse religion, and defy the jerks. Just then he was seized with them.

"Endeavoring to run, he was unable to do so, but drawing his bottle, he swore he'd drink the d——d jerks to death. He was unable to get the bottle to his mouth, and finally, in the midst of his violent efforts, he struck the bottle against a tree and broke it. At this he became greatly enraged, and poured forth a torrent of profanity, during which a violent jerk seized him, snapped his neck, and falling, he expired."

Cartwright's method with unbelievers was unique, but successful. At one time a Jew urged that it was idolatry to pray to Christ and that God would never answer such prayer.

"Do you really believe there is a God?" asked Cartwright.

"Yes, I do," said he.

"Do you believe that God will hear your prayers?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well, now, my dear sir," said Cartwright, "Let us test this matter. If you are in earnest, get down here and pray to God to stop this work, and if it is wrong, he will answer your petition and stop it; if it is not wrong, all hell cannot stop it."

The Jew, after a feeble attempt at prayer, fled from the scene.

In Illinois, a New Light preacher, as they were then called, but now denominated Christians, Reformers, Disciples and Campbellites, attempted to get up a laugh on the shrewd old Methodist. Said he, after a very heavy rain:

"Good morning, Mr. Cartwright."

"Good morning, Mr. Roads," said Cartwright, "We've had a tremendous rain?"

"Yes sir," said he, "The Lord sent that rain to convince you of your error."

"Ah," said Cartwright, "What error?"

"Why about baptism; the Lord sent this flood to convince you that much water was necessary."

"Very good, sir," said Cartwright, "And he in like manner sent this flood to convince you of your error."

"What error?" said he.

"Why, to show you that water comes by pouring, not immersion," answered the Methodist.

At another time, a physician in Tennessee, a man of culture, honesty and moral conduct, told the old pioneer, that while he believed that the Christian religion had made the conduct of man better, yet he thought it was a humbug. Asked if he believed in a God, he said, "Yes." Asked if he believed in His wisdom, justice and mercy, he replied, "Certainly." Cartwright then asked him how he accounted for this wise and merciful Creator bringing into the world a race of beings to live, suffer and die, cursed from their very birth with sin.

"This," said the doctor, "Was a mystery he could not solve." Cartwright asked him if he did not think, that these very conditions were necessary to the death of this creature, and also necessary to cause it to turn to some such stay, as the Bible, for relief and guidance. The doctor's answer to this was unsatisfactory, and he was then requested to state his grounds of unbelief.

"Well, sir, said he, "All knowledge depends upon evidence, does it not?"

"Yes, sir," said Cartwright.

"All faith, then, depends on evidence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, "suppose you were upon a jury, and were called on to decide a case, in which five witnesses gave testimony; each of these witnesses being honest, honorable and incapable of falsity, and one of these witnesses swears that the plaintiff is right, while the other four depose to the truth of defendant's cause, now which way would your verdict be?"

"In such a case," said Cartwright, "My verdict would be for the defense."

"Very well, sir, said the doctor, "Now you claim that a Christian has full evidence of his faith, and this he can, as you will admit, have only through his five senses. Now I ask you to answer me honestly yes, or no, did you ever see religion?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear religion?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell religion?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste religion?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel religion?"

"Yes."

Well," said the doctor, "You see there are four witnesses against your one, so you must give in."

The shrewd Cartwright saw the error of the doctor's reasoning, but he determined to let it stand, since it enabled him to convince his opponent, that it would not do to depend upon such fallacies; which, however ingenious they may be, are neither logical nor conclusive.

"Doctor," said the preacher, "are you willing to have your practice of medicine tested by the same standard you apply to my religion?"

"I am, sir," replied the physician.

"Well, sir," said Cartwright, a good-humored twinkle in his keen eyes, "you pretend to understand medicine, pretend to have effected cures, and by receiving money for them have amassed a fortune; is that not so?"

"It is," said the doctor.

"Then," said Cartwright, "you are a miserable imposter and your practice is a pitiful quackery——" "Hold on; don't get excited; I'm going to prove it by your unimpeachable witnesses, if you will answer me as honestly as I did you. Did you ever feel a cure?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a cure?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a cure?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a cure?"

"No."

"Did you ever see a cure?"

"Yes."

The truth was brought home to the doctor, after he had first been shown the error of his arguments, and the weakness of his dependence upon his morality, and Cartwright left him thoroughly converted.

These pioneers of the backwoods and of the prairies were fearless heroes, and no respecters of persons, as the following incident will

prove. At one of the General Conferences in Nashville, Cartwright was assigned to a certain church to preach, and having taken his text, he was proceeding to expound it to the people when General Jackson came in, and finding the seats all filled, leaned against a pillar and listened. A city preacher, sitting in the pulpit, pulled at Cartwright's coat, in full view of the congregation, and whispered to him, "that's General Jackson, who has just come in—that's General Jackson."

"And who is General Jackson?" said Cartwright to him, with an indignant roar; "If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as He would a Guinea negro!" and he went on with his sermon. Shrinking out of sight, the city preacher took the earliest opportunity to tell him that Jackson would be certain to thrash him. Nothing daunted, Cartwright told him that was a game two could play at, and the next day met "Old Hickory," who expressed his approbation of the preacher's fearless independence.

On one of his trips with another preacher, a Mr. Walker, he found a pistol in the road, which he supposed belonged to some movers they had met that morning. "This looks providential," said he, for the mountain road they were traveling was infested with robbers, and many murders had been committed. Just as the sun was setting that evening, and they were approaching the foot of the mountains, they overtook a man limping slowly along. In his hand was a very heavy stick, which he was using as a cane, but which in reality was a very formidable club.

As they rode up the man hailed them, told them he was very lame, and begged that they would let him ride awhile. To this Mr. Walker, a very tender-hearted old man, replied at once, "Oh, yes," and was preparing to dismount, when Cartwright, from some intuition that the fellow was shamming, told him to keep on his horse, that they had a long journey to make and it was best to trust no one, and they trotted on without looking back.

All at once, as they neared the foot of the mountain, Cartwright's horse, which was in the rear, gave a sudden start and bounded ahead, and looking over his shoulder, he saw the pretended lame man coming on at a swift run, no doubt hoping to knock him from his horse. Wheeling swiftly, Cartwright cocked the pistol and rushed at the fellow, who took to the brush on the roadside and escaped.

At the Crab Orchard toll-gate, the two men who kept the gate, also kept a tavern, and as Cartwright and his companion were tired,

on reaching that point they concluded to stop for the night. Night and morning they had services of prayer, and after ascertaining the amount of their bill, Cartwright drew out his pocket-book and offered good bills to the amount. Whether the landlord hoped to intimidate him, having found out that he was a preacher, or whether he intended to raise a quarrel, in order to rob him, as he had exposed several hundred dollars in bank notes, the preacher never knew, but the bully immediately demanded silver, and swore he would have it.

At this Mr. Walker tried to pacify him, but this only enraged the fellow the more. Cartwright, seeing that he would not listen to reason, and having no idea of tamely submitting to robbery, laid down the amount in bills, telling the landlord he could take it or not as he pleased, and mounting his horse, he told Mr. Walker to do the same, and they started toward the gate. The landlord called to a negro to close the gate and lock it, but Cartwright spurred up to the gate, and raising his heavy whip, told the negro if he touched it he'd knock him down, and then calling to Mr. Walker, they both rode through. The landlord started for his pistols, swearing he'd follow them, but Cartwright, whose blood was now up, told him very cooly to come on, as soon as he got ready, and the bully retired into the house. Those who picked Peter Cartwright up for a non-combatant, when he had justice and honor on his side, soon dropped him, for they always caught a tartar.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

PIONEER INCIDENTS.

A STEAMBOAT TRIP——THE OLD "VELOCIPEDE"——CARTWRIGHT'S COMPANION ——UNTIMELY ZEAL——MAJOR BIDDLE——KILLING TIME——CAPTAIN WATERS——PROPOSAL FOR DEBATE——DISPUTED AUTHORITIES——WATERS LOSES HIS TEMPER——THE ROW——CARTWRIGHT'S CHAMPION——FAST FRIENDS——A "CLOSE" BROTHER——A MISER REPROVED——PROUD PREACHERS——THE REFORM——AN ILLINOIS XANTIPPE——A KIND HUSBAND——CARTWRIGHT'S VISIT——A NICE CHRISTIAN——EJECTED——BEGS TO ENTER ——REPENTANT——PLAIN WORDS——SOUNDLY CONVERTED——OPINION OF "HOT-HOUSE PREACHERS"——A JOKE AT HIS OWN EXPENSE——DESCRIPTION OF THE PIONEER PREACHER.

Cartwright and a fellow-preacher took passage on a steamer at St. Louis, bound for Pittsburg, to attend a General Conference held in that city. On board was the motley crowd, that the steamers of that day invariably carried; these were merchants, drovers, thieves, gamblers, horsemen, soldiers, officers; in fact, nearly all grades in life were represented in this miniature floating world. After they left the levee, the fiddling, drinking, swearing and gaming began, and the cabin of the old "Velocipede" was an animated scene.

Cartwright's companion, a Mr. Thompson, seems to have been a nervous, fidgety sort of person, and gave him a great deal of trouble, but at last Peter succeeded in quenching his untimely zeal. At the mouth of the Ohio, a Captain Waters came on board, armed and equipped with a new fiddle and a deck of cards, and the gambling and frolicking received a new impetus. Major Biddle, an accomplished gentlemen, but a confirmed infidel, was on the boat. He afterward fell in a duel on Bloody Island, at St. Louis. A Lieutenant Barker, of the regular army, was also on the boat during this trip.

Going up to the table, where a number of them were gambling, Cartwright looked on, and they began talking to him, informing him that they were "only playing to kill time." To this Cartwright replied, that that being the case, it would be better if they would

converse together, so that all might get the benefit of their mutual information; that it looked selfish for a few men to monopolize all the amusement, when the time could be made pleasant to all.

To this Captain Waters replied that he was an infidel, and that if Cartwright would debate with him on the Christian religion, the gambling should stop. Cartwright objected to this, that the captain had an advantage over him, and being asked what it was, replied that he swore. To this Waters promised that he would use no profane language, and the debate opened with a great flourish, by the captain. In answer to him, Cartwright made some allusion to the Bible, when his antagonist told him that he didn't allow that mass of fables and lies to be quoted as an authority. "All right, sir," said Cartwright, and proceeded with his argument.

In the captain's next oration he quoted Tom Paine, when Cartwright immediately stopped him, and told him that no such degraded witness as that could be used in the argument.

At this Waters, who from the first had the worst of the debate, flew into a passion and began a volley of horrible oaths, when this member of the church militant took him by the chin, and shook him till his teeth rattled.

A fight was now imminent, when Lieutenant Barker, a perfect lover of fair play, interposed and said: "Stand back, Cartwright; you can beat him in argument, and I can whip him. If there's any fighting to be done, I'm his man from the point of a needle to the mouth of a cannon. He pledged his word not to swear, he has forfeited his honor, and is no gentleman."

Cartwright now interfered to prevent bloodshed, and after awhile all was quieted, and strange to say not only Barker, but Waters became his fast friend, and the latter insisted, on his arrival at Louisville, that the preacher should accept his hospitality.

Cartwright's account of a "close" Illinois brother, is as follows: At one place he preached by appointment in the cabin of this brother, who had, as he takes pains to inform us, over three hundred dollars hoarded up a considerable sum of money for those days. The house had one chair, called the preacher's chair. The bottom of this was worn out, the back weak, and it was generally debilitated; the table was a hewed puncheon, with four sticks for legs; the hearth was of earth.

On the table wooden trenchers served as plates, sharp pointed pieces of cane for forks; there were two knives, one a butcher's knife, the other an old case knife with the handle off. Tin cups were used instead of the stoneware articles. For beds, four forks were driven into the ground, poles laid across them, and these covered with clap-boards. On this bedstead the tick and covers were made up.

Determined to reprove the miser, Cartwright, who hated everything sordid and mean, began praising his family, and advised him to give them a chance, by improving their surroundings. He told him to get some furniture, beds, tables, and such things as were absolute necessities. At this the old miser fairly writhed, and unable to bear it longer, told him he'd seen proud preachers before; that he knew he was proud the minute he saw his broadcloth coat, and told him he didn't want him to meddle in his affairs.

Cartwright explained to him that common decency demanded these things; that had he been poor, he would have said nothing, but that it was against his profession of religion to thus make a god of money, and live like a hog. The miser, in answer to this blast, grunted out that if his fare and surroundings did not suit the minister, he needn't come to his cabin.

Cartwright saw that the women of the family were on his side, and he didn't doubt but that they would keep the leaven fermenting, and sure enough, on his next return, he found everything neat and tidy; the women in new dresses, and the cabin plainly but comfortably furnished.

Another Illinois family is thus described: The husband was a local preacher; a small, weak, but thoroughly good man; his wife, a strapping virago of the Xantippe type, and from Cartwright's description, fully a match for the female, whom Socrates had accepted as a cultivator of his patience and equanimity. Many preachers had visited this brother, to try and moderate her demonism, but all to no purpose, until the indomitable Peter undertook the task.

After supper, her husband spoke to her kindly, and asked her to cease her labors until they could have prayer.

"I wo'nt have any of your praying about *me*," she answered. Cartwright expostulated with her, when she turned loose the vials of her wrath, and cursed him soundly. To this Cartwright, looking very sternly at her, told her that, if she were his wife, he'd break her of such ways, or break her neck."

"The devil you would," said she, "You're a nice Christian, ain't you?" and again she began cursing him. Cartwright now told her firmly that she must be quiet, that he intended to have prayer, and that he would have it, if he had first to put her out of the door.

At this she raved, rolled up her sleeves, swore she was of that untamable breed, half alligator and half snapping-turtle, and told him it would take a better man than he ever was, to put her out. At once he seized and after a short struggle ejected her, and barred the door. He then began singing a hymn, while she roared and raved, and swore around the house, and her terrified children crawled under the bed.

Finding that there was no give in about the old pioneer, and having raved herself hoarse, she came to the door and asked Cartwright to "please let her in." He asked her if she would behave, and saying she would, he let her enter.

Seating herself quietly, she now said: "Oh, what a fool I've been."

"Yes," said old Peter cooly, "About the biggest fool I ever saw in all my life—and now you will have to repent for all of this, or go to the devil at last."

Of this woman he says, in his autobiography: "Although this was one of the hardest cases I ever saw on this earth, I must record it, to the glory of Divine grace, I lived to see, in less than six months after this frolic with the devil, this woman soundly converted to God."

Speaking of a preacher, educated in a theological seminary, old Peter says: "He was a very well educated man, and had regularly studied theology in some of the Eastern States, where they manufacture young preachers like they do lettuce in hot-houses."

Even at his own expense he relished a joke. In crossing a ford on Rock River, he missed the safe track, and striking a slippery rock, his horse fell. He says: "My saddle turned, off I went, and the first thing I knew I saw my saddle-bags floating down with great rapidity, for the water ran very swift. I had a tight race, but overtook them before they sank, so as to disappear.

"They were pretty well filled with water. My books and clothes had all turned Campbellites, for there was much water; and I escaped, not by the skin of my teeth, but by the activity of my heels. My horse rose, and with all the calmness of old Diogenes, waded out, and left me to do the same. Brother Summers could no

maintain his usual gravity, but I assure you all his fun was at my expense."

Perhaps the life of the pioneer preacher was never better or more concisely described, than in the language of Peter Cartwright, who says:

"A methodist preacher, in those days, when he felt that God had called him to preach, instead of hunting up a college, or Biblical institute, hunted up a hardy pony or a horse and some traveling apparatus, and with his library always at hand, namely, a bible, hymn book and discipline, he started, and with a text that never wore out or grew stale, he cried: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow and rain; climbed hills and mountains, traversed valleys, plunged through swamps, swam swollen streams, lay out all night, wet, weary and hungry, held his horse by the bridle all night, or tied him to a limb, slept with his saddle-blanket for a bed, his saddle or saddle-bags for his pillow, and his old big coat, or blanket if he had any, for a covering.

Often he slept in dirty cabins, on earthen floors, before the fire; ate roasting-ears for bread, drank butter-milk for coffee, or sage tea for imperial; took, with a hearty zest, deer or bear meat, or wild turkey for breakfast, dinner and supper, if he could get it. His text was always ready: "Behold the Lamb of God, etc." This was old-fashioned Methodist fare and fortune. Under such circumstances, who among us now would say: "Here am I, Lord, send me."



CHAPTER XL.

"OLD JIMMIE" AXLEY.

BRUTAL BULLIES——SCENES AT A CAMP-MEETING——A MINISTER KNOCKED DOWN——RALLY OF THE ROWDIES——BIRKHAMMER——THE CHURCH MILITANT——THE SHERIFF'S POSSE——"OLD JIMMIE" AXLEY——A DISAPPOINTED CONGREGATION——"OLD JIMMIE'S" REPROOFS——BAD CONDUCT——THE NOISY MAN——THE VAIN GIRL——THE SLEEPY INDIVIDUAL——THE TOBACCO CHEWER——BETTER BEHAVIOR——EARNEST AND HONEST——PRIMITIVE CHURCHES——THEIR ACCOMMODATIONS——THE MUSIC——INNOVATIONS OF YOUNG AMERICA——GLENDENNING'S MARCH——ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF PETER CARTWRIGHT——SCOFFERS——"ANOTHER SINNER DOWN"——CONVERTED.

That the pioneer-preacher's duty was not all one of peace, we may cite an incident occurring at a camp meeting, held under the auspices of Bishop Asbury, at Rushville, Ohio. Upon the grounds were a large number of miserable rowdies and brutal bullies, who did everything in their power to annoy and disturb the preachers and the members of the church. On one Saturday they determined to break up the meeting, and having become about half intoxicated, they attempted to put in force their threat, that they "intended to run the meeting."

Beginning the disturbance by hooting and yelling like so many demons, about twenty of them made their way into the grounds. Here they were met by one of the preachers and entreated to leave, or cease their noise, at which the ladies of the congregation were terrified. The answer of the brutal bully, who led the rowdies, was a blow in the face of the minister, which knocked him down. At this his comrades rallied around him and they became more riotous than ever. The more orderly part of the congregation now saw that they must defend themselves, or give way to the bullies and leave the grounds, and this they by no means intended to do.

Amongst the preachers in attendance was a powerful man, named Birkhammer, and he was of the old Peter Cartwright order, both in his ways of thinking and his modes of action. Coming up to the leader of the ruffians, he seized him in his iron grip and jerked him

down onto a bench with one hand, and catching his second in command by the neck with the other, he jammed him down into his chief's lap and held them until the arrival of the sheriff. In the meantime the other members of the congregation had not been idle, and ten of the rowdies were turned over to the sheriff's posse, which



BIRKHAMMER'S EXPLOIT AT A NIGHT CAMP-MEETING.

carried them before a justice of the peace, who imposed heavy fines upon them.

There was no more trouble after this, and Bishop Asbury, after prayer and song, opened the meeting, which continued for four days longer, and at which over a hundred persons were converted.

"OLD JIMMIE" AXLEY.

James Axley, or, as he was almost universally known, "Old Jimmie" Axley, was a very eccentric Methodist preacher, whose fame was familiar in every household in East Tennessee. Upon one occasion an appointment had been left for him at Jonesborough, and in consequence, when the day arrived, the church was crowded. Intense was the disappointment when a preacher, who had accompanied him, arose and proceeded with the service. The crowd, which had gathered, was not slow to make known its disappointment, and the conduct was very unseemly. This irritated the old man greatly, and when the brother had concluded his sermon and the



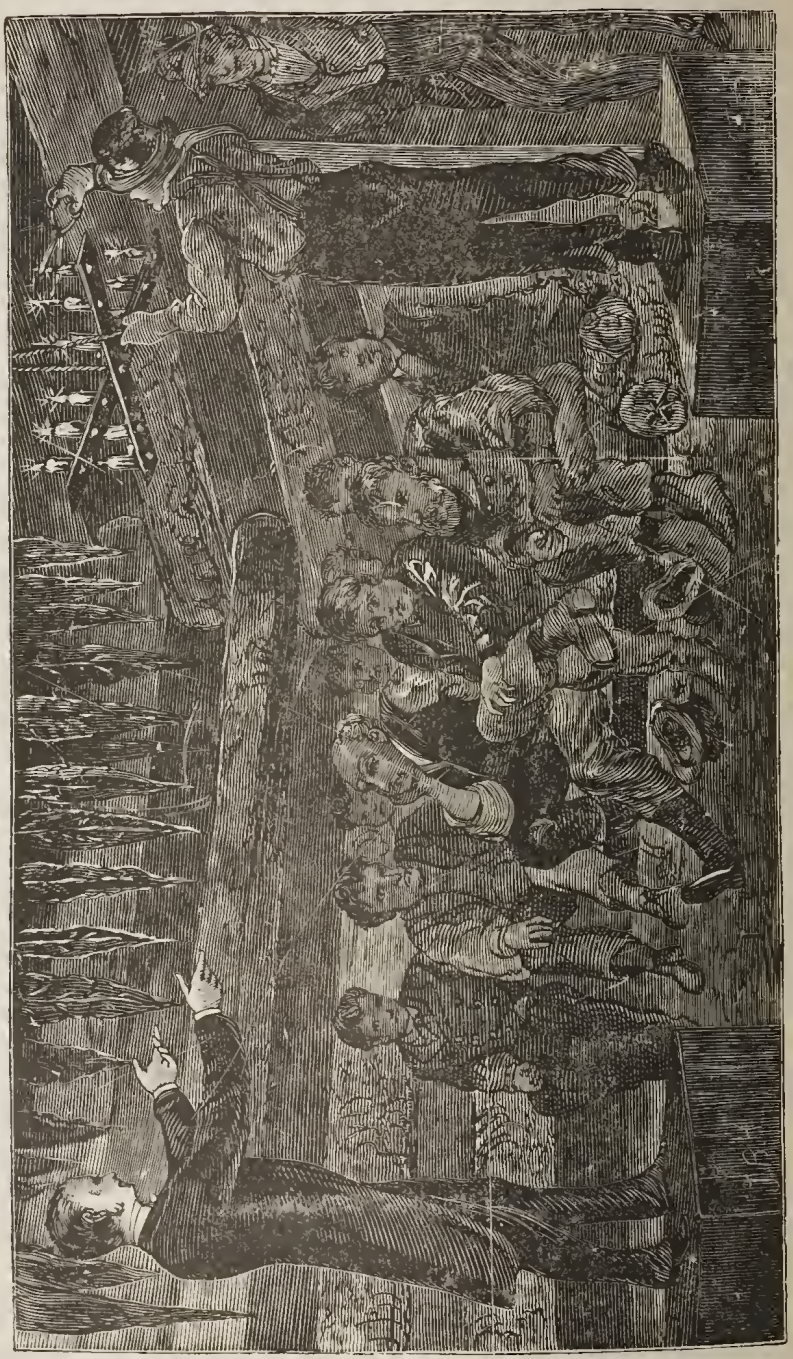
"OLD JIMMIE" AXLEY.

song and prayer had been finished, "Old Jimmie" arose to say a few words.

This he did in his own peculiar manner, which was inimitable. Bending over the pulpit he surveyed the people for a minute or two in solemn silence, and when he had succeeded in fixing every eye in the congregation, he began as follows:

"It may be a very painful duty, but it is a very solemn one, for a minister of the Gospel to reprove vice, misconduct and sin whenever and wherever he sees it. But especially is this his duty on Sunday and at church. That is a duty I am now about to attend to.

"Now," said he, leveling his bony finger towards a man sitting just beside the door, "that man, sitting out yonder beside the door,



"OLD JIMMIE" AXLEY PREACHING IN A TOBACCO BARN.

who got up and went out while the brother was preaching, stayed out as long as he wanted to, got his boots full of mud, came back

and stamped the mud off at the door, making all the noise he could, on purpose to disturb the attention of the congregation, and then took his seat; that man thinks I mean him. No wonder he does. It doesn't look as if he had been raised in the white settlements, does it, to behave that way at a meeting? Now, my friend, I'd advise you to learn better manners before you come to church next time. But I don't mean him."

"And now, that little girl sitting there"—and he indicated her, so that everyone could see just whom he was pointing at—"about half way of the house. I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—that's her with the artificial flowers on the outside of her bonnet, and the inside of her bonnet; she has a breastpin on, too: she that was giggling and chatting all the time the brother was preaching, so that even the old sisters in the neighborhood couldn't hear what he was saying, though they tried to; she thinks I mean her. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart for any parents that have raised a girl to her time of day, and haven't taught her how to behave when she comes to church. Little girl, you have disgraced your parents, as well as yourself. Behave better next time, won't you? But I don't mean her.

Again his long finger is pointed, this time transfixing a sleepy looking individual, just rousing from a comfortable snooze, and he said: "That man sitting there, that looks as bright and pert as if he never was asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but that just as soon as the brother took his text, laid his head down on the back of the seat in front of him, went sound asleep, slept the whole time and snored; that man thinks I mean him. My friend, don't you know the church ain't the place to sleep? If you needed rest, why didn't you stay at home, take off your clothes, and go to bed? That's the place to sleep, not church. The next time you have a chance to hear a sermon, I'd advise you to keep awake. But I don't mean him."

In the congregation was a certain Judge White, who greatly liked and was greatly liked by the old preacher, and as he sat well up toward the pulpit, he craned his neck around at each peroration of "Old Jimmy's," in order to see who was to be the next victim. Great was his inward cachination, as the eccentric old preacher poured out the vials of his good-humored, but scathing rebuke, upon those who most surely deserved it. At last, after having given

each of the guilty ones a touch of his sarcastic humor, he once more leaned forward, and said:



MACURDY'S "WAR SERMON."

"And now I reckon you want to know who I do mean? I mean that dirty, nasty, filthy tobacco chewer, sitting on the end of that

front seat," and he singled out the Judge with an unerring aim. "See what he has been about. Look at those puddles on the floor, a frog wouldn't get into them; think of the tails of the sisters' dresses being dragged through that muck."

The Judge, who was an excessive consumer of the weed and a most industrious spitter, at once ceased his grins, and afterwards said, that that sermon had cured him of chewing tobacco in church. It was this earnest and honest independence and aim to do their Master's work without fear, and without favor, that made the ministry of these men so effective. Of similar metal was Elias Macurdy, who preached the famous sermon, long known as the "War" sermon. During its thundering, strong men trembled like reeds, and fell on every hand, as if beneath the bullets of an enemy, or the terrible lightnings of Sinai.

GLENDENNING'S MARCH.

A Presbyterian minister, writing of the primitive churches of those pioneer days, says: "The first churches were built of unhewn logs, without any plastering, sometimes without any floor, and always without fire. In the coldest season of the year the minister had to preach, and the people to hear, with their overcoats buttoned up to the chin, and seldom was the sermon less than an hour and a half long, and often much longer. Instead of the cushioned seats of these days, slab stools, without any support to the back, were the only sitting accommodations."

These "good old days" were always looked back to by the older members of the church with regret, though we must confess that shorter sermons and more comfortable accommodations are decidedly the preference with the rising generation.

To show the obstinacy with which some of the primitive usages and ways of the church were adhered to by the aged members, it is related that, in the Presbyterian church at Upper Octorara, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, was an Elder James Glendenning, who was absolutely opposed to any innovation on the established order of things. At last, however, the old brother found himself so far in the minority, that he could no longer control the more progressive members, whose occasional visits to Philadelphia had taught them that in music, as in several other things, they had not kept up with the spirit of the times.

Accordingly, they determined to import a choir leader who could teach them newer music, and after much practice they appeared one Sunday, prepared to do or die. The news had reached our Elder, and when the first notes of one of the new songs began to float out upon the hushed and solemn air, he rose stiffly, and without looking to the right or left, moved "with stately step, and slow," down the aisles, and out of the church, in indignation at its desecration by a modern tune. For years thereafter that song was known as "Glendenning's March."

At one time when old Peter Cartwright was returning on his sturdy pony from a small town, he came up behind a party of three in a small spring wagon, known in those days as a "Democrat wagon." The party were two young men and a young lady. It was evident, from their conduct, that they knew who Cartwright was, though he did not remember ever having seen them. As he came briskly along behind them, they began praying aloud, and uttering the cries and shouts often heard upon the camp-grounds at that day.

They would sing awhile and then shout, and next a prayer would be offered, and one of them falling to his knees, the others would raise a loud shout of: "Hallelujah! Glory to God! another sinner down!" when up would spring the one, who was kneeling, shouting: "Glory to the Lamb! God has blessed me." Naturally anxious to escape from such a scene of infamous blaspheming, Cartwright first endeavored to spur past them, and finding he could not succeed, he walked his horse, but it was all to no purpose.

They kept just in front of him, and he was compelled to exercise his patience. After awhile, remembering that there was a very deep mud-hole just a little ways ahead, he whipped up his pony in hopes to pass the wagon, through the timber, while it was toiling through the heavy road. As he had half expected, they struck their horses, and put them to the top of their speed, to prevent their victim from escaping them. Dashing recklessly on, they came to the brink of the mud-hole, and unable to stop in time, they struck a deep rut, and the wagon upsetting, the three were soon wallowing in the black, sticky mire.

It was now Cartwright's time to crow, and reigning in his pony, he rose in his stirrups and began shouting: "Hallelujah, Glory to God! Another sinner down! Glory!" When he had taunted

them sufficiently for them to realize the folly and meanness of their actions, he said to them: "Now, you poor, dirty, mean sinners, take this as a just judgment of God upon you for your meanness, and repent of your dreadful wickedness, and let this be the last time you attempt to insult a preacher; for if you repeat



CARTWRIGHT'S REVENGE: "GLORY TO GOD! ANOTHER SINNER DOWN."

your abominable sport and persecutions, the next time God will serve you worse, and the devil will get you."

Cartwright says: "They felt so badly that they never uttered one word of reply. Now I was very glad that I did not horsewhip them, as I had felt like doing; but that God had avenged his own cause,

and defended his own honor, without my doing it with carnal weapons; and I may here be permitted to say, that at one of our camp-meetings, I had the great pleasure to see all three of these young people converted to God."

Such were the pioneers of religion, mighty men and true, doing God's service in the wilderness—often, it must be confessed, in a rude and homely way, but always with earnestness and piety. Upon the roll call of these pioncers, appear the names of Asbury, Cartwright, Boehm, Axley, McMillan, Broaddus, Vardeman, Thomas, Alexander, Lacey, George, McKendree, Soule and others, who have long since "walked with God."



CHAPTER XLI.

PIONEER SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

LOG CABIN SCHOOL-HOUSES——THE SEAT OF HONOR——CLAY, CALHOUN AND WEBSTER —— THE PIONEER PEDAGOGUE —— SOLOMON'S MAXIM —— THE SCHOLARS——THE UNLUCKY BOY——THE MISCHIEVOUS SCHOLARS——THE LITTLE BELLE——CHINESE CIVILIZATION——MACAULEY'S NEW ZEALANDER ——GOLDEN YOUTH——THE PIONEER SUNDAY SCHOOL——ITS SCOPE—— LOVE AND DUTY——THE TEACHERS——TENDER MAIDENS——ENTHUSIASTIC PRAISES——THE BIBLE CLASS——FUTURE STATESMEN——"MOTHER'S IN ISRAEL"——SUNDAY-SCHOOL MISSIONARY LABOR——"PIKE'S RUN"—— INGERSOLL'S LABORS——CHEERFUL GIVERS——AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT ——THE HORSE JOCKEY——PETTY THIEVING——A PERFECT SUCCESS—— A CHURCH FORMED.

THE PIONEER SCHOOL.

Almost abreast with the pioneer preacher came the primitive district and Sunday school teacher dispensing, it is true, the waters of the Pierian spring in homœopathic draughts, but still, in their humble way, preparing the youth of the border for the more advanced humanities of the seminary, grammar-school and college. The churches and school houses were but rude affairs; rough log cabins, not even of hewed timbers, and provided with puncheon seats. These furnished all of the accommodations for the scholars, desks not being obtainable, and even had they been, would doubtless have been considered a superfluity.

A puncheon stool, so arranged that the pedagogue could lean back against the wall of the school house, at one end of it, was the throne of the master, who inducted the fallow mind in the mysteries of "the three R's," as some worthy London alderman toasted, "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic." Before him stood a small desk, the only one in the house, manufactured of pine or oak boards. Upon this the pupils took turn about with their copy-books, practicing the "pot-hooks and hangers" of that early era.

Smile as we may at these primitive structures—where some itinerant school teacher satisfied the earliest divine thirstings of the childish mind for knowledge—in just such arenas were first trained our

intellectual giants, our Clays, Calhouns and Websters, whose vacant places in our national capitol have never been and never will be filled.



THE FRONTIER TEACHER AND HIS SCHOOL.

The master himself was a study worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. Long, gangling and angular in form, and with an owlish gravity of

face, his costume was not exactly that of a Brummel or Hickman. Without a coat or vest, his jeans pants were upheld at the top by tow or yarn suspenders, or, as he would have called them, "galluses," and rolled up at the bottom, displaying a pair of large bare feet and bony ankles. In his hand was a long hickory rod, with which he pointed out the scholar whose turn it was to answer; or, in case of delinquencies, with which he enforced his authority. He had unbounded faith in the maxim of that alleged wise man, Solomon, and did not believe in spoiling the child by neglecting frequent applications of the hickory. Parenthetically we may remark, that from the conduct of Solomon, in his mature years, we have often thought that David must have had a great deal to charge himself with in the way of omissions.

The scholars were the same little bare-footed, sun-burned, rosy-cheeked boys and girls who now fill our better appointed and better officered country district schools. Times change, and we change with them; dynasties rise, flourish and decay; religions wax and waver; thrones crumble and nations disappear, but the fount of childhood is perennially fresh. Here we find the unlucky boy with the cut foot; the mischievous young rascal sticking pins in his comrades; the unlucky little maiden, whose plump cheeks are swollen almost to bursting by the sting of the yellow jacket or "bumble bee."

Here is the "mad wag," whose grins and grimaces set the whole school "on a roar," and here is the demure little belle, who causes innumerable heart-aches and heart-burnings amongst her male companions, and who, with that art inherited from our common mother, Eve, balances her books so well, that none of her youthful admirers can tell who is the lucky suitor.

And so it was when the civilization of that ancient people, the Chinese, was in its infancy; before a brick of Babylon had been burned or builded; before Jerusalem existed even in prophetic brains, and so it will be when Macauley's predicted New Zealander shall sit upon the ruins of Westminster Abbey and gaze upon the crumbling ashes of forgotten London. Oh, childhood, joyous childhood, pregnant with golden possibilities, thou art the typing of that turning wheel whose circle brings us back to trust and truth, and in its spheric bound encompasses all freshness and all innocence! Thy faith defeats time's fierce iconoclasm; thy purity makes plain our Godhood's presence!

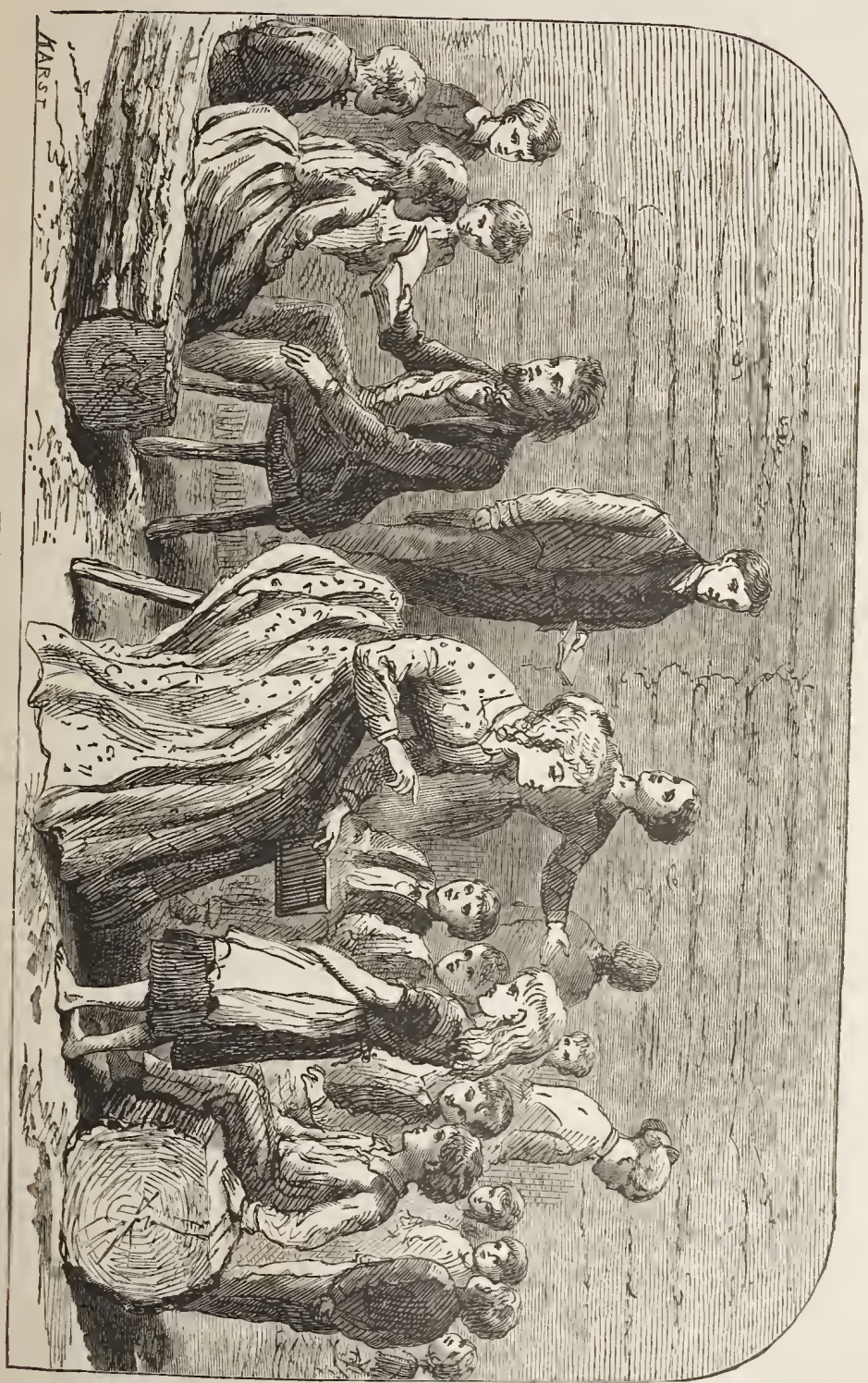
THE PIONEER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Another pioneer instrument in the field of education was the Sunday school, where morality and religion made a part of the curriculum, and where the Bible and the hymnal supplemented the text books of the district schools. Here the blessed refinements of religion were inculcated,and the scope of the teaching thereby enlarged. Here the heart and the soul were educated, as well as the colder and more selfish faculties of the intellect. Here the intuitions of goodness and purity and love were cultivated, and made to yield their fruits, no less necessary than those of the brain.

Unselfish men and women dedicated their seventh day to this task of love and duty. Like the earliest preachers, these were God's pioneers, doing his service in the wilderness, awakening youthful minds to the contemplation of righteousness, and speeding the good work of religion. Their garbs were often rough, their faces homely, but their hearts were large and their lives saintly. Their schools were generally held in the rude buildings, which served as churches on the Sabbath, and often as district school houses on all other days of the week, except Saturday; which, for some unknown and certainly not very potent reason, is everywhere conceded as the scholar's weekly holiday.

In these buildings, logs hewed on the top and bottom did duty as seats for the children, and a few rough stools answered the uses of their teachers. Both the teachers and scholars were clad in their best, and the scene was one of peace and joy. Boys, almost bursting with suppressed mischief, and dainty little bits of femininity, radiant with health and beauty, filled the seats, and the hum of their soft voices suffused the air with music. Some had verses to say, others questions to ask—those questions, which from fools and children, outdo the wisdom of sages; unanswerable queries, framed by who knows what process of reason or intuition.

Here some tender maiden, still in the happy boundary of her teens, teaches to a golden-haired damsel the blessed way that she so early found. Here some future Senator propounds questions in regard to the theocracy of the Israelites, that might well puzzle sager political economists than the worthy matron in whose class he studies. The youthful superintendent listens respectfully to the enthusiastic



THE PIONEER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

praises bestowed by a buxom optimist upon her small class of juveniles—which she pours forth with a volubility supposed to be peculiarly feminine—and turns again to his Bible class, composed of the older pupils.

In this class may be found the young farmers and other youths, who are soon to begin their battle with the world as lawyers, doctors, or merchants. In a few years some of them will be filling pulpits or occupying places upon the bench, in the arena of politics, or in the halls of Congress; some will have gone down to "the dark valley of the shadow," filling untimely graves. "Time stands for no man, halt him as we may."

In this class, too, we see the gentle maidens, whose eyes are filled with the dreamy unrest of their vague longings, and whose footfalls will soon pass from the mystic boundary of girlhood to the more rugged paths and sterner duties of maternity. These are the future "Mother's in Israel," who shall lead up another generation to the altar, and consecrate them to the gentle Shepherd.

Theirs is the task to soothe wearied brains and bruised and bleeding hearts; theirs the unselfish duty of sacrifice, that gives without stint, and endures without murmuring; theirs is the antitype of Christ's gentle mercy, the giving up of self, that others may be blessed. Man's may be the strength, but theirs is the divinity of courage; man's may be heroic, but hers is God-like.

While in some places the Sunday school followed the church, yet in other places it lead it. When the children had been gathered into the Sunday school, it was often found that the parent, as teacher, sympathizer, or officer, followed, and the desecration of the Sabbath—by hunting and household work on the part of the parents; and fishing, playing ball and marbles, and robbing orchards and watermelon patches, by the children—ceased. A desire for a better life was stimulated, and in the wake of the newly established Sunday school would come the itinerant preacher, the little church, and finally all of the blessings, which attend in the train of religion. The grog-shop lost its customers, the card tables were forsaken by their devotees, and order and happiness ruled the homes.

The Rev. W. B. Childlaw speaks of one of his scenes of Sunday school missionary labor, thus: "In 1837, while laboring in the new settlements of Northwestern Ohio, I found a few pious settlers on 'Pike's Run,' a tributary of the Auglaise River, and established

a union Sunday school among them. The next year I found the school flourishing, and largely increased in members, with a prayer-meeting attached to it.

"The following year, 1838, a church was organized, a log chapel erected, and the services of a pastor secured. The union Sunday school was the day of small things to the early settlers, but it was the beginning of days and the germ, out of which grew the Congregational church of Gomer, one of the largest and most prosperous churches in that part of the State, a glorious testimony of the evangelistic power of the missionary work of the American Sunday School Union."

E. S. Ingersoll (we cannot help but wonder if he is a relative of Robert), says: "In 1860 I organized a Sunday school in the county of E——, in a settlement of five families. It was on a week day. All the men, women and children had come together, to pile the logs, that one man had cut around his shanty. While they were eating supper, I gave a short address, and a Sunday school was organized. My closing advice was: "Don't let a family, that moves into your settlement, live here one Sabbath, without an invitation to attend your Sunday school."

This advice was followed. Three years after I was invited to visit that school, and supply them with a new library. The price was ten dollars. They took a collection. The superintendent gave one dollar; he was bare-footed, said he had not a boot or shoe. A lady gave three shillings, saying: "I have saved it towards getting me some shoes, but I love to give it for a Sunday school library." Her feet were very poorly clad. Others made equaly great sacrifices, until they had raised three dollars and twenty-five cents, and I think every penny in the congregation was in. The superintendent asked if I could wait for the balance.

I replied: "You remember God accepted Abraham and spared the victim, so I think He will accept this offering; take back your money. In the name of Mrs. W—— I present you this library." Five years after this I visited them again, and found eighty or ninety persons in the school, and was told that every family within two miles was represented. Now there is a Presbyterian church there, and regular preaching is sustained.

In the year 1862, I canvassed the county of C——. One Sabbath, as I was going to my appointment, I found about twenty boys playing ball. The next day I returned to that district, visited every

family, and talked about a Sunday school. Some were anxious, some indifferent, and some made light of it. I saw that a certain individual must be enlisted, and he was a notorious "horse-jockey." I went to his house for the night. For a time we chatted on agriculture, politics, horses, etc. Then I introduced Sunday schools. He was frank to say they were good, if properly conducted, "but it is of no use to undertake one here. Why the boys play ball here every Sunday."

"Why shouldn't they?" I asked, "they have nothing else to do; give them a good Sunday school and a good library, and they won't play ball." "Oh fie, don't talk to me, and more," said he, "they steal my watermelons, and stack the vines." "Just in keeping with the propensities of all boys, who have nothing better to do. If you will take hold of the Sunday school here, and try and make it interesting, I will guarantee your watermelons, and there will be no more ball playing on the Sabbath."

"The next Sabbath we had a good meeting; the boys were there and voted to organize a Sunday school. Mr. "Horse-Jockey" was elected librarian. After the meeting, he invited me to his home, and made a great many inquiries about his duties; said he had no idea there was so much to a Sunday school. He ordered books and papers from me from time to time.

"Three years after I called on him, and asked him about the Sunday school. "It is a perfect success," said he, "The boys have not played ball a single Sunday since you were here, and just come and see my watermelons. I can raise more than I can eat or give away." A Baptist minister commenced preaching there, soon after the Sunday school was organized. Soon a church was formed, and meetings held every Sabbath."

PART II.

THE PLAINS.

THE ERA OF COMMERCE AND EXPLORATION.

'Across this sandy, sometime sea,—
Now parched plain,—they toil along,
These bearded men all gaunt and strong,—
Fit guard for any king to be;—
Men that on any fateful field
Would fight, bleed, die, but never yield."

CHAPTER I.

THE PLAINS.

NECESSARY EXCITEMENT——ADAM POE'S REMARK——KENTUCKY'S HALCYON DAYS ——THE PIONEER TRAPPER——A BARE POLL——LEWIS WETZEL'S IMPRISONMENT——ROBERT M'LELLAN——LEATHERSTOCKINGS——THE PAWNEES—— THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT——CHILDISH LONGINGS——TRAPPING AND HUNTING——DAY DREAMS——INDIANS, HALF-BREEDS AND "SQUAW MEN"—— SCHOLARS AND DESPERADOES——MOUNTAIN MEN——RARE SURGEONS——A RUDE OPERATION——RANCHMEN AND RANCHES——THE DUG-OUT——PLAINS ARCHITECTURE——ADOBES —— MERCHANTS AND MERCHANDISE——TRADING CATTLE——FRESH STEERS——PLUNDERED PILGRIMS——A REMUNERATIVE TRADE.

When Kentucky had been wrested from savage sway, it was hardly to be expected that all of the pioneers would, like Kenton, Logan and even Wetzel, discard their trusty rifles, forswear hunting, and settle down as peaceable tillers of the soil. It might with especial reason be expected, that the younger men of this class would seek that ever shifting boundary, the border, and continue along its intangible line, the sports with which they had not, like their older comrades, become satiated upon the broad fields of the "dark and bloody ground." To numbers of these men danger had become a necessary excitement, and ambush and attack as natural as the air they breathed.

The proclamation of peace was all very well, they thought, to settle disputed boundaries, and to determine what piece of colored cloth should wave over certain strips of territory, but these proclamations found no echo in their hearts. Their characters and their longings were truly set forth in a remark of big Adam Poe. In a conversation on the pleasures of hunting, he said with animation: "I've tried all kinds of game, boys! I've fit bar and painter (panther) and catamount, but," he added regretfully, and with a vague, unsatisfied longing in the plaintive tones of his voice, "thar ain't no game like Ingins—No, sir! no game like Injins."

When the halcyon days of Kentucky's career began, these young Hotspurs of the border, shouldered their rifles and bade adieu to the

land in which deer was becoming scarce, and where in valley or on mountain not a single redskin was to be "scared up." Life under such conditions was too tame, and we find them scattered in every direction, to the West, South and Northwest. Afar up amongst the icy waters of the Upper Missouri, the agents of the American Fur Company one day met a canoe with three trappers in it, sailing unconcernedly down through the tribes of the fiery Black Feet, the thieving Crows, the Tetons, the Mandans, and the hundreds of other tribes lining the banks of that mighty but muddy torrent. At their head was Edward Robinson, one of Kentucky's brave old pioneers, who had, on some of her battle fields, already lost his scalp to the savage foemen. Unwinding his handkerchief from his bare skull, he chuckled as he said to Mr. Hunt, in answer to the latter's question if he was not afraid he'd lose his scalp: "I'll fool 'em bad now, ef they down *me*. Thar's a mighty poor show for har thar!" He was sixty-six years old and was as successful a trapper and as hardy a hunter as either of his youthful companions.

Lewis Wetzel made his way down amongst the Spaniards in Louisiana, looking for adventure, and found an opportunity to cool his rage for excitement by spending two years in the prison at New Orleans, from which he was at last released through the intercession of the American Government. What he had done to merit this treatment, no one knows. Some hint at a counterfeiting operation; others at an amour with the wife of a Spanish official. The reader has both solutions offered, and can take his choice; we put but little faith in either.

Robert McLellan, who had hunted Indians, as a scout for "Mad Anthony" Wayne, the uproarious Quaker general, could not rest satisfied upon the peaceful shores of the Ohio River, from whose banks he had assisted in brushing the swarms of murderous savages, and went up to the head waters of the Missouri River, and even beyond—to the shores of the Pacific—and returning, after many hair-breadth escapes, died of his terrible sufferings, and exposure on these excursions, at his trading post in Ste. Genevieve. But the list is too long, so we shall cease the enumeration.

"The Plains!" How the very name used to thrill us when, as children, we pored over exciting tales of buffalo hunts, beaver trapping and Indian ambuscades. How we have wept over Cooper's beautiful description of his noble old scout, Leatherstockings, and the

tender care the amiable Pawnees took of this wise old hero. We had read with regret of his harrowing parting from his gentle Delaware friends—one of whom, Wingenund, we have already seen as one of the prime movers in the torture of Crawford—but here again he had found a refuge with the god-like Pawnees, and once more our youthful minds were made happy. Alas, for the revealments of later days.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!"

We had not then made the acquaintance of the Pawnee, as we were doomed to do in later years, and we did not then know him as a savage, a little dirtier, a little lazier, a little more cowardly and a little more thievish than the other "Plains" Indians.

How we used to gloat over the wide stretch of territory lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, and so *truthfully* labeled THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT. This we knew from our geographies to be "the plains," and we also recognized it as the paradise of Indians, wolves, buffalos, and other "*varmint*," as Natty Bumpo would have called them. How anybody could make up his mind to go to Europe, and leave its mysteries unexplored, was more than we could comprehend. How any grown person, who presumably had control of his own destinies, could turn his back upon this delectable section, and go off to Saratoga, (for there was no Long Branch then!) "leaving its sweetness all unguessed," we could never determine.

For ourselves, we intended, just as soon as we were grown, to lay in a stock of rifles, pistols and "things"—under which generic name we included all other necessaries—and start without a moment's delay for the Great American Desert. Once there, we intended to spend our time trapping, hunting Indians and chasing buffalo. How many others have had similar visions! How different the reality from what we had dreamed! We find, when we reach it, the Great American Desert no desert at all, but the bed of a vanished sea, over which roamed immense herds of buffalo, bands of elk, and flocks of antelope.

To lend variety to the scene, there were beastly Indians, and filthy half-breeds, and that nondescript, the "prairie man," a white man with an Indian wife, and family of mixed race. These were generally either Frenchmen or Spaniards, men of that Latin stock that, unlike the Saxon and the Anglo-Norman, has ever been ready to

mingle its blood with that of the inferior races. There were some exceptions, however, and in my own experience I was acquainted with several Americans, who were known as "Squaw Men," or



"Big Injun me!"

SHAVED-HEAD—THE PAWNEE CHIEF.

"Prairie Men;" all whites having Indian families being called by one or the other of these titles.

Amongst these were men from every rank in life; the desperado, who had sought in the Indian villages a refuge from the outraged

law, and the Timon-like misanthrope, who fled from the ingratitude or insipidity of friends. Here were rude, unlettered men, but a single grade above the dumb animal; and here again was the man of culture, who had turned in disgust from the impotence of all human knowledge, and sought in the wilderness to unlearn its vanities.

Upon the plains, more often than amongst the mountains, was to be found the "Mountain Man," as the trapper was designated, and these were the hardiest of all the bold borderers. Of them Milton Sublette and John Smith (no *alias*, gentle reader!) were types; fearless men of iron, who outdid the fiercest Indian in daring, and the toughest grizzly in endurance. Of wonderful vitality, and nerves of steel, it is on record, that each of these two men amputated his own leg.



A DUG-OUT.

Think of that, ye that dwell in cities, and require an anaesthetic for the removal of an aching tooth! Here were rare surgeons—physicians healing themselves! "Where did they get their instruments," do you ask? They made them. The keenest edge possible was put on one knife; a second one was hacked into a tolerable saw. With one the flesh was cut to the bone; with the other the living bone and sensitive marrow was sawed across. An iron, heated to white heat, seared up the arteries as well as the surgeon's silk, and the deed was done.

There was also another class of men, the ranchmen, who dwelt along the rivers and creeks, in what were called *adobe* houses. The *adobe* in Mexico—its native land—is a sun-burnt (or dried) brick; on the plains it was sod. The ranches along the Platte, the Cache

la Poudre and Lodge Pole Creek, were of sod and built in the following manner. The sod was turned up in sheets about four inches thick, eighteen inches wide, and one or two acres long. These long strips of sod were then cut into pieces from two to four feet in length, according to the thickness you wanted your wall. Laying the grass side down, the walls were built as high as desired; tapering upward at each end from the edges to the center, so as to give a pitch to to the roof. A large cedar ridge-pole was now laid across, at the highest points, from end to end, and smaller cross-poles laid from the sides up to the ridge-pole. Transversely across these again small poles or brush were laid, and covered with hay, over which dirt was thrown to a depth of several inches. The floor was of dirt, beat hard, and sprinkled and swept every morning. A primitive house, I grant you, still a degree above the dug-out, as a hole in the ground, roofed over, is called.

In summer, these cave-like ranches were cool; in winter, warm, and in an Indian attack, the best fortress ever devised. No bullet could penetrate their walls, no fire from the outside could burn them.

The furniture was of the simplest kind: a counter—for the ranchman was also a merchant—bales of robes for seats, a rough wooden table with knives and forks of iron, and the rest of their furniture of tin. The beds were buffalo skins and Mackinaw blankets, spread down upon the floor. The ranchman made his living by selling to the "pilgrims"—as overland immigrants were called—and the freighters, supplies of buffalo, elk or antelope meat; whisky of the most destructive type; canned goods, and playing cards. They also traded to the immigrants fresh stock, for foot-sore cattle and horses, and thus made numerous profits.

In a week after trading for a worn-out animal, this was again exchanged, *as a fresh one*, for one or two yoke of cattle, and fully as much as it was worth in money. Of course, such animals would soon give out again, and often a steer or horse would be exchanged at almost every ranch between Dog Town and Denver, or Laramie.

CHAPTER II.

PLAINS CHARACTERS.

INDIAN TRADERS——JACK MORROW——CORLEW AND KIRBY——"THE PILGRIM"——HIS OTHER COGNOMENS——HIS SALUTATION——THE BULLWHACKER——WHIPS AND TRICKS——GAMBLERS——THE STAGE DRIVER——AN AUTOCRAT——INDIAN COURTESANS——SAVAGE CUSTOMS——OLD JO ROUBIDOUX——VANISHED SEAS——IMPERISHABLE CEDARS——SUNKEN CANONS——INDIAN LEGENDS——GRASSES——TREES——THEIR USE AS SEPULCHRES——WILLOW AND CACTUS——PLAINS GAME——A HAPPY FAMILY——PRAIRIE-DOGS AND THEIR GUESTS——THE AMIABLE POLE-CAT——A DEADLY POISON——CERTAIN DEATH——A SORDID CREATURE——THE BUFFALO HUNTER——HIS GREED FOR MONEY——HOME OF THE BUFFALO——RAILWAY CORPORATIONS——PROSPECTORS——AMATEUR PLAINSMEN——MEN IN BUCKSKIN.

In the season the ranchmen become Indian traders, sending men and supplies out to the villages to trade for robes, white skins and moccasins. Of this class of men Jack Morrow, who kept a ranch at the junction of the North and South Platte Rivers, and John Corlew and Will Kirby, near O'Fallon's Bluffs, were types. The first was a rather hard party, who had, by one means and another, made his ranching extremely profitable; the other two were honest, honorable gentlemen, free of heart and clean of soul.

The freighter, with his teams of oxen or mules, is too well known to require description, and the "wagon boss," a petty tyrant in a very small way, will be passed by in silence. The "pilgrim" of the plains is the "tenderfoot" of the mountains, and the green-horn of the further East. He was the new comer, the man of but little experience, and the butt of all the stale, practical jokes. He was the one selected to hold the bag on sniping expeditions, and in every way his verdancy was taken advantage of. His salutation was then, is now, and I suppose ever will be: "I say, Cap!"

The "bullwhacker" was a character in his way, and quite a genius. Carrying a heavy whip, with a handle a little over two feet long, and a flexible lash at least twelve feet in length, he would whirl the instrument around his head once or twice, and then the keen, tapering lash would dart forward and almost lift the "deadhead" or recalcitrant steer off his feet. He would bet with the

"pilgrim" that he could cut his pants from a distance of twelve feet without touching his leg, taking care to make his wager small enough to lose it willingly, when the cracker went tearing through cloth and skin and flesh.

The gambler—but then all men on the plains were gamblers, from the thieving savage, with his Indian poker, too complicated for a white man's brain, to the itinerant faro banker, with his broadcloth suit and his set of magnificent "tools." Gambling was the universal passion; some men hunted, some traded, some trapped, some ranched, some freighted, some drove team, but all gambled. Here the steady old veteran of three score and ten might be seen "chipping in" at a game of poker; there two youngsters, not counting more than two dozen years between them, engaged each other for small stakes at seven-up and euchre; in one place the Texan or the Mexican bucked fiercely against a monte bank, while two or more dusky sons of Africa gave way to the seduction of "craps."

We must not forget the stage-driver, an autocrat, whose box was his throne, whose whip was his scepter. From one end of his route to the other he was idolized. His toddy was waiting for him at any ranch at which he chose to dismount; his meals were gratis at all eating stations. He was the oracle to whom all difficulties were submitted; he was the arbiter of all disputes not settled by the keen edge of the bowie-knife or the swift bullet of the revolver. His attainments were supposed to be unlimited, his knowledge universal.

The courtesans partook of the transitory character of all things common to the plains, and were either Caucasian "scarlet women," journeying to Denver or "the slope," or more often the half-breed offspring of some white man and Indian woman. Probably the most notorious of these last were the half-breed daughters of old Jo Roubidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, Missouri.

These were not the beautiful Indian maidens whom we see upon the stage and in eastern poetry, scornfully refusing the passionate proposals of some frontier dandy, togged out with slashed jacket, bell buttons and fancy moccasins, but sordid, swarthy, ill-favored cyprians, bartering their favors with reckless shamelessness. Coarse of feature and squat of build, they were a strong commentary upon the evils of mixed blood.

Traveling with their mother's tribe—the Ogalalla Sioux—these women were always forced by the not over scrupulous savages to

erect their lodge or tepee across some natural boundary from the others, even if only a buffalo trail. Though they occasionally sold their own wives and daughters, yet it seemed to be "against their medicine" to allow those, who followed prostitution as a means of



THE REJECTED SUITOR.

living, to camp amongst them. It is said by old trappers and prairie men, that this practice was at first adopted by women of this class as a notification, and afterward became a law or tribe custom, rigidly enforced against them.

So much for the human inhabitants of "the plains;" now let us attempt a slight description of the wild beasts, that roamed their broad expanse, and of the country itself. All of the stretch of country south of the South Platte bears evidence of having at one time been the bed of an immense salt sea, dotted by many small and large islands. I say salt sea, though the sand deposit may have given to its present sparse herbage a saline character. When the pressure from this immense mass of waters burst its barriers, and established channels, by which it poured its waters into the ocean, none of its flood was carried off by the Platte, but all of it flowed toward the southeast by the drainage of the Arkansas, Red and other streams moving in that direction. This disruption of its boundaries was probably caused by earthquake or other violent convulsion, and that this drainage was in a southeasterly direction, is evidenced by the fact, that all of the cleavage of the rocks and mountain ranges is toward that point of the compass.

On almost all of the sand hills, toward the South and East, the ribbing is as perfect as can be found on the beaches along the Atlantic or Pacific coasts, and this is and can be caused only by water action—nothing else. Another thing, which proves that a great amount of water once laved these sand hills, (which have evidently sunk from a much greater elevation), is the fact, that in their cañons stand forests of gigantic cedars, that have been dead for ages, but which in height, girt and straightness exceed those of Mount Lebanon. This timber was cut and hauled from thirty to ninety miles to the ranches, to be used as fire-wood, and many a pound of it have I seen sold to the "pilgrims" and freighters for three to five cent a pound, when they were unable to obtain "buffalo (or bull) chips" for fuel.

From all the evidences obtainable, these cedars may have stood thus dead, but imperishable, from the time that the leaguing masons builded the walls of Solomon's temple, and founded the mysteries of their craft; or his ships sailed for tribute to Ophir and to Tarshish. The broken column of Memnon, and the buried temples of Tadmor in the wilderness, with all of their immensity of bulk and carving, may have been wrought since these noble trees had forever dropped their foliage.

Babylon, with its marvelous walls and its hundred brazen gates, may not have been conceived or builded; Semiramis may not have

dreamed her splendid vision of guilty ambition and mighty conquest; the first flood of those entombing sands, that swept remorselessly over Thebes and Memphis, may not have begun their encroachments when the verdure had forever disappeared from these tall sentinels, that overlook the silent desolation which surrounds them. Certain it is, that in this dry, antiseptic air, they have not varied, in the slightest particle, in the recorded observations of a hundred years. Just as they are to-day, so—the old men of the Sioux have often told me—were they ages ago, when their ancestors drove out another race, and occupied these hunting grounds.

In such valleys as that of the Platte the grass was tough, coarse and luxuriant; on the sand hills, and such parts of the plains as were not bare, there grows a short, crisp, generally curled grass, of a dried look and whitish color. This was of two varieties—the buffalo and the bunch grasses—and a horse, mule or steer would leave the finest blue grass that ever grew in Bourbon County, Kentucky, to nip this scant and uninviting-looking pasturage. Of all grasses it is said by stockmen, who ought to be competent judges, to be the sweetest and most nutritious.

Along the rivers grew a very few cottonwood trees, occupied by large bunches, which, from a distance, seem to be immense nests, but which, on a nearer approach, are found to be Indian corpses; that being the mode of burial amongst the La Cotahs (Sioux). When they can't find trees in which to *bury*, they plant four poles and build a scaffold some ten or twelve feet from the ground, on which they lay the bodies, after tightly wrapping them in blankets or buffalo robes. (By the way, La Cotah, and not Da Cotah, is the proper name of the collective tribes forming the Sioux nation, though this mistake has been perpetuated in the name of one of our territories). On the islands in the rivers grow a few small willows; on plain and sand hill, cactus and prickly pear. We have now enumerated every green thing, except the strawberry—of which I've seen beds miles in extent—and sand-hill or choke cherries.

The game was the elk, antelope, buffalo, black tail and white tail deer, coyotes and large gray wolves. Adam Poe would have classed the Indians also in this category. Along the streams toward the East, where there was some timber, wild turkeys were plentiful. The "pilgrims" included in the game list the social little prairie-dogs, whose holes accommodate not only their own families, but also



A HAPPY PLAINS FAMILY AT HOME.

the fierce rattlesnakes and the beautiful little white burrowing owls, which happy family has often caused me to speculate on the part played by the rattlesnake in the domestic economy of this incongruous combination.

Whether his gratitude was great enough to cause him to refuse tender young prairie-dog, when his appetite craved something dainty; or whether his friendship was of that ardent kind, which would restrain him from making free with the puffy little squab owls, when he came home in the humor for a game supper, has



A PANIC IN CAMP——AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

caused me frequent cogitations. Sometimes it has occurred to me that both owls and snakes, by a wise provision of nature, subsist entirely on prairie-puppies, and thus keep down, in a degree, the wonderful fecundity of these little burrowers, which increase at a rate that discounts that of arithmetical progression.

The pole-cat, or skunk, is another animal found in large numbers upon these wide stretches of sand. Conscious of his own *strength*, this sociable little creature does not avoid the society of men, but

frequently the dwellers in dug-outs, or tents, have awakened to find them perched upon their breasts, or endeavoring to get beneath the blankets which covered them.

This is a trying situation. The ejection of the unwelcome intruder must be almost as rapid as the lightning's stroke, or everything will be drenched with an odor not exactly as pleasant as the spicy breezes from "Araby the blest." Another thing, not generally known, is this: The bite of the pole-cat is more surely fatal than that of the cobra or Egyptian asp. No one has ever been bitten by one of these animals and recovered; death by hydrophobia being inevitable in every case. No wonder then, that the appearance of so insignificant a creature produces a panic by no means proportionate to its size and appearance.

After the advent of the railroads, came a creature uncouth and sordid: more avaricious than the half-breed, more destructive than the wolf, more despicable than the savage. This was the buffalo hunter, a caricature upon humanity, whose greed for money was such that, for the pitiful sum of from fifty cents to one dollar, he would destroy one of the noblest game animals, that a beneficient Creator ever gave to man's use. Securing an abundant living in a country fit for no agricultural or grazing purpose, here was a game that might have been preserved for all time, since not even that most grasping of all known things, an American railway corporation, could by any possibility desire the domain, over which they roamed.

It would have been eminently proper, that the last buffalo should perish by the arrow of the last hostile Indian, but fate works with some very insignificant instruments, and these grand brutes will soon be exterminated by that petty one—infinitely lower than the lowest Digger—the buffalo hunter.

The advent of the railroads was accompanied by much that was good, and much (in addition to the buffalo hunter) that was evil. It swept away ranchman, stage-driver, teamster and trader. It banished the prairieman to the reservations, and of the plainsmen made prospectors. He who before had ranched, teamed or traded, now purchased a pole-pick, a gold-pan, a shovel and a *burro*, and turned into the mountains in search of gold-placers and silver leads.

Excitement had become as necessary as life; adventure, as the breath of his nostrils. Before this the mountain man had lived mostly upon the plains; now the plainsmen became residents of the mountains. The Wild Bills and the Texas Jims at this era donned buckskin suits and paraded as plainsmen. The Machettes, Gaws, Cavenders, Cliffords, Houstons and Raymonds dropped out of sight before these new men in leather fringes.



CHAPTER III.

INDIAN ATROCITIES.

PLAINS CITIES——DEAD MEN FOR BREAKFAST——WELL FILLED GRAVEYARDS ——THE PET OF THE BUREAU——A TERRIBLE FATE——THE WESTERN ISHMAELITE——OLD BOB CARSON——HIS LONELY GRAVE——THE CAMP OF DEATH——HORRIBLE OUTRAGES——THE INDIAN'S REWARD——INFAMY OF THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT——A REFUGE OF THIEVES AND IMBECILES——RESPONSIBLE FOR RAPINE AND MURDER——DUTY OF CONGRESSMEN——ITCHING PALMS——THIEVING AGENTS——IMCOMPETENT COMMISSIONS——THE AGENT'S AGENTS——JUNKETING——A PASSING PAGEANTRY——THE EARLY TRAPPERS——THEIR LIVES AND HARDSHIPS——WHO THEY WERE ——BOGUS PATHFINDERS——THE JESUIT——GOLD DISCOVERY——A SOLITARY LIFE——RUGGED GRANDEUR——EXTRAVAGANT IDEAS——MOUNTAIN CAMPS——BONANZA KINGS——SCIENTISTS.

Some small posts, and so-called cities, sprang up along these lines forward as Jonah's gourd, evanescent as mushrooms. These cities might lack everything else, that was metropolitan, but the inevitable brothels, gambling rooms and drinking saloons were sure to be found. Hotels, too, they possessed, grandiloquent of name, but humble of structure. Along with the bills of fare, at these caravanseries, over-night's gossip almost daily provided "dead men for breakfast," and the hillside graveyard, in its rapidly increasing tenantry of men, who had "died with their boots on," became an important affair.

In this ghostly retreat, were laid to rest the bodies of those, who were brought in from terminal sections or beyond. These were generally the bodies of section men, killed while on some solitary errand to the front, or some unprotected and unarmed gang of track-layers, surprised by the pet of the Indian Bureau, and ruthlessly massacred. Often an alarm would come in of "Indians," and a handfull of troopers—too few to be dangerous, too green to be serviceable—would be sent out on a scout along the track. From the top of some prairie swell, they would see, vanishing in the distance, the hard-riding savages, whose light, hardy ponies invariably distance the heavy horses of our cavalry.

Nearer at hand, however, lay evidence that Lo had been here. Stretched on his back, fuller of arrows than ever was Indian quiver,



THE ROAD-MAKER.——ERIN'S SON POURS OUT HIS LIFE-BLOOD UPON THE THIRSTY PLAINS.

lies some brawny son of Erin, or some fair-haired and golden bearded descendant of the old-time Vikings. Far from his northern home, beside the fretful seas, he had journeyed, to pour out his life-blood upon these thirsty sands. His existence was a round of hardship, his death, a tragic rune. But slay on, western Ishmaelite, in the great plans of destiny these scattered lives are but as the drops in the ocean, and the mighty continent will be belted with these iron bands, though your ire should be ten times more vengeful!

So—lying upon his back, his body stripped, mutilated, and bristling with arrows—did I see old Bob Carson, a cousin of the noted guide and scout, Kit Carson, and a relative of old Alexander Carson, one of the earliest of the trappers and traders. Building a ranche, beside the swiftly flowing waters of the shallow Platte, the savages ran in upon him and butchered him without pity, or remorse.

A party of us going down to recover his body, and give it the rights of Christian burial, had barely time to throw the corpse upon a horse, one man mounting behind, and then the ambushed Sioux and Cheyennes, from the thick willow bushes upon the islands in the river, opened a perfect shower of balls and arrows, but corpse and men escaped them, and Carson now sleeps on one of the lonely sand-hills, that keep a sullen outlook on plain and trail and river

Skirting along the iron pathway, lay broad wagon trails, over which, at one time, went almost all the intermediate western commerce, in the heavily ballasted, white-sailed prairie schooners—now a thing of the past—one of our many reminiscences, that rest upon the mind like far-off, pleasant visions. Following these broadly beaten trails, some lone and daring immigrants still journeyed, though many of these met with dread disaster, at the hands of Sioux or Cheyenne, Arapaho or Kiowa. Going into camp, some noon or night, a band of marauding Indians would dash up, demand coffee, whisky, bread, and having obtained them, make of the lonely camp-ground a direful place of massacre. The men and children were shot down, the women reserved for a fate a thousand-fold worse than death, and passed, as slavish chattels, from hand to hand, and from tribe to tribe, until rescued by death, or a tardy government.

Should these savages ever be captured, is death their fate? No—we hang the stolid German, the mercurial Frenchman, the loafing Spaniard, or the restless American; the Chinaman, the negro, the Scandinavian; any of them go to the gallows for such offenses, but

the indian is taken to Washington, feted, loaded down with presents, and turned loose with the impression that these are the rewards of murder; these the encouragement of outrage.

If the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah were enough to cause the destruction of the thirty "cities of the plain," surely the infamies of the Indian department deserve no less a castigation. If we dared the awful irreverence of doubting the omnipotence of the Creator, it would be to judge impossible His creation of an honest Indian agent, Indian contractor, or employe of the Indian Bureau.

From top to bottom it is an infamy and an outrage. It is responsible for arson, murder and rape; it is a refuge of incompetents and thieves, and it is a continual reproach to the decency, honesty and humanity of the representatives, that the American people send to the halls of Congress. From the Indian agent the savage obtains his supplies of food to enable him to make his raids; from some creature of the agent, he obtains his supplies of ammunition and improved arms, that make him more than a match for the raw recruit, that the American government enlists from the city slums, dignifies by the name of soldier, and sends out to meet these agile warriors.

The whole system of Indian management is a fraud: the Indian Department rotten from outermost edge to innermost core. Under the management of the army, inefficient as that is, we would never hear of Indian raids, since that service would cut off their supplies of guns and ammunition, restore them their bow and arrows for their amusements, confine them to their reservations, and shoot down, like rabid wolves, those found astray, or with guns in their hands.

This, of course, would do away with the profits of the Indian agent, contractor and higher officials, whose itching palms must be greased, but then there is no sort of moral obligation on the people of the United States to pay taxes, that these thieves should fatten upon the spoils. In this way, instead of costing the government from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dollars each, yearly, the Indians would not cost a hundred, and the murder of white men, and outrage of white women, would cease.

This, too, would do away with our junketing peace commissions, composed of low-browed, thick-lipped, bottle-nosed humanitarians, the inferiors of the savages in every manly trait, and objects of unlimited contempt to these shrewd marauders. Wrangling



A TYPICAL PEACE COMMISSION IN SESSION.

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amongst themselves, and preaching a doctrine of universal peace to their savage *proteges*, their high pretensions and their poor attainments, are enough to make "even angels weep." In plain view of their council chamber, the American flag may be seen flaunting its showy folds over that greatest of all Indian demoralizers, the gin mill, within whose odorous walls lurks the cunning half-breed, ready to sell, to these foes of all white humanity, breech-loading rifles and fixed ammunition. This creature is generally the agent, and often the offspring of the Indian agent, who is held in his position of abused trust and betrayed protection, by the knaves and idiots, who compose these commissions.

This, in brief, is the plains, with its passing pageantry of ranchmen, trappers, traders, squaw-men, bull-whackers and savages, that have—all save the last—forever passed away, like the weird and dimly seen phantasmagoria of a dream. Here were types of American character, some of which are now extinct, others fast becoming so, and with the rapidity with which the modern makes history, these types will—if their record is preserved at all—soon come to seem almost antediluvian. Of the rocky ledge, which formed the western boundary of the plains, we shall have but little to say, as mountain character is still in a transition stage, yet we cannot afford to pass by, unnoticed, a single phase of pioneer life, without marring the scope and completeness of our work.

The hunters of Kentucky, and other hardy frontiersmen, penetrating the wilderness of Missouri—when the former State had become too densely populated to suit their fancy, or give scope to their pursuits—followed the windings of the muddy river to its sources in the mountains, and here engaged in hunting and trapping, varying these amusements by an occasional skirmish with the hostile Indians. Following the mountain chain toward the South, setting their traps in the crystal streams that flowed down the narrow cañons, and through the lovely mountain meadows, or as they are generally called "parks—these men struck the headwaters of the Arkansas and followed on down this far-reaching river, battling with Sioux, Arapaho, Kiowa and Comanche, until they reached the French or Spanish posts on the border. Some of them, in this manner, made their way down the Platte to the Missouri again, and down the latter to St. Louis.

On this route they found the ubiquitous Sioux, the Cheyenne, the Pawnee, Ponca, Kanza and other tribes. These trappers were the pioneers of the mountains, as well as of the plains. They were the Fitzpatricks, Greens, "Old Bill" Williams, the Sublettes, Leroux, Monteau, Jewett, McLellan, Bridger, Machette, Leo Pallarday, Carson. These were the discoverers of the mountain passes, the men, whose toil and adventure paved the way for Fremont, who, appropriating their knowledge, assumed the title of the "pathfinder."

These are the heroes, who should live in legend, song and history, as the true pioneers. Before them, in some things; after them, in others, came such men as Zebulon M. Pike—whose name is perpetuated by one of Colorado's towering peaks—and others who led exploring expeditions under the patronage of the Government. These in turn were followed by the trader, the soldier, the multitude. One figure we came near omitting, the Jesuit. Meek of mien, mild of manner, wise, cautious, yet an indomitable "soldier of the cross," his black robe was found in every Indian village. Good old Father de Smet—not long since passed away—typed as truly as may be the pioneers of his *genus*.

Luckily for the adventurous classes—as the frontier became circumscribed—new fields opened up to them. When trapping became a dead vocation, there came the discovery of gold, which set men's blood on fire, and thrilled their nerves as the electric shock, and when the placers became exhausted, a new pursuit originated—"prospecting." This developed a character, unique, homely and often uncouth, but always attractive.

The prospector is a diamond in the rough. He is a practical scientist, whose experience is better than any professor Knowall's theories. Asking from the world but a scanty subsistence, he has given to it millions. He joins to the shrewdness of the city dweller, the courage of the hunter, and the endurance of the navvy. His fancy is exhuberant, his language florid, his garb picturesque, and his hope unbounded. Upon the poet's page, and on the mimic stage, we see him figuring as the rough-hewn hero, whose honesty and manly tenderness are, strange to say, but little overdrawn.

Packing his *burro*—as the Mexican pack-jack, or mule, is called—he heads away from the mining camps, up some mountain cañon, and toils on through scenes, whose awful sublimity steals into his mind, and enlarges all his moral nature. Struggling along over

broken mountains—whose rugged crests are fraught with the dangers of the rock-slide and the avalanche, and where a single misstep may bring a hideous death, by impalement on the sharp rocks below—he peers down into mighty abysses, and winding through narrow trails, sees above him the towering walls of nature's gigantic battlements, whose tops are draped in the vestal robing of everlasting snow, and from some high-perched eyrie, he scans the far-off summits of ranges, which have never known the foot of man, and whose dreamy outlines seem to melt into the fleecy clouds about and above them, and that—dim with the added distance—are as softly rounded as the limbs of the fairest houris in Mahomet's paradise.

From his home amongst the clouds, he gazes down upon the lonely lake, flooded with the opalescent luster of the moonbeams, and glittering there a sheet of silver, in an ebon framework of tree and rock and ravine.

The storms play around him and above him and below him, and into his mind, no matter how rude, the beautiful goddess of nature implants her glories, and this lonely, rough delver becomes a king amongst men.

Everything about him is on the grandest scale. What wonder is it, then, if this man loses the habit of thinking and speaking in a small way. What wonder is it if his prospect is always "a true fissure," and his ore always "away up." These granite walls are incontrovertible facts—his utterances are just as positive. His "that's what it is," that's what it will," or "that's what you must," (for he never answers "yes" or "no") are fiats; the *ipse dixits* of an emperor, the bulls of a pope. If he has a partner, or as he would call him "a pard," that partner is to him "wife, children and friends." If he be a solitary prospector, then he lavishes the wealth of his affection upon his *burro*, and exhibits all of a mother's tender solicitude toward it, patting it, petting it, and feeding it on the choicest dainties in the *burro* bill of fare; scraps of gunny sacks, bacon rinds and tent poles.

When bounteous nature has been kind, the prospector works on his own capital; when she frowns, he operates on a "grub-stake," that is; some one furnishes him with food and an outfit, and shares in all of his discoveries. The grub-staker is sometimes a gentleman, often an extortionate grocer, or other hanger-on to mining camps.

Occasionally it is a laundress, or some other of the softer sex, who has cast her fortunes in the mountain mining camps. Of the grocers,



NIGHT SCENE ON LAKE BESSIE—HEAD OF EAST FORK OF GUNNISON RIVER.

probably the most fortunate, the most noted and the most infamous example is H. A. W. Tabor, the Colorado bonanza king, who made

his first rise in life by staking two Dutch cobblers, Hook and Ritchey, the discoverers of world-famed "Little Pittsburg."

The assayer, too, cuts an important figure in the mountains. Most of these *scientific* gentlemen make cheek take the place of brains, and their whole course of study can usually be summed up in two weeks spent in sweeping out the laboratory of some alleged assayer. Starting into business with a couple of formulas for the scorification assay, they soon assume an air of wisdom, to which a Dana or a Humboldt would not dare to aspire. They then talk learnedly of "chlorides," "argentiferous galena" and "pyrargirites." Some of these "learned Thebans" have found that a pulverized jug-handle, or grindstone, would yield from forty to ninety ounces of silver to the ton!

The ore buyer, contractor, miner and engineer are already the property of the world—of them we shall say nothing.



CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT McLELLAN.

EARLY PLAINS PIONEERS——A FORMER SCOUT——HIS STRENGTH AND AGILITY ——KENNAN'S FEAT——INNUMERABLE ADVENTURES——RECKLESS BRAVERY ——THE NIGHT ATTACK——MAY BUTCHERED——WELLS AND M'LELLAN WOUNDED——FOUR INDIANS KILLED——ANOTHER ADVENTURE——THE WHITE INDIAN —— A VENTURESOME LEAP —— PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE —— CLARK MEETS M'LELLAN——OPINION OF RIVAL TRADERS——A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS ——VALUABLE INFORMATION——TWO PATHS IN LIFE——PARTNERSHIP WITH CROOKS——ENVIOUS RIVALS——INDIAN DEMANDS—— M'LELLAN'S OBSTINACY ——MANUEL LISA——THE SIOUX RAID——M'LELLAN'S DARING FEAT—— LEAVES HIS POST——MEETS AND JOINS ANOTHER PARTY——"A SOP TO CERE-BUS"——UP THE RIVER——LA COTAH LAND——LISA'S PROPOSAL——HUNTS' ARTILLERY——SALUTARY EFFECT——PRESENTS——INDIAN HYPOCRISY—— IRATE SAVAGES——THE ARICKARAS——A FRIENDLY GREETING.

ROBERT M'LELLAN.

Amongst the early pioneers of plains and mountains, was the man whose name heads our sketch, and who, before his many adventures as trapper and trader, had dared all the perils of Indian warfare, as a spy and scout, with "Mad Anthony" Wayne and other American commanders. He was one of the most hardy men that ever lived, was utterly fearless, and possessed wonderful address and agility. To reckless bravery he added a cool judgment, and was one of the most serviceable scouts, that ever operated on the Western border.

Marvelous feats of strength and agility are told of McLellan: Amongst others it is related that once, in Lexington, Kentucky, a yoke of oxen blocked the narrow street, down which he was going. Instead of turning out of the way, or waiting for the team to do so, he made a few rapid bounds and cleared both oxen with the greatest apparent ease.

He was one of the fleetest men in all the West, being excelled only by William Kennan, a Kentuckian, one of whose feats has been often attributed to McLellan. It is currently reported, and I have seen two unimpeachable witnesses, who beheld the action, that Kennan, at a trial of strength and agility with other scouts, ran swiftly for a few paces, and with a terrific upward bound, leaped over a covered wagon, at least eight and a half feet high.

The adventures of McLellan, while scout with the army, were innumerable; scarcely a day or night but brought its dangers. On one occasion—with his Captain, William Wells, and three other companions—he rode into a large Indian village at night, and after a long talk, for all were disguised as savages, and spoke the language fluently, they fired on the Indians, and dashed out of camp. One of them, a brave scout, named May, was captured, owing to the fall of his horse. He was taken back to the village, and the next day tied to a tree and shot to death. Captain Wells was shot through the arm, and McLellan through the shoulder; the others escaped unhurt. Of the Indians four were killed.

McLellan's adventure, with his comrade White, at Point Pleasant, overlooking the Hockhocking Valley, has been already given in the sketch of Miss Washburn. In the summer of 1794, General Wayne dispatched Captain Wells, with McLellan and Miller, to the front, with instructions to bring in an Indian prisoner, as he desired some information, that could be obtained in no other way.

Starting confidently forth, they penetrated deeply into the Shawnee country, and at last were rewarded by seeing three savages sitting on a log near a big fire, at which they were cooking some venison. Crawling as closely to them as the nature of the ground would safely permit, it was agreed that Wells should shoot the Indian on the left; Miller, the one on the right, and that McLellan, leaving his rifle, was to run the other one down and capture him.

The carrying out of this plan developed a singular providence, as will now be seen. Had it not been agreed to spare the Indian in the middle, he would have fallen beneath the rifle of Henry Miller; as it was, the two on each side of him fell dead at the crack of the rifles, and before the central one could realize that they were attacked, McLellan was bearing down upon him with the speed of the wind. Darting up from the log, the Indian developed no mean degree of speed, but behind him ran the swiftest man, at that time, in Ohio. Their race was along the river, but seeing how rapidly he was being gained upon, the savage turned his course, and heading for the stream, without a moment's hesitation, leaped from its high bank.

McLellan, tomahawk in hand, made the venturesome leap as readily as his opponent, and on landing found himself stuck, up to the waist, in the heavy mud. The Indian, who had in his flight secured

only his knife, now endeavored to strike it into McLellan's body, but warding it, the latter raised his tomahawk and threatened, if the other made a move, that he would brain him. Seeing how useless was further resistance, the Indian threw away his knife and surrendered.



M'LELLAN'S COMPARISON ILLUSTRATED.

On being pulled out of the mud and washed, he was discovered to be a white man, and was identified by Henry Miller as his brother, Christopher. Both had been taken by the Indians when young, and Christopher had remained with them. Taken to Wayne's headquarters, he was confined in the guard-house, and for a long time

resisted all attempts at conciliation, even from his brother. At last, however, some memory of his former relatives seemed to return, and he joined Wells' company, and served bravely and faithfully against his adopted people.

It was in the year 1806, that Meriwether Clark—then on his return from the long and dangerous exploration up the Mississippi, and to the Pacific coast—met Robert McLellan ascending the swift and muddy waters of the Missouri, for the purpose of establishing a trading post at some point on its banks. Along with him were a number of companions, all of the same hardy stamp as their leader. From McLellan, Clark learned that the former scout had determined, in spite of the jealousy of the French and Spanish—who, operating principally from St. Louis, endeavored to monopolize the lucrative Indian trade—to establish a post, and, he added, with an oath, to "hold it till h—— froze over, agin all the frog and garlic eaters in creation." From his former knowledge of the man, Clark fully believed that any attempt on the part of rival traders to drive him from the ground, would be attended with considerable danger.

McLellan compared the course of these people to the action of a well fed dog, who, while unable to utilize all of the viands that nature's bounty supplied, was determined not to allow any of its fellows a share.

Clark gave him valuable information in regard to the various tribes of Indians that occupied the ground adjacent to the river banks, and warned him of their treacherous character, but felt more at ease when he learned that his old-time friend had been pursuing, in Ohio, the occupation of an Indian trader, ever since the cessation of active hostilities. Parting company at this point, the two friends were destined never to see each other again; the path of one lay to the East, and, if not exactly strewn with flowers, was one of mingled peace and pleasure; while that of the other led on to the savage frontier, and possessed but little save toil and danger; the one boldly met, the other but poorly requited.

On the upper waters of the Missouri, McLellan formed a co-partnership with another adventurous borderer, named Crooks, some time during the next year (1807), and now they began to feel the effects of the intermeddling spirit of their rivals. Proceeding up the river to start a new post, they beheld, at a narrow part of the stream, the steep bluffs crowded with hostile Sioux, determined to

dispute their passage. The Indians numbered hundreds, McLellan's party but forty, and it was plainly to be seen that submission was their only course. A solitary warrior, splendidly mounted, dashed up to the bank and a talk was had; the whites patiently listening to the demands of the savages. They were, that McLellan should penetrate no further into the country, but might erect a post a short distance down the stream.

Furious with rage, and suspecting that this maneuver did not originate with the Indians, McLellan pretended perfect satisfaction, descended the river, landed his boat, and began building a post. The savages, supposing the whites perfectly contented with this enforced arrangement, now drew off, but left a guard to watch the traders. McLellan had outwitted too many Indians not to be able to add these to the list, and no sooner had the army of savages got well out toward their villages, than he hastily loaded up his boat, and, by rapid pulling, passed the dangerous spot, and soon reached the place he had chosen for his establishment. Upon a Spaniard named Manuel Lisa, an opposition trader, who was the cause of his detention, he swore to have revenge the first time they met.

With varying success, he followed his business for several years, but at last, an outbreak of the Sioux, determined him to discontinue it. On one occasion, when absent from his post, the Sioux surrounded it in large numbers, overpowered his men, and began to pillage and carry off all of the valuable stores. Returning before the work of spoliation was quite completed, McLellan burst in amongst the savages, and with blazing eyes, and a voice suffused with rage, demanded an instant return of everything they had taken. Knowing the terrible temper and desperate character of the man, the Indians present hastened to restore their spoils, but by far the greater portion of the goods had already been carried to their village, and the trader had to pocket a loss of some three thousand dollars. Cursing Indians, Spaniards, Frenchmen and "all other d—d rascals," as he called them, he fitted up his boats and started down the Missouri, to engage in some business, where he could find more honorable competitors.

Some time before this outrage occurred, McLellan and Crooks had dissolved partnership, and great was the surprise of the ex-scout, as he was floating down the Missouri on his way to St. Louis, to find his former partner at the mouth of the Nodaway River. Rounding

in, McLellan tied up his boat for the day, and while their men mingled together, the partners had a long conversation. From Crooks he learned that the party, with which the latter was now connected, was under the command of Wilson P. Hunt, one of John Jacob Astor's partners in the American Fur Company. They were bound for the mouth of the Columbia River, where they were to meet another part of the expedition, which had gone by sea. They would be camped at their present location until spring; would he not join them, and in a larger field, and under more favorable auspices, again try his luck trading and trapping?

The temptation was too great to be resisted, and giving and throwing away all of his worldly possessions, except his trusty rifle, "as a sop to Cerebus," he joined the expedition, determined, as he wrote to his brother, to begin the world anew. On the 21st day of April, 1811, they broke camp, and proceeded up the muddy waters of the stream, the party and their goods requiring one large and three smaller boats for their conveyance. The largest boat carried a swivel and two small howitzers, and the party was otherwise well armed. Pushing along toward the country of the Sioux, who seem to have been thoroughly under the control of McLellan's old enemy, Manuel Lisa, they heard that the latter was on the way, and would use every effort to pass them and prevent them from gaining any benefit from the trade with the Indians above.

Just at the entrance to the domain claimed by these La Cotahs, Hunt received a proposition from an agent of Lisa's to wait for his party, enter the territory together and share the trade. Adopting the opinion of McLellan, who swore that "the lying Spaniard couldn't tell the truth if he tried, and couldn't be honest if he wanted to," Hunt returned by the messenger an ambiguous answer, and put forth every effort to make his way up the river. Having understood that Lisa had engaged the Indians to oppose his progress, Hunt was not at all surprised at seeing, on the 31st day of May, immense bodies of the savages gathered on the river bluffs, whooping and yelling like demons, and armed and painted for war.

To retreat was fully as dangerous as to advance, and every man seized his arms and prepared for action. In order to intimidate the Indians, who fear nothing more greatly than artillery, Hunt had his men to load his pieces with blank cartridges and fire them off several times and then, in full view of the now terrified savages, they loaded

them heavily with grape and cannister, and prepared to move in defiance of them. At this the Sioux made signs for a talk, and Hunt, McLellan and three others rowed ashore, and after a smoke and the



IN-KE-TEH HOS-KAH (LONG MAN)——THE SIOUX CHIEF.

usual ceremonies of the hypocritical savage, an understanding was arrived at.

Finding the whites determined to proceed at any risk, the Indians suddenly evinced a perfect willingness to allow them to go in peace,

and Hunt also discovered that he had especially charged his memory with divers and sundry presents for his red brothers, and accordingly setting out several hundred weight of corn and a lot of tobacco, they bade each other "God speed," and the boats continued on up the river.

Two days later more Indians were encountered, this time the same on whom McLellan and Crooks had played their sharp trick years before. Now they were all affection, since they saw that the whites were in force and feared they might attempt to punish them for their former actions. Bestowing some small presents upon these thieving creatures—after the pernicious fashion of all our dealings with them—the party left them, and again began to stem the swift waters. In a short time after they got well under way, they were surprised by two Indians riding up to the bank, and in a lordly and insolent manner, demanding presents similar to those obtained by their comrades.

Thus the giving of tribute, for as such these savages regarded it, was soon beginning to bear fruit. Hunt, being a man of great firmness, told them, in answer to their insolence, that they were lucky to get off with their lives, and that if they made any more such demands, he would treat them as enemies.

At this rebuff, the Indians set off, vowing vengeance, and soon disappeared from sight. The forces of the traders were now divided; one party going up under one bank, the other taking the opposite side, so that the members of each might act as look-outs for those of the other, and warn them of danger. After proceeding in this manner for some time, they saw another large body of Indians on one bank of the river, and as the stream at this point was very shallow, and encumbered with sand-bars, Hunt feared some great disaster, but McLellan—more familiar with the savages—thought from their actions that they meant no harm, and accordingly rowed in to the bank, when the Indians, dropping their arms, came to meet them. They found these savages to be a band of the Arickarees, or, as they were then called, Arickaras, who were at war with the Sioux, and who welcomed the whites with great cordiality.

CHAPTER V.

A TERRIBLE MARCH.

OBJECT OF THE ARICKARAS——UNWELCOME NEWS——LISA'S ARRIVAL——M'CLELLAN'S RESTRAINT——MORE TRICKERY OF LISA——M'CLELLAN LAYS DOWN THE LAW——A WARNING——ITS GOOD EFFECT——A TERRIBLE UNDERTAKING——LISA'S PROPHECY——THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS——THE FRIENDLY CHEYENNES——WELL DESERVED PRESENTS——THE ADIEU——A DESCRIPTION OF THE CROWS——HORSE TRADING——INCREASING DIFFICULTIES——DAYS OF DANGER——NIGHTS OF TORMENT——MAD RIVER——ABUNDANCE OF GAME——RESUME THEIR JOURNEY——HENRY'S POST——VOYAGE DOWN MAD RIVER——THE RAPIDS——TERRIBLE WHIRLPOOLS——THE WAY BLOCKED —— DESPERATE CONDITION —— SEPARATION —— TWO PARTIES MEET——M'LELLAN CHOSEN LEADER——BARREN MOUNTAINS——EXTINCT VOLCANOES——TORTURES OF TANTALUS——DYING OF HUNGER——PLENTY OF GAME IN SIGHT——AN IMPASSABLE BARRIER——IN DESPAIR——THE SNOW-STORM——CAMP OF THE DYING——THE LONE BUFFALO——M'LELLAN'S SHOT——A TIMELY SUPPLY——REACH THE COLUMBIA——FATE OF THE EXPEDITION BY SEA——ARRIVAL OF COMRADES.

Of course there was an object in the profuse welcome of the Arickaras, and it was found to be the hope of the Indians, that they would be able to obtain arms and ammunition, with which to war against their enemies. The whites were nothing loth to supply them, and began to anticipate a rich trade, when the Arickara spies brought word that the boat of Lisa was rapidly approaching. This was unwelcome tidings, and for some time Hunt's party hardly knew what course to pursue. Finally, fearing that the unscrupulous Spaniard might do them some serious damage, if they did not come to terms, they waited here until the arrival of his boat. This they were the more ready to do, as they discovered that the Indians were not so anxious to trade, since the report of Lisa's approach, doubtless anticipating better bargains from the competition of the two parties.

When Lisa did arrive, he could easily perceive how unwelcome a visitor he was, and indeed, it was with difficulty that McClellan restrained himself from putting into immediate execution the threats he had made years before. Nothing but the fear, that he might involve Hunt and his other friends in his quarrel, prevented him

from avenging his former injuries upon the knavish trickster. It was agreed, however, in the ensuing conference between Hunt and Lisa, that they should go together to the villages, and that no advantage should be taken in making the trade, and after a short delay, to enable Lisa's other boats to arrive, they proceeded together up the river.

That Lisa had not given over his trickery was soon proved. In the employ of Hunt was a French-Canadian, who had formerly been in the service of Lisa, as an interpreter, and who was yet in debt



M'LELLAN AND CROOKS.

to Lisa, so the latter claimed. On the way up the river, Lisa began tampering with this man, and endeavored by threats and promises, to induce him to forsake Hunt. This conduct infuriated McLellan, and seizing his gun, he gave the Spaniard his opinion of him, and swore if he was armed that he would have killed him. He reminded him that he had some old scores to settle, and advised him to get his gun and fight it out like a man, rather than be shot down like a dog.

Hunt, Crooks and others finally succeeded in pacifying the old scout, but not before he had given Lisa warning, that the next occasion for a quarrel would produce a dead man, and that if he intended to do any more of his dirty work, he had better keep his arms by him, for the next time he picked up his gun to him, he'd "burn powder, if he died the very next moment." This warning had a good effect, and in his subsequent dealings with Hunt's party, Lisa was careful not to excite the ire of McLellan.

The trade accomplished at this point, Hunt's party set about their onerous undertaking of crossing through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast. Securing eighty-two pack-horses, the party, sixty-two in number, broke camp and turned their faces toward the unknown country, that lay between them and the far-off shores of the placid Pacific. It was a gigantic undertaking, full of all manner of dangers and difficulties, and even the hardy and adventurous Lisa, as he saw them set out, said: "They are all dead men—all dead men!"

Pushing on up the tiresome windings of the river, they passed steep bluffs and level valleys; now their way lay beside peaceful streams; anon it bore across steep hills and jagged rocks. After some days they came across a tribe of Indians, living about the waters of the Big Horn Mountains, and contrary to their expectations, were well received and hospitably treated. These were the war-like Cheyennes, then dwelling upon the upper Missouri, later still driven to the Black Hills, where, from the Cheyenne River, they obtained their name; having formerly been known as the Mahas, or Wolves.

From here, still later, they were received under the protection of the Ogalalla Sioux, and allowed a hunting ground on the head waters of the Republican River. They are typical Indians: lithe, slender and rather small, with hatchet faces and often dusky, brown hair and wolf-gray eyes.

Bidding adieu to their hosts, after bestowing upon them well-deserved presents, they pressed on toward the Big Horn Mountains, and next fell in with the thieving Crows. These savages possess every vice of their race, without a single virtue. They are as savage as the Apaches, as cowardly as the Pueblos, as filthy as the Diggers, as lazy as the Soshones, as quarrelsome as the Kiowas, and as treacherous as the Comanches—in fact, they are Crows! Effecting,

by much maneuvering, a trade of their foot-sore horses for some of the Indians' sound ones, the white men resumed their toilsome march.

Day by day their difficulties increased. Up over the almost insurmountable range they picked their way painfully. There were steep ascents, deep cañons, and brawling streams to cross. Down almost perpendicular walls men and goods and horses must be taken. Now the way would be obstructed for miles with down timber, over and through whose intricate mazes they must force their way. Thousands of gnats, flies and mosquitoes attacked men, as well as horses, and rendered life almost intolerable. The blazing heat of the day, with its winged plagues and its incessant toils, was succeeded by nights, whose chill winds, in the middle of the summer, almost froze the marrow in the bones of the exhausted travelers.

At last they reached the head waters of Mad River, and followed it slowly and painfully down, until they came to immense prairies, covered with large herds of buffalo and other game. Here they rested for some time, and employed themselves in killing and jerking buffalo. After securing all the meat they could carry, they again set out on their journey. Some of the men were sick, all became foot-sore, they had lost a number of their horses, and they now almost despaired of ever reaching their destination. The horses they still possessed were rapidly giving out, and the men themselves had become hopeless and dispirited. It looked as if the Spaniard's propheey was about to be fulfilled.

The year before, an adventurous trader, named Henry, had established a post on Mad River, but becoming disgusted, had abandoned it. This place Hunt's men reached on the 8th day of October, and here they stopped for ten days, to recruit themselves. While at this point they built canoes, and having employed two Indians to look after their horses—which they now concluded to leave—they committed themselves to the rapid current of Mad River, or Snake River, as it is called below its junction with Henry's Fork. For something over a hundred miles they found their progress easy and swift, but all at once they saw, to their dismay, that below them were dangerous rapids.

Dashing through the first of these, they made up their minds to risk a further trial of them, and continued, until one disaster after another warned them to desist. Still hoping that they might find it

navigable below, they toiled on, until they saw that its descent became more and more rapid, its falls higher, and that hideous whirlpools existed, in whose furious vortices no boat could hope to live. They found it surging angrily between high cañon walls, its bed studded with immense jagged boulders, and its foam-covered channel a torrent as dangerous as the Norway Maelstrom.

This way their journey was blocked. Back to Fort Henry it was over three hundred miles—to that they could not now return for their horses. Their plight was desperate, and but a single course was open to them—that was to endeavor to strike the waters



UPPER FALLS OF MAD RIVER.

of the Columbia, by a march through the unbroken wilderness. With but a few days' supplies of provisions left, that large body could not hope to subsist off of the game they might meet, and Hunt, after counseling with McLellan, Crooks and McKenzie, concluded to divide up the party, which he did, as follows: To McLellan he gave three men, to Crooks five, and to McKenzie the same number.

The first was to continue down Snake River; Crooks was to make his way up the river to Fort Henry, and McKenzie was to seek a

passage across to the Columbia. Any, or all of them, striking supplies or assistance, were to return to the main body, which Hunt would hold at the present camp until they came, or until he was convinced that they had failed in their efforts. If successful, they would join forces and make a determined attempt to reach the Columbia River, and by that means join their comrades, who had sailed, by sea, for its mouth.

Let us follow, briefly, the fortunes of each party. Starting out on his assigned course, McLellan found its difficulties increase day by day, and after toiling wearily across the mountain crags and peaks for some days, he overtook the party under McKenzie.

It was a happy meeting, for McLellan's men had found the volcanic ranges so bare of subsistence, that they had not fallen in with a single living creature and, having exhausted their small supply of jerked buffalo, they were almost famished. McKenzie had been slightly more fortunate and was enabled to relieve the necessities of his comrades. These two parties now united, and McLellan was chosen for leader. They were still amongst the barren walls and extinct craters of gigantic volcanoes, whose scoriac rivers had hardened into every fantastic shape of man and bird and beast.

Through the appalling clefts and fissures of its cañoned walls, the furious torrent of Snake River dashed and foamed and roared, while upon its very brink, these despairing toilers almost perished with thirst. There, within plain view, looking like a snow-white ribbon, from its foam and distance, was unlimited water; while here, upon the river's dizzy brink, these fevered wretches writhed in agony as great as that of fabled Tantalus.

To the tortures of thirst were added those of hunger, and, as if to still further heighten their torment, upon the opposite bank could often be seen the sturdy bison and the bounding deer. Upon the side traveled by them was no living creature beside themselves; even the most loathsome birds seemed to shun its awful desolation, and the bravest of the trappers gave way to despair. Not all! McLellan, with that indomitable nerve, trained in a hundred combats with his savage foemen, and hardened by untold endurance, still hoped on, and to the last cheered his feebler comrades.

They had a few beaver skins with them—these he cut into strips, and roasting them for food, they went forward for a few days longer—at last these were exhausted, and then came a terrible snow

storm, through which they staggered along like uncanny specters from the gloomy Styx. The storm continued, and worn and famished, all gave up hope, and lay down beneath a sheltering ledge of rock to await the death they considered inevitable. Even McLellan, the man of iron, besought some of his comrades to take his rifle and end his days.

All now was gloom and horror, in this camp of the dying—no one moved—men spoke only in whispers, and their talk was of dying and graves. A few hours, they sigh, and the angel of death will be of their number. A few hours, and he will reign supreme, beneath that snow-capped ledge, amongst these hopeless men. But for this time it is not written. Looking out from his rocky shelter, the keen eyes of McLellan behold a buffalo, cowed by the storm, and crouching for shelter within the lee of a high bluff. Noting the direction of the wind, McLellan crawls against it, until he is near enough to risk a shot. There is no tremor of his firm nerves now—again he is the man of iron. Taking a good sight, he touches the trigger, and the noble animal falls with a bullet through his heart.

To make his way to the animal, and with an almost superhuman effort to turn him over, so that he might roll down the hill, were but the work of a moment. To the carcass the dying men, unable to walk, crawl eagerly on hands and knees, and but for the old scout, would have gorged themselves on the raw flesh, at the risk of their lives. Showing them the necessity of restraint, he made a rich broth and they fed on that, until they had partly regained their strength. This timely supply served them, for, by the strictest economy, they succeeded in making this meat last until they reached the Columbia. Here they were enabled to obtain canoes and additional supplies, and soon reached Astoria, where they found, that the other party had only reached the Pacific coast to be massacred by hostile Indians. At a point some distance above the mouth of the Columbia, the savages had induced them, under some pretense, to enter the mouth of a small river, where their vessel ran aground, and they were overpowered and every man killed. It was between five and six weeks before Hunt and his half-starved men arrived, and nearly four months before Crooks and his party reached the post.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE RETURN.

HUNT'S DETERMINATION——M'LELLAN'S DISSATISFACTION——HIS OBSTINACY——THE RETURN PARTY——THIEVISH SAVAGES——M'LELLAN'S STRATAGEM——THE NIGHT PORTAGE——FURIOUS INDIANS——THE ATTACK——M'LELLAN'S COURAGE——A DESPERATE CHARGE——RETREAT TO ASTORIA——REED BADLY WOUNDED——DISPATCHES LOST——ANOTHER PARTY SETS OUT——STUART IN CHARGE——CROOKS ALSO DISSATISFIED WITH HUNT——JOINS THE RETURN PARTY——A NEW ROUTE——VISIT THEIR CACHE——FIND IT ROBBED——A BARREN LAND —— THE CROW COUNTRY —— THE TWO SPIES —— NARROW ESCAPE FROM MASSACRE——LOOSE ALL OF THEIR HORSES——CACHE THEIR PACKS——JOURNEY ON FOOT——ABUNDANCE OF GAME——REACH MAD RIVER ——THE BLACKFEET——TAKE TO THE MOUNTAINS——M'LELLAN'S RAGE——DISCARDS HIS BURDEN.

Hunt determined, soon after his arrival, to send a party overland to notify Astor of the loss of the detachment under Captain Thom, and McLellan, dissatisfied with the small interest he had in the company, concluded to return to St. Louis, unless he could obtain a larger share. To this Hunt would not consent, and when the party under command of the Company's clerk, John Reed, set out, McLellan accompanied them. Age, privations and disappointments had changed his strong will to obstinacy, and his firm courage to desperate recklessness, and though his friends begged him not to again subject himself to the dangers from which he had just escaped, he swore that he intended to return, and that no earthly power could prevent him, and on the 22d day of March, 1812, he turned his back upon Astoria and set out on the dangerous journey.

This party of seventeen men ascended the Columbia to its falls in canoes, and were here preparing to make the portage, when they were surrounded by several hundred Indians. Under the lead of McLellan, the men made a bold stand, and the savages, with loud protestations of friendship, ceased hostilities. Mingling with the white men, they offered to carry their goods around the rapids, but McLellan, being confident that they only wanted an opportunity to steal, told them to take up the canoes, and then, as night was coming on, informed them that they might carry the goods up the next

day. Thinking that the whites had no idea of their intentions, most of the savages retired to their village across the river, leaving a few on the same side with the white men.

Allowing the men a short sleep, McLellan watched until the moon rose, and waking the others, they began carrying the goods around



FOUNDING OF ASTORIA.

the falls. Owing to the difficulties in their way, day was breaking before they had completed their task, and the savages found out what they were doing. In a few minutes a hundred of them had crossed the river, and were rushing fiercely to where Reed and McLellan stood watching the last of the freight. Approaching the

two men, furious with anger, the Indians complained of being thus robbed, and one of them, with an immense club, knocked Reed senseless. Another ran to McLellan, who stood, rifle in hand, watching him. When near the old scout, the Indian attempted to dash a buffalo robe in his face, at the same time making a vicious blow at him with a knife. Skillfully evading both blind and blow, McLellan coolly sighted his rifle and shot the savage dead. Hearing at the same time a noise behind him, he wheeled, pistol in hand, and killed another Indian, who was on the point of shooting him.

At this critical moment the other men came up, and one of them shot the savage, who had knocked down, and was just about to brain Reed with his tomahawk. Terrified at the desperate courage of the white men, the Indians began to fall back, and heading a charge, McLellan put the entire band to flight. It was now found that Reed was severely hurt, and the dispatches which he carried in the bright, new tin box, had been taken by the Indians, who fancied that the concern must be of inestimable value, from the care the leader of the party took of it. Proceeding to a post above, where they had been ordered to leaves supplies, Reed's party returned from there to Astoria, as it was useless to go on without the dispatches.

Thinking it imperative that he should notify Astor of the fate of the other division, Hunt determined to send another party out, and on the 25th day of June, 1812, Robert Stuart was selected for the purpose. He was to take four good men, and in addition, McLellan again announced his intention of accompanying them. This, though welcome news to Stuart and his men, did not at all please those at Astoria, but nothing could deter him. Crooks also had become dissatisfied with Hunt, and he, too, joined the small party, and on the day mentioned, they set out by boat up the Columbia.

At the mouth of the Walla-Walla they left their crafts, and from here determined to make the trip overland. They succeeded in buying horses from the Indians, and started for Hunt's camp, on Snake River, in order to get the goods, cached there the year before. Although they suffered severely on their journey through the wilderness, yet it was nothing like so dangerous, or so full of hardships, as had been the route from there to the Columbia. They took a more direct course, missed some of the most difficult ranges, and, although again forced to scrape the fur from buffalo and beaver skins, and

eat them in order to keep from starving, yet they soon found game, and were not reduced to such terrible sufferings as on their former trip.

On the 29th day of August they reached their former camp, and here they found that the Indians had secured the greater part of the buried goods. Unearthing what remained, they proceeded on their way, aiming to travel directly toward Bear River, hoping to thus avoid the difficulties of their trip down Snake River, when coming from the east. Pressing forward with all speed, they soon entered a barren country, in which they could find no game, except a few small trout in the rivers, and again they experienced the horrors of



A CAMP OF CROW INDIANS.

famine. To add to the dangers of their situation, they had now struck the country of the rapacious Crows, as sly, voluble and thievish as their feathered namesakes.

Returning to one of their camps from a hunting trip, McLellan saw two of these thieves, secreted behind some high rocks, watching them. Their carefulness was now redoubled, and this precaution was fully justified, for on the morrow, a large band of these Indians came into the camp, and only the fact of the trappers being on guard, prevented a massacre of the entire party. For six days these marauders traveled with them, pilfering any little articles they

could, and the sixth night they eame into the eamp and stole every horse in it. Their mareh through this inhospitable country had been suffieiently toilsome before; now it was appalling; still they would not despair. Seleeting from their packs only sueh things as were absolutely necessary, they proposed to eaehe the rest.

While engaged in this work, one of the men eame in and reported two spies watehing them. At this, McLellan swore furiously, that no thieving Crow should get anything of his, unless they took his scalp first, and gathering large quantities of dry wood, they straightway burned everything that they could not carry, and then set off, McLellan saying he now felt satisfied, since he had been able to get some revenge out of these thieving savages.

Starting out immediately, they met with fair success in hunting, for some ten or twelve days, and then struek Mad River, which, for a short distance they navigated on rafts, but on the 29th day of September, they again deserted the river, and took up their march through the almost desert eountry. They were now in the land of the Blaekfeet, a tribe whose repute is almost as ill as that of their neighbors, the Crows. The whites had been making their way through the plain, at the foot of the mountain range, but here, for fear of meeting wandering bands of Blackfeet, they decided to cross through the mountains.

This decision was a cruel blow to McLellan, and bitterly did he fight against it. He told them that there was no more danger on the plains than in the mountain; that, for every man killed by the Blackfeet, there would be two, who would break their neeks by falling into cañons; that for himself, he would rather be comfortably killed by the Indians, than worried to death crossing the mountains, of which he had already got enough to last him a life-time. Seeing himself outvoted, the old man sulkily gave in, and started after the others up the steep mountain sides, fretting and murmuring as he went. The higher he aseended, the more his rage increased, and with a sudden fury he took the traps off of his baek, and threw them half way down the mountain.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF McLELLAN.

A GENERAL FAVORITE——M'LELLAN'S IRRITABILITY——A SAD ADIEU——ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS——THE ONWARD MARCH——THE SIGHT FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP——STUART'S TRIBUTE——A DESERTED LAND——A MEAGER MEAL——TRACES OF M'LELLAN——DESPAIR OF STUART'S MEN——THE DISTANT CAMP-FIRE——THE MESSENGER——NEWS OF M'LELLAN——THE RESCUE——THE TERRIBLE PROPOSAL——THE CANADIAN REBUKED——FORTUNE SMILES——FEARFUL ANTICIPATIONS——HOSPITABLE INDIANS——THEIR KINDNESS——THE APPROACHING WINTER——NEARING THE PLATTE RIVER——PLENTY OF GAME——THE LOG CABIN——PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE——SURROUNDED BY SAVAGES——M'LELLAN'S JOY——NEGOTIATIONS——BETWEEN TWO FIRES——CONCLUDE TO REMOVE——SUFFER GREATLY——ANOTHER CAMP——THE COMING OF SPRING——TRY CANOEING——UNFIT FOR NAVIGATION——THE TRAMP TO THE MISSOURI——PLENTY OF GAME——STALE NEWS——LISA'S DEAD MEN——M'LELLAN OPENS A STORE AT CAPE GIRARDEAU——HIS DEATH AT THAT POINT.

Notwithstanding his irritability, McLellan was a favorite with every one, and they remonstrated with him in all gentleness; Stuart offering him a load of jerked meat instead of the traps, to carry. This he threw on the ground contemptuously, saying that a hunter ought to be able to kill his own meat as he went along, without having to carry a horse's load of dried beef on his back. His temper, warming with his discourse, he cursed them for a pack of cowardly fools, who would rather climb mountains than fight Indians, and he said, positively, he would go no further with them.

This little outbreak seemed to relieve his spirits, and kindly bidding them adieu, he started down the mountain, and set out on his solitary journey, without once looking back. The sadness of his comrades at seeing the brave, old fellow devote himself to a lonely and, as they supposed, certain death, almost induced them to follow on and overtake him, but the danger was too great, and again they began the ascent of the rugged mountain.

From its top they looked off onto the wide-reaching plain, whose lonely monotony struck them with a sense of horror, and afar in the distance they beheld a tiny atom moving along over its sandy surface. "There boys," said Stuart, "goes the last of the old pioneers

of the Kentucky border. You will never see him, nor his like again." All now walked on in silence, their eyes suspiciously moist.

They continued their march through these mountains for eleven days, living solely upon game caught in their traps, as they feared, by the firing of guns, to bring their enemies upon them. On they toiled until at last they had entered a barren region, in which no living thing was to be seen. Even the *coyote*, or prairie wolf, that ever present animal, had vanished—desolation reigned supreme. They now came across a camp, and by the side of the dead fire, they found the clean-picked bones of a wolf. From the sign they supposed that but one man had camped there, and they immediately concluded that it must have been their old comrade, McLellan.

Stumbling along, weak, footsore and dejected, they could look forward to nothing but starvation and misery, and with a boldness born of desperation, they now eagerly sought, what before they had so anxiously shunned. They kept a lookout for Indian camp-fires, and determined to throw themselves upon the mercy of the malicious Blackfeet, preferring even death at their hands, to further torture by hunger and thirst. Soon after this determination, they saw a fire ahead, and sending one of their number on, the rest went into camp for the night. Their messenger did not return that evening, and not knowing or caring what his reception might have been, they started the next morning, in the direction of the fire.

On the way they met their comrade hastening to them, and he informed them that the camp-fire was that of old Bob McLellan, who was lying by it, in a dying condition. Reaching their comrade, they found that despair had taken entire possession of him, but after some time they got him to his feet, and relieving him of his rifle and other effects, they journeyed wearily on, making nearly twenty miles that day. At night they saw several antelope, but were unable to get a shot at them. It was now forty-eight hours since they had tasted food, and at this point came what was to have been expected, a proposition for a cannibal repast.

To the credit of the American trappers, be it said, that this suggestion came from a French-Canadian, who approached Stuart, and said that, as it was the only chance for escape, they ought to draw lots, in order to see who should die, that the others might live. The more surely to enlist Stuart on his side, the fellow said, that as he

(Stuart) was the leader of the party, he should be exempt from the necessity of drawing.

To his proposal, Stuart told him, that if they must die, he proposed that they should die like men, and not like carniverous, carrion birds, preying upon human flesh, and he warned him that if he heard any more of this horrible thing, he would blow his brains out without compunction. The fellow slunk out of sight, and the subject was not again mentioned.

The next day, which must have been their last, had they met with no succor, fortune once again smiled on them, and, though even her



BUFFALO COW AND CALF.

smiles were rather shrewish, yet they were joyously received. An old "solitary"—as the aged and worn-out buffalo bulls are called—was sighted and killed, and upon his rank and tough carcass they feasted, as well satisfied as Sardanapalus at one of his Epicurean banquets.

Having satiated their ravenous hunger, and in some measure regained their strength, they carefully treasured up every scrap of their precious buffalo meat, and resumed their onward march. At last, just when they had eaten every ounce of the old bull, and were

again dreading a repetition of their horrible sufferings, they came upon a band of Snake Indians. These proved regular good Samaritans, took the trappers into their lodges, fed them, gave them buckskin and parfleche for moccasins, and at their departure, "to speed the parting guest," loaded them with jerked meat, and gave them an old horse to carry it.

They now journeyed joyously on, and with their lacerated feet once more protected by substantial moccasins, and food enough to give them strength, they made fair speed. No complaint was made of the coming winter, whose advanced battallions of skurrying snow and chilling winds, swept over the broad plateaus, and almost froze the tattered travelers; but all went forward hopefully, and as they neared the Platte River, they found an abundance of game. Their phantom forms had filled out, their faces bore the hue of health, and their spirits and strength were rapidly regained. The old scout, the man of many vicissitudes, had recovered from his exhaustion, and was once again the leader of this band of heroes.

On the 2d of November the party reached the Platte River, and finding here plenty of game, they determined to remain all winter. To render their camp more comfortable, they built a log cabin, which they daubed with mud, and everything seemed to promise an easy time. Killing and drying game for the winter, they passed some days very pleasantly, but were one morning rudely awakened from their dreams of bliss by the hideous yells of a band of savages, by whom their cabin was surrounded. McLellan chuckled at the idea of a brush with his old antagonists, whom he hated, he said, next to Lisa and other greasers, but Stewart thought it best to get out of the trouble quietly, and accordingly taking one companion with him, he stepped out of the door, rifle in one hand, the other extended toward the Indians. Several of them came forward, shook his hand heartily, and a friendship was soon established.

These Indians, so they told the trappers, were on the war-path, against a neighboring band of Crows, who had raided one of their villages, stealing large quantities of dried meat and many ponies. This was unwelcome news; here they were, right between two fires, and subject to continual danger from each of these hostile tribes. Even these Indians, now so friendly, would, on their return, if they suffered any loss, or met with misfortune, avenge the injury upon

the whites; and, if they returned triumphant, their war-like enthusiasm would be so stimulated, that they would almost certainly make an attack. The Crows, too, as they passed back and forth, would visit them, and between the two, they must inevitably be annihilated.



GREASERS.

Winter, in all its fury, was upon them, but they must move their quarters, if they would save their lives, and accordingly, they loaded up their faithful old horse, and on the 13th day of December, set out down the Platte. For two weeks they marched through snow and storm, suffering untold hardships, but finally they found a good game country, and building a hut here, they spent the

remainder of the winter in peace, and on the 8th of March, 1813, they started down the river in two canoes, which they had made during the winter. It did not take them long to find out that the swift, shallow waters of the Platte were unfit for even canoe navigation, and taking to land, they loaded up their horse, and on foot pushed on toward the Missouri.

They met with game in abundance; in fact, the earth and heavens seemed alive with it, and they traveled rapidly until they reached an Otoe village on South Platte. There were some Indian traders



THE COUNTRY STORE.

from St. Louis, in this village, and from them McLellan first learned of the war then in progress between the United States and Great Britain. At this village they secured a canoe large enough to convey all of them to St. Louis, and to that point they rapidly made their way, and greatly were the people surprised at the sight of "Lisa's dead men."

There is but little more to tell of the brave old scout, trader and trapper. At St. Louis he purchased a stock of goods suitable for a

trader, and opened a country store at Cape Girardeau, but his days were numbered. Hardships and exposure had done their work upon the iron frame of the hardy old fellow, and gradually succumbing to the grim foe, he quietly passed away in the latter part of the year succeeding his return.

Thus, quietly in his bed, died one of the last of the famous scouts and pioneers, who had forced back the savages from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, and who, in his old age, had dared anew a thousand toils and dangers, upon the plains and mountains. Almost miraculously escaping death by starvation and fatigue; at the hands of skulking savages and infuriated wild beasts, this brave old hero died calmly at his home, like some peaceful burgher or steady citizen.



CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS EDDIE—THE LAST OF THE TRAPPERS.

ASHLEY'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN FUR COMPANY——CHARACTER OF EDDIE——STILL LIVING——A PLEASANT DRIVE——A FUND OF INFORMATION——FRONTIER JUSTICE——INDIAN REVENGE——RENEGADE ROSE——HIS ADVICE——ASHLEY'S WANT OF CAUTION——EDDIE'S OPINION OF ROSE——A CROW CHIEF ——THREE MEN MURDERED——OPEN HOSTILITIES——THE AMBUSH AND ATTACK——FLIGHT FOR THE BOATS——SHOT AND DROWNED——THE RETREAT ——SEND FOR REINFORCEMENTS——SIOUXS AND SOLDIERS TO THE RESCUE ——THE CHARGE ON THE VILLAGE——THE HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT OF WHITE BEAR AND THE ARICKARA CHIEF——THE VILLAGE BURNED——THE ARICKARAS DISPERSED——WHITE BEAR LIONIZED——EDDIE AND THIRTEEN COMRADES GO TO THE YELLOWSTONE——WINTER IN A CROW VILLAGE—— THE BLACKFEET——SAVAGE SIGNALS——ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE——TERRIBLE PRIVATIONS——DISCOVER THE GREAT SALT LAKE——ON THE COLUMBIA ——AMONGST THE UTES——A UTE CUSTOM——DEATH OF THE GOOD CHIEF, PIM——HIS BURIAL——A STRANGE REQUEST——THE RETURN EAST——DAILY SKIRMISHES.

Amongst the heroes, whom Ashley recruited in St. Louis, in 1823, for his Rocky Mountain Fur Company, was the atheletic young Scotchman, whose name appears at the head of this sketch. Born on the 29th of August, 1799, he early developed a love for adventure, and at the age of twenty-four years, we find him enlisting in an expedition, in whose ranks were such men as William Sublette, Bill Gordon, Fitzpatrick, "Old Bill" Williams, and others, whose prowess stood high throughout the western borders. Eddie was a man of iron will, and the older members of the expedition soon found, that the canny young Scot would do and dare as far as any of them. His aim with the rifle was as quick and sure, and his skill with the trap as certain, as even those of "Old Bill" Williams, the "old solitary," as they called him, from his long and lonely excursions. As ready as William Sublette to go to the relief of a comrade, as quick to volunteer on a dangerous mission as Bill Gordon, Eddie had not an enemy in all the West, except amongst the murderous savages, whose hands were against every white man.

In my search after information in regard to these old mountaineers, Mr. Richard Dowling—from whom I had obtained valuable

information—informed me, that one of them still lived, and was a resident of St. Louis County. Delighted at the chance of obtaining authentic information from a man, who could truly exclaim with the poet: "All of which I saw, and part of which I was," and also desirous of seeing the "Last of The Trappers," I lost no time in setting out for the home of the old mountaineer. Driving over the gently sloping hills, and through the fertile valleys of the county; along roads shaded by glorious trees, and bordered with rich fields of waving grain and flowering orchards, I came at last to the beautiful home, where, surrounded by his offspring, the brave old hero is



THE HOME OF THOMAS EDDIE.

spending, in peaceful rest, the evening of a life, whose youth was passed in the midst of continual danger and excitement.

Finding Mr. Eddie in the full possession of mental and bodily vigor, and, at the age of eighty-four, with his memory unimpaired, I was enabled to gain much and valuable information. This, united to the facts obtained from Raymond, old Joe Jewett—who had lived amongst the Sioux for fifty years—Bisonette, Monteau and others, with whom I came in contact during my life on the plains and in the mountains, has enabled me to present an account, which lacks

but little, if anything, of being complete, and which may be relied upon as thoroughly accurate.

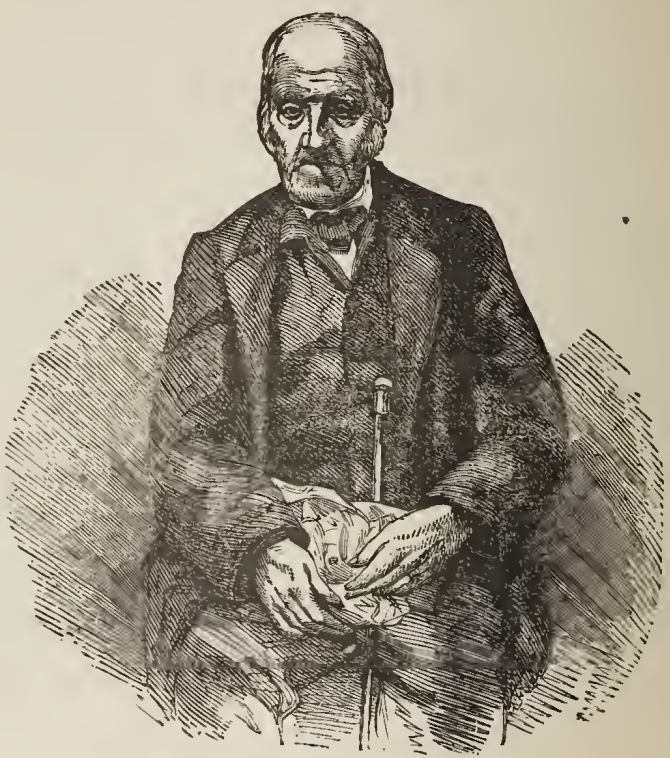
Eddie's induction into the mysteries of the craft, along the upper waters of the Missouri, was destined to be full of dangers. Making their way in keel-boats, with the aid of oars, sails and cord, against the heavy current of the muddy river, and threading their way amongst its numerous snags and sand-bars, Ashley's party at last reached the vicinity of the Arickara village, where they intended to commence their trade, before passing on up to the Yellowstone, where their trapping would begin. Shortly before their arrival, some member of the Missouri Fur Company had caught the son of the head chief of this nation stealing his horse, and had shot him down. Unknown to Ashley's men, the Indians had determined to avenge this act of justice.

Amongst Ashley's guides and interpreters was a Kentuckian, named Rose, who, for some crime, had been outlawed in his native State, and was now a chief amongst the Crow Indians. This man has been represented by Ashley and others as a villain of the deepest dye, full of malice, treachery and cunning, but in Eddie's opinion their misfortunes, at this point, occurred from Ashley's disregard of Rose's advice. Unable to reach the bar on which he desired to land, owing to the shallow water, Ashley anchored his boat close in shore, near a long strip of small cottonwoods, which formed a dense thicket. Rose wished to land against a sand-bar further out, and spoke of the dangers of an ambush. To this Ashley stated, that the Arickaras were friendly, and he was certain there would be no treachery, as it had been years since they had been on the war-path against the whites.

Rose's knowledge of Indians had been gained by a long residence amongst them, and he told Ashley that he was certain, from all the signs upon which a man could rely, that the Indians meant mischief, and that he had better guard against any surprise. This warning was treated with contempt, and the trade began, the Indians showing a feverish anxiety to obtain guns and ammunition—ostensibly for war parties against their old enemies, the Sioux. Having confidence in their friendship, the trade went on, until three of the trappers were missed. As it was afterwards discovered, these men had been secretly murdered by the savages. Alarmed at their disappearance, Ashley, when it was too late, began preparations for defense, but

with his men divided—some on the boats and some on shore—the Indians had him at a terrible disadvantage, and finding that they could no longer disguise their enmity, they began a fierce attack upon the whites. The cottonwood thickets swarmed with the savages, and from this ambush, and from every vantage point, they poured a perfect storm of bullets upon the trappers, in the open plain and in the boat.

The whites fought desperately—though the Indians outnumbered them seven to one, and had every advantage in position—and at last



THE LAST OF THE TRAPPERS.

succeeded in cutting their way through to the river, into which they leaped and swam to the boats; many being drowned, and others killed by bullets, in endeavoring to reach them. The order was given to cut the cables, and still under a terrific fire, the boats began to slowly drift down the river. The oars were then manned, and the retreat began, and continued for fifteen miles, when the savages ceased their pursuit, and the trappers had time to sum up their losses. They found that, out of one hundred and forty-nine men, they had lost sixty in killed and drowned, and scarcely a man of them, who

escaped alive, but bore upon his person one or more bullet or arrow wounds. This fight occurred on the 9th of March, 1823.

Eddie luckily escaped with one or two slight flesh wounds, and was ready to go back to the village again, upon the arrival of reinforcements. Col. Leavenworth—after whom the city and fort were named—was then at Council Bluffs, and to him Ashley sent for troops to aid him against the savages. Leavenworth promptly responded; and a band of Sioux, under their noted chief, White Bear, also volunteered to accompany them. Marching hastily upon the village, they found the Arickaras abandoning it, but the Sioux, soldiers and trappers, fell upon their rear guard, routing it speedily, and setting fire to the village, it was entirely consumed.

White Bear was here the hero of an exploit, that made him a great favorite amongst the whites. Singling out a gigantic Arickara, he rushed upon him, tomahawk in hand, having just discharged his rifle, and dared him to turn like a man and fight. The Arickara, bow in hand, turned upon the Bear, and sent a shower of arrows whistling around him, one of them piercing his thigh. Stopping for a second to pull the arrow through the wound, White Bear then charged upon his enemy, tomahawk in hand.

The Arickara had discharged his last arrow, and seeing that it was too late to fly, he determined to meet his fate like a man, and with a terrific whoop, the two warriors came together, and a duel to the death began. The Arickara was the larger and more powerful man, but the Sioux made up in agility and address what he lacked in physique, and for some time the combat was doubtful. As spectatators in some vast amphitheatre, the other combatants looked on at the gallant struggle.

The sweeping and circling tomahawks flashed in the sun, but so far each had evaded any disabling stroke, when, making a feint at the head of his foe, the Sioux suddenly bent down, and struck the Arickara a fierce blow on the knee, almost severing the leg, and then, with the agility of the sleek panther, sprang rapidly beyond the reach of the descending weapon of his foe.

The latter tottered for a second or two, and then fell, still retaining his tomahawk, but before he could recover himself, the Sioux had poised his weapon, and sent it hissing through the air, striking the skull of the Arickara, crashing into his brain, and killing him instantly. Amidst the thundering plaudits of his spectators, the

brave Bear dexterously scalped his enemy, and then gave attention to his own wounds.

White Bear, and another young Sioux, who had fought heroically, were afterward taken to St. Louis, where for some time they remained at the Jefferson Barracks, greatly admired and lionized. It is said that White Bear cut out the heart of his foe, and eat it. This is given on the authority of spectators of the duel. The



WHITE BEAR'S COMBAT WITH THE ARICKARA CHIEF.

Arickaras having been dispersed, Ashley sent fourteen men, one of whom was Thomas Eddie, to go up the river to the Yellowstone, and to cross the mountains, intending to follow after awhile with the others. On the way up, these fourteen men met one hundred of the trappers, who were then on the Yellowstone, and who, hearing in some manner of the peril of the whites, were on their way to their assistance.

The fourteen men went on to the Yellowstone, and hunted and trapped on that stream until winter, when they made their way, after two or three skirmishes with the Blackfeet, to a Crow village, where they wintered. Here, says Eddie, they were treated with kindness and hospitality, and by spring they had taken a great many furs. With the opening of the next season, the trappers bade adieu to their Crow friends, with appropriate gifts, speeches and ceremonies, and turned their faces toward the Rocky Mountains.

Here they again encountered their old enemies, the Blackfeet, and there was scarcely a day without its skirmish, or a night without its alarm of "Indians, Indians—look to your horses!" In these skirmishes, slight wounds amounted to nothing, being bound up and wet occasionally with cold water, their victims marching on, as if nothing had occurred. Upon every mountain peak they could see the savage sentinels, and note their signals to their friends in the plains and valleys below.

Every ravine was sure to have its ambush, every ford its defenders, still they marched on, and at last, leaving behind them rugged mountains and murderous Blackfeet, they encamped on the plains of the Pacific Slope. Here they encountered the same privations and hardships, that had proved so terrible to Crooks and McLellan, but at last, when out of ammunition, and almost perishing with hunger, they met a party of trappers, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and were by them taken to their post, on the Columbia River.

At this post they wintered, (1824), and in the spring returned to the basin of the Great Salt Lake, which they were the first of all white men to see; having visited it on their way to the Columbia River. Here they were unmolested, and had a prosperous season. The following season, (1825), they also spent here, making excursions down into the country of the Mountain Utes, along the Uintah, the Grand, and the other tributary waters of the Colorado. These Indians they found to be friendly, but treacherous, and disposed to steal their horses.

The Utes, at that time, observed the same precautions, to keep their race of pure blood, that they use to-day. Any of their squaws, who disobeyed this rule of the tribe, were, with their offspring, straightway put to death, so that in all their tribes, I have never seen a single half-breed. The only exception they make, is in favor

of children taken young and adopted into the tribe, in which case, they are regarded as true Utes, and not as aliens. Ouray, their last grand chief, was an Arrapaho, taken when a child, in a foray of these mountain Indians into the plains of the Arkansas. By shrewdness,



THE SNAKE CHIEF, PIM—THE FRIEND OF THE TRAPPERS.

bravery, and a cunning truckling to the whites, Ouray gained an absolute sway amongst his people, and his death was a great loss to the whites, as his voice was always raised for peace between his nation and the people of Colorado.

In the spring of 1826 the trappers set out for the Yellowstone, but, when nearing Bear River, an Indian runner came to them from his dead chief, Pim. Pim was at the head of a band of Snake Indians, who had shown a thousand kindnesses to the trappers. His village had ever welcomed them as visitors, and the lodge of the chief was their refuge when suffering from wounds. The runner had come upon sad business, and throughout the long night they could hear his crying song, as he marched around a tall tree near the camp.

In the morning he made known his message. Pim, their kindly host on so many occasions, lay dead in his lodge, and had requested burial at the hands of his white friends, who had honored and been honored by his undying friendship. Would they read over him out of their medicine book, (the Bible), as he had once seen done over a dead trapper, and sing one of their dirges, and then lay him to rest on the banks of Bear River, where he could hear its unceasing song, and where he would make the beavers plenty for his white brothers?

It was a strange request, but to their honor be it said, they turned back upon their trail for forty miles, and then, in relays of four, bore their solemn burden slowly and tenderly to the banks of the river, and there, in a hole in the rocks—which had long before been selected and hollowed out by the chief—they laid him to rest, reading over him the burial service, and singing a hymn. A volley was then fired over the open grave, and the trappers turned sadly towards the mountains, leaving the Indians to perform their last rites over the dead chief. As they neared the mountains, they again encountered the pugnacious Blackfeet, and every day there was an attack by these savages.

Fortunately for the trappers, these Indians were armed principally with bows and arrows, and those who possessed rifles, were so sparingly provided with ammunition, that they only used them when they felt certain that they could inflict serious injury. On their trip across the mountains, two years before, numbers of these Indians had fallen beneath the sure aim of the whites, but not a trapper had been killed, or even dangerously wounded.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLES AND DISASTERS.

AMBUSHED BY BLACKFEET——EDDIE SEVERELY WOUNDED——OTHERS INJURED ——BESIEGED ON A CRAG——BLACKFEET BEATEN——A SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM——BAFFLED SAVAGES——HORSE THIEVES——THE RACE FOR THE PASS ——THE TRAPPERS WIN——THIEVES SLAIN——STOCK RECOVERED——INDIANS DISAPPEAR——"OLD BILL" WILLIAMS' IDEA——ADVENTURE OF GORDON AND EDDIE——INDIANS OUTWITTED——EDDIE'S SINGLE-HANDED FIGHT WITH A GIGANTIC INDIAN——COMPLICATIONS——A TERRIBLE WOUND——EDDIE TRIUMPHANT——FIVE INDIANS KILLED——SEVEN MEN SENT TO SANTE FE—— NEVER RETURN——OTHERS MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE YELLOWSTONE ——IN CAMP——AMUSEMENTS——EDDIE RETURNS TO ST. LOUIS——PURCHASES THE OLD GREEN TREE TAVERN——MARRIES MISS CLARK——A ST. LOUIS BELLE——REMOVES TO HIS FARM——A LARGE FAMILY——A BEAUTIFUL HOME——HIS CHILDREN——A WONDERFUL MAN.

Upon their way East, as the trappers were passing through a narrow, but lovely valley, they were ambushed, and amongst others, Thomas Eddie was wounded, and more severely than any of his comrades, receiving a rifle ball in his thigh. The bullet lodged against the skin on the other side of the leg, and was cut out with a beaver knife, by Will Sublette. The party were surrounded on all sides, but obtained possession of a craggy knoll, down whose sides trickled a small stream of ice cold water.

As some of the men were unable to proceed, on account of wounds received in the attack, it was determined—after beating off the Blackfeet, with a loss of five killed and fifteen or twenty wounded—to remain here until all could go on together. The wounds of their comrades were dressed, and they soon began to improve.

In the meantime, the Blackfeet kept guard in large numbers, and had it not been for the abundance of beavers in the stream, that ran through the valley, the trappers must have suffered greatly from hunger. As it was, they were enabled to subsist on these animals, and the mountain trout, which they found no difficulty in taking in large numbers.

In ten days all were once more able to travel, and placing dummies to deceive the savages, they lighted up their camp fires as

usual at night, and bearing off toward the North, they made a tedious and hazardous march over a rough trail, and then turning East, completely baffled the waiting Blackfeet. Making forced marches, they encountered no other dangers, until within a day's reach of their rendezvous on the Yellowstone, when a small band of Crows endeavored to steal their horses.

Eddie, who was just returning from a short hunt, saw the thieves as they were driving off the stock, and firing upon them, he killed their leader. The others had swiftly mounted, and by the time Eddie's comrades came up, they were in rapid flight. Eddie remembered that the valley, down which the thieves were riding, doubled almost upon itself, making a very sharp horse-shoe curve, and he knew, that if they could ascend the mountain on their right, they might head off the Indians. Telling his comrades of this fact, a part of them returned to camp, while a part, under command of Eddie, made the best of their way to the point which the savages must pass.

When they had reached the mountain top, each party came in sight of the other, and both gave a fierce yell. The Indians were carrying the body of their dead leader, and had they not been thus encumbered, they might have made good their escape with the stolen animals. As it was, Eddie cheered on his men, and both sides made all possible haste toward the fatal pass.

The endurance of the white men had been underestimated by the Indians, for they were first at the narrow opening between the two mountains, and as the Crows rode up, all but the one who was carrying the body of his leader, were picked off at the first fire, and this one was badly wounded. Endeavoring to ride his heavily burdened horse across the stream, that flowed through the valley, the animal stumbled and fell, throwing both the live and the dead man into the water.

Whatever became of the corpse and its attendant was never known. Whether the live man was killed by the fall, or stunned and perished in the swift current, or whether he made his way back to his tribe, the trappers never ascertained. A careful search failed to discover the whereabouts of either of them, and "Old Bill" Williams said: "He had no doubt but that the dead one had carried the live one to h—— with him."

The next day they reached the camp on the Yellowstone, and stayed for some time at this rendezvous, waiting for other comrades to come in. Around their camp-fires they fought over their battles, compared notes of the country, made rude tracings of their routes, with their various rivers, mountains and plains; and those who had visited the Great Salt Lake, told their comrades of the vast inland sea, whose waters were bitter with salt, and into whose depths no living thing could sink, so buoyant were its waves.

The fourteen spent this season, and part of the next, trapping along the Yellowstone, and then followed the mountains toward the South, setting their traps in all of the suitable streams between the head of the Missouri and the upper waters of the Platte. On the latter stream they detached seven of their number to go to Santa Fe, in New Mexico, for a supply of ammunition, of which they were almost destitute. These men set out cheerfully across the sandy plains of Colorado, and when they were just about to disappear from view, each party waved to the other a last adieu. They were destined never to meet again. From the time they disappeared beyond the eastern horizon, all trace of them is lost. Whether they fell a prey to Sioux, or Kiowa, Apache or Comanche, Navajo, or to the listless, lounging greasers, active only in murder, was never known, and their fate is enveloped in impenetrable mystery.

After waiting for months for their comrades, all hope of their return was abandoned, and the seven still left, made their way back to the Yellowstone. On this trip they had several skirmishes, but nothing serious occurred, until they had reached a camp some forty-five miles above the present town of Boulder, in Colorado. Here Eddie and Bill Gordon had gone out on a hunt, and returning, were fired on by a small war party of Arapahos.

Both of them were slightly wounded, and returning the fire, two of the savages fell from their horses. Luckily for the white men, they were close to a small cañon, in which they took refuge, and hastily reloaded their rifles. Having strapped their dead on their horses, the Indians detached five men to follow Eddie and Gordon, and the rest rode off toward the camp of their comrades. Fearing that the latter might be surprised, Eddie told Gordon to hasten to the camp, while he held in check the five savages who had now dismounted, and four of whom had started up into the cañon after the trappers, leaving one to hold the horses.

Thinking to outwit the Indians, Eddie now ran swiftly up the cañon, and then, back-tracking, he secreted himself, and had the pleasure of seeing the savages slowly pass his hiding place, looking cautiously ahead, to prevent an ambush. As soon as they were out of sight, Eddie darted down the cañon as rapidly as possible, and dashed out on to the plain at his highest speed. What he had hoped for, now came to pass: the horse-guard was so completely taken by surprise, that he did not mount and keep out of Eddie's way, but raised his rifle, and both fired at the same moment.



MURDEROUS MEXICANS.

Eddie was struck in the shoulder, the bullet inflicting a painful, but not at all dangerous wound, while his ball passed through the Indian's thigh, and broke the leg of the horse by which he was standing. In falling, the horse had knocked the Indian down, and now lay partly upon his leg, holding him to the ground. His frantic struggles, as he beheld the white man rapidly approaching, enabled him to release himself, and rising, he drew his knife; his tomahawk having fallen during his struggles.

Hoping that their shots would bring his comrades to the scene, the Indian made a desperate fight, notwithstanding the pain of his wound, and his weakness from loss of blood. He was a giant in size, while Eddie was rather a small man, and for a long time all the efforts of the latter, to get in a blow with his tomahawk, were in vain. The Indian had changed his knife to his left hand, and just as Eddie had succeeded in making a sweeping blow, which, had it reached him, would have cut him down, the Indian caught Eddie's arm, and the tomahawk flew from his grasp.

With the quickness of thought, the white man now made an effort to seize the Indian's knife, and at this moment, the four savages emerged from the mouth of the cañon on a dead run, in order to relieve their comrade. At the same moment the latter had made a stroke, which Eddie caught full in the palm of his right hand, the knife cutting through and through, and making a fearful wound.

Notwithstanding his intense suffering, the trapper held on to the weapon, and now a new complication arose, with the rapidity of a summer storm. A shot rang out from the mouth of the cañon, and the foremost Indian fell to the ground. The other three halted and faced the new enemy, and the one with whom Eddie was engaged, had his attention distracted for a single second. On that short space hung his life, for Eddie, whose only hope had been to sell his life as dearly as possible, now wrested the knife from him, and buried it to the hilt in his abdomen, the Arapaho falling to the ground. The other three, who were again coming on, were distant some fifty yards, and fired upon the triumphant Eddie, doing no greater damage than to disable another of their horses.

Mounting the nearest steed, Eddie, leading the other two, set off at full speed for the mouth of the cañon, circling to avoid the three savages. At this point, to his surprise, he met Gordon, who told him that from the top of the low mountain, he had seen the Arapahoes engaged in battle with a band of Indians down in the plain, and had returned to his assistance, as he knew the camp was safe.

They could now hear an occasional shot, but determined to finish their work on the Arapahos, they pursued them, and succeeded in killing all of them. They at once returned to camp with the arms and horses of the Indians, and it was decided to move as rapidly as possible from so dangerous a locality. They encountered no other difficulties, and got safely back to the Yellowstone.

In 1829, Eddie, who had been out six years, returned to St. Louis, and here he purchased the Green Tree tavern, having a very considerable sum of money coming to him, as his share of the profits of the expedition. In 1833 he married a Miss Clarke, then a reigning belle in St. Louis, and who, in spite of the flight of time, and the cares of a large family, still retains the traces of her former beauty. They have had eleven children; five boys and six girls. Of these, six still live; five boys and one girl.

The names of the surviving children are: James, who has also had considerable mountain experience; John, Henry, Thomas, Edward and Ella. It was in this same year (1833), that Mr. Eddie purchased and removed to his present home—one of the finest in the county—and here, at the age of eighty-four years, he still resides hale and hearty; his hair tinged by the frosts of his many winters, but his heart as brave, his mind as clear, and his form as active as those of most men, who have not measured more than half his span of years. A well deserved prosperity is his, and may he live many years to enjoy the comforts of "his own vine and fig-tree," and to live over, in cheerful gossip with his neighbors—for, to his unbounded hospitality, no man is a stranger—his "many 'scapes upon the tented field, and imminent perils in the deadly breach."

CHAPTER X.

COLTER'S RACE FOR LIFE.

WITH LEWIS AND CLARK——HIS PARTNER, POTTS——THEY STOP ON THE UPPER MISSOURI——LEWIS KILLS A BLACKFOOT——VENGEFUL SAVAGES ——COLTER'S PLAN——THE ALARM——POTT'S RIDICULE——SURROUNDED ——CAPTURED——COLTER'S STRUGGLE WITH THE INDIAN——POTT'S FOLLY ——KILLED——HIS REVENGE——COLTER STRIPPED NAKED——INDIANS DELIBERATE AS TO HIS FATE——VARIOUS PLANS——THE DECISION——THE QUESTION——COLTER'S REPLY——A POOR RUNNER——THE START——SURPRISED SAVAGES——COLTER'S DISADVANTAGE——A FLEET BLACKFOOT—— AN UNEXPECTED ACTION——THE BROKEN SPEAR—— PINNED TO THE EARTH ——FLIGHT RENEWED——HALT OF THE BLACKFEET——PURSUIT RENEWED ——COLTER REACHES JEFFERSON FORK——HIDES IN THE DRIFT PILE—— SEARCHING SAVAGES——DISAPPOINTED——THE DRIFT DESERTED——COLTER'S PITIABLE PLIGHT——REACHES LISA'S FORT——TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS ——REGAINS HIS STRENGTH.

One of the most intrepid of the early Rocky Mountain trappers was the celebrated hunter, Colter, who accompanied Lewis and Clark's expedition to the upper waters of the Missouri, and there obtained permission for himself and his comrade, Potts, to stop for the purpose of trapping and hunting. It was their intention to remain but a short time, and then overtake the main body. This was after Lewis' affray with one of the insolent Blackfeet—whom he was obliged to kill—and the trappers were well aware, that they would have to use extreme caution, in order to escape the vengence of these savages.

Their plan of operations, was to set their traps late in the evening, visit them early each morning, remove them and their game, and lie hid all day. This course they continued for some time, but one morning, while rowing up the stream to their traps, a heavy trampling was heard. Colter declared it to be Indians, and was for taking to flight at once; but Potts laughed at him, pronounced the trampling that of buffaloes, and kept ahead. It did not take a great while to decide which was right, for, rowing on up the stream, they were hemmed in by a multitude of Indians; both banks being filled with them.

Colter saw that escape was impossible, and when they called to him to come ashore, he turned in to the bank, and they were soon

surrounded by the savage Blackfeet. Just as they stepped on shore, a burly Indian snatched Potts' rifle, but Colter, a man of great strength and courage, wrested it away and returned it to Potts, who now jumped into the canoe and pushed out into the creek.

Colter called to him to come ashore, as there was no chance to escape; but Potts kept out in the current, and soon cried out to his comrade: "Colter, I'm wounded." Colter turned and saw the Indian who had shot Potts, just taking down his bow, and, while he was looking at him, he heard Potts' rifle, and saw the Indian drop dead—a second after, Potts' lifeless body fell into the canoe, filled with hundreds of arrows.

The Indians now turned their attention to Colter, and after stripping him quite naked, they debated on how they should dispose of him. After a long discussion—in which some advocated the stake; others, whipping to death; others, skinning alive, etc.—it was finally decided, if he was not too swift a runner, to give him a good, long chase, and then, when they had recaptured him, burn him at the stake.

This decision arrived at, one of the chiefs approached the captive, and asked him if he was a good runner. Pleased at even the small chance of escape thus offered, Colter told him that he was a very poor runner, indeed, while the fact is, he was one of the swiftest foot-racers on the border. His reply was hailed with loud shouts, and he was led out on to the sandy plain by the chief. Here the six hundred armed Indians were stationed, and the naked white man was given a start of two or three hundred yards, with the privilege of saving himself, if he could.

With a fierce whoop from the savages, that echoed far and near, the race began. Like a greyhound, from the leash, the white man bounded forward, and the confiding Blackfeet saw that it would take their best running, if they hoped ever to get near enough even to shoot him. They had, however, one great advantage, and on this they relied; the feet of the white man were naked, while theirs were clothed with strong moccasins, and the plain was thickly set with sand-burs, cacti and prickly pears. These pierced Colter's feet cruelly, but he did not falter in his race for life.

He had run three of the six miles, that lay between him and the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri—to which he had directed his course—before he dared to look back. That hurried glance showed

him, that he had distanced all save one of his pursuers. This one carried a spear in his hand, and was coming on with the speed of the wind. The gap between them was not more than a hundred yards, and he realized that the Indian had been steadily gaining on him.

Determined to escape, he now put forth a superhuman effort,



SCENE OF COLTER'S RACE FOR LIFE.

and this came near proving fatal, for a slight hemorrhage was occasioned, and the blood burst from his nostrils, weakening and almost strangling him. Keeping on with all the speed possible, he had reached a point within a mile of the river, when he again looked back. The Indian was within twenty yards of him! Finding that escape by flight was now out of the question, he whirled suddenly

and opened his arms. His unexpected action and bloody appearance, so surprised the savage, that, in attempting to check his headway, in order that he might dart his spear, he stumbled exhausted to the ground, while the lance, flying from his hand, stuck into the earth a considerable distance ahead of him, and broke off.

Darting swiftly back to the savage, Colter seized the piece of the spear containing the head, and drove it through his pursuer, pinning him to the earth a corpse. The trapper then turned and sped on, as well as he was able, exhausted by loss of blood and his terrible race. He reached Jefferson's Fork some distance ahead of his pursuers, plunged in, and swam down some distance to a rack-heap, or drift, that had lodged against the head of an island. Diving under this drift, he succeeded, after nearly drowning himself, in getting his head above water, between two of the logs.

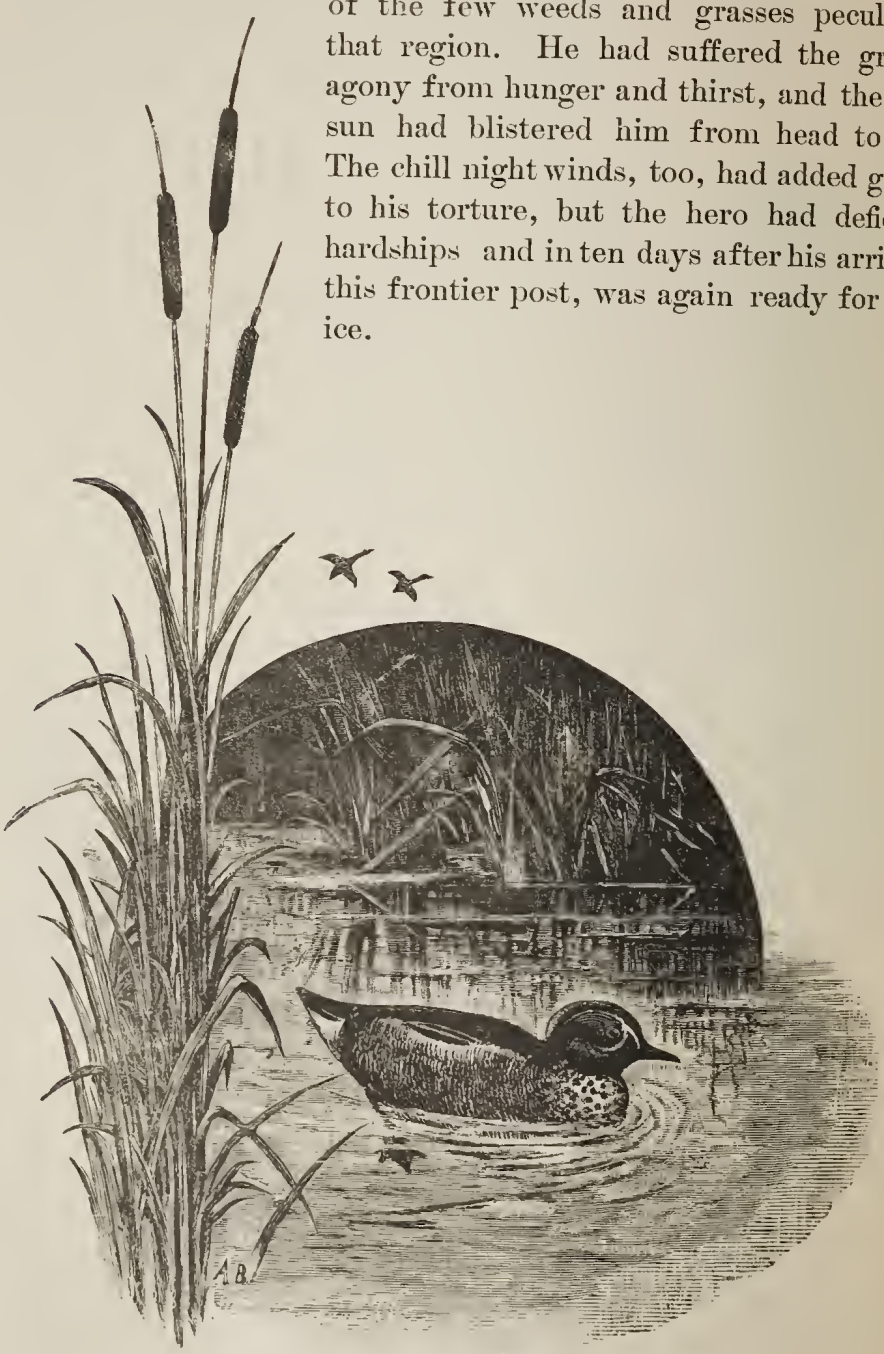
The Indians, on coming to the dead chief, waited there until all had gathered around, and then, after terrific yells, set out again in pursuit of Colter. This time had been well improved by the flying trapper, as we have already seen. When the savages reached the bank, they surmised the course of their captive, and swimming out to the drift, they punched about it and searched in every direction, but after spending nearly the whole day in vain efforts to find him, they concluded that the trapper must have been drowned, and drawing off, Colter heard their wailing as they again gathered around their fallen chief. This grew fainter and fainter as they pursued their way back to their camp, and finally died away entirely.

Colter afterward said, that his greatest fear was, that the savages might set fire to the drift, and thus force him out, but the idea never seems to have entered their minds. After the Indians had departed, Colter had time to study over the terrible difficulties that still beset him, and surely they were enough to have appalled the heart of the bravest.

Here he was, naked, his feet torn by the sharp rocks, and filled with the thorns and thistles over which he had trampled in his awful race. He was without the means of supporting life, by the killing of game, since he had no weapon, and subjected to the blistering sun by day, and the chill dews by night, his lot promised indeed to be one of peculiar hardship, if not of certain death.

Afar from all settlements, the nearest post was Lisa's fort on the Yellowstone, which he could not hope to reach in less than a week.

But Colter belonged to that iron race of men who never know despair, and boldly facing all difficulties and dangers, he arrived at the trading post of the Spaniard in seven days, having subsisted during all that time on the wild plant known as sheep sorel, and the roots of the few weeds and grasses peculiar to that region. He had suffered the greatest agony from hunger and thirst, and the fierce sun had blistered him from head to heel. The chill night winds, too, had added greatly to his torture, but the hero had defied all hardships and in ten days after his arrival at this frontier post, was again ready for service.



CHAPTER XI.

BILL GORDON.

A LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER——A CHEERFUL COMRADE——HIS ADVENTURE AT THE ARICKARA VILLAGE——SAVES AN OLD SQUAW——CURSE OR BLESSING? ——CAMP-FIRE ANECDOTES——WONDERING SAVAGES——GLASS' ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR——A ONE-SIDED BATTLE——DESPERATELY WOUNDED——NATURE'S MEDICAMENT——LEFT TO DIE——FAITHLESS NURSES ——A GREAT SURPRISE——GORDON'S IRE——AN INTERRUPTED SIESTA—— SMITH FINDS A GRIZZLY——THE RESULT——GETS WELL——GEORGE YULE'S ADVENTURE——HIS RETREAT TO CAMP——NARROW ESCAPE——OLD SLOAN RANGE——LYME CHANEY, THE TRAPPER——KILLS A GRIZZLY——GID FRAZIER——A FAMOUS BEAR HUNTER——AN AUTHORITY ON GRIZZLIES——GORDON AND "OLD BILL" WILLIAMS ON A HUNT——SEPARATE——THE SHOT—— THE VOLLEY——A SWIFT RETREAT——A DEAD CHIEF——THE LAST RESORT ——TRAPPERS SWIM THE COLUMBIA——LOSE THEIR ARMS——REACH A POST——PROCURE RIFLES——RETURN TO SALT LAKE——A FAMILIAR VOICE ——FIND OLD BILL——ON A HUNT.

Bill Gordon was the laughing philosopher of the trappers. He took life easy, and did not intend to cross a bridge or a creek until he came to it. His creed might be summed up in a single sentence: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It is doubtful if he could have guessed from what volume this line was selected, but no worshipper of the gentle Nazarene could more truly have followed out its literal meaning. Around the camp-fire he joked, told tales—some of which were not exactly fit for a lady's boudoir—and laughed.

On the long and lonely hunt, or when setting his traps, he chuckled, not loud, but merrily. On the toilsome march—when the sandy soil of the plains had drunk up every vestige of water, and the tortures of thirst consumed them—and in the bleak and sterile mountains—where was to be found no trace of bird or beast, and the fierce pangs of hunger gnawed at their vitals—Gordon still laughed, and with song and jest cheered on his weaker comrades.

In the battle, too, he laughed, but here his cachination lost its merriment, and froze the blood of his enemies with its appalling sound—it was now the roar of the lion, the scream of the panther. Thus he laughed, when he dashed into the Arickara village, in advance

of all his comrades, rifle in one hand, torch in the other and fired this den of thieves and murderers. In all the village, but one living thing was left, when the trappers had swept it with fire and ball—an old woman, so old that she might have counted her years by the century; so decrepid that she might have been a thing of wood and stone, so far as all locomotion or power of escape went.

The Sioux would have killed her for a witch, but Gordon told them that she was old and a woman, and that age and womanhood must be respected, even if she were the great-great-grand-mother of every Arickara devil ever sent into the world.

Placing her in a solitary lodge, with a supply of water and provisions, Gordon left her, and, as he moved off, she raised her hands toward the sun, and then held them out toward the good-natured trapper. "She is cursing him," said the Sioux. It may have been, or the poor pagan might have called for a blessing on the laughing brave, who, even in an Arickara squaw, could reverence the sex of his mother. Whether it was curse or praise, did not affect the firm soul of Gordon, and that night, as soldier, Sioux and trapper smoked around their camp-fires, and told over the incidents of the day, Gordon selected only the ludicrous, and soon his auditors roared with him; even the stoical savages—who marveled that a man could fight so like a demon, and laugh so like a squaw—relaxing somewhat of their gravity.

And yet the man could be serious—none more so—when the time demanded it. On one occasion, one of their comrades, named Glass, ventured into a thicket, where a grizzly bear, or, as the old trappers always called them, a white bear, was enjoying an afternoon siesta. Never the most amiable of creatures, the disturbance of its post-prandial slumbers made it furious, and in less than a minute after his intrusion into the bed-chamber of madame, Glass was ejected, with two ribs broken, his scalp torn almost entirely off, and minus one ear.

When the one-sided battle had progressed so far, some of Glass' comrades came up, and firing upon the bear, she retreated. Glass was borne into camp more dead than alive, his scalp sewed together, as well as possible, with fine deer sinews, and nature's grand medicament, cold water, constantly applied to his wounds.

This treatment was continued for a week, and then, as it was necessary to move their camp, the trappers, leaving two men in charge

of Glass, to wait with him until he should die and then to bury him, went on to the place selected for the new camp. They did not expect the wounded man to get well, and when the two nurses appeared in a few days, and stated that they had buried Glass, it occasioned no surprise. But when, some ten days later, Glass himself came crawling into camp, on his hands and knees, and told how he had been deserted, and forced to subsist on grass-roots, while making his slow and painful way to the new camp, there were several badly surprised persons, and for once Gordon forgot to laugh.

With fierce oaths he demanded the death of the watchers, who had deserted a comrade in distress, and it was only after the most abject petitions for mercy, that Gordon concluded to let them live. The scene of Glass' terrible adventure with the grizzly, was the site of Custer's fatal battle on the Rosebud, with the Sioux, under Sitting Bull—by far the greatest of all their modern chiefs.

Another of the trappers—one of the numerous Smith family, who had adopted that adventurous life—was terribly mangled by a grizzly bear, but with their rude surgery and cold water, they brought him through, and, with the exception of a missing ear or so, and a scalp set back somewhat awry, he was as proper looking a man as ever. In their numerous encounters with grizzly bears, these were the only two men ever seriously injured by them. It is probable, that these animals had some food cached in the vicinity of their retreat.

In such cases, they invariably attack any intruder, who may happen upon the scene. A friend of mine, George Yule—the present sheriff of Gunnison County, Colorado—took a stroll out from camp one day, and was struck down by the rush of a grizzly, that had cached the carcass of a deer beneath some brush. As he fell, he had sufficient presence of mind to lie perfectly quiet, when, as is usual with them, the bear bit him on the shoulder and the thigh, and then left him.

Finding himself becoming very weak, from loss of blood, Yule got upon his feet, and ran rapidly toward camp. The bear pursued, and Yule took to a tree, the grizzly being unable to climb. After smelling around the tree, and grunting terribly, the bear retreated to its first position, and lay down again. Yule seized the opportunity to slide down the tree, and again start toward camp. After running about two hundred yards, he looked over his shoulder, and found the bear almost upon him.

He again treed, the bear this time catching him by the heel just as he reached the first branches, but he succeeded in getting loose, and ascended the tree out of his reach. Again the bear returned to his post, and Yule, now within a short distance of his camp, succeeded in slipping down the opposite side of the tree, and escaping. His comrades started in pursuit of the grizzly, found, and succeeded in dispatching him. When once the animals have wounded a man and escaped, they never hesitate at assailing a human being, and hence it is the invariable custom of the mountaineers to hunt down any of them, that may have attacked a man.

Only a considerable amount of agility, and the possession of a forty-five caliber Sharp's rifle, saved the writer from a disaster similar to Yule's, in the "Old Sloan" range, near the Tumichi River. In this range a brave old trapper, Lyme Chaney, (in whose hospitable cabin I've taken many a meal of beaver tail and slap-jacks), armed only with a double-barrel shot-gun, slew a man-killing bear. Chaney was watching a crossing, for deer, and was lying down on his blanket, with his eyes fixed on the stream, when he heard a crashing of brush, and looking around, saw a grizzly coming toward him, and almost in hugging distance.

To attempt retreat was useless, and so, but two courses were left: one was to lie still; in which case, after a bite or two, the bear would probably leave him; the other was to fight. The old man chose the latter, and rising, he cocked both barrels of his weapon, and coolly waited until the muzzle of the gun would touch the bear's head. The grizzly now opened his mouth, coming right at Chaney, when the trapper, as quick as thought, thrust his gun againt the roof of the bear's mouth and fired.

The gun was heavily charged with buck-shot, and the recoil kicked Chaney into the bushes, almost dislocating his shoulder, and bruising the right side of his face terribly; and when he came to look at the bear, he found the top of its head blown to pieces, and the animal as dead as Julius Cæsar.

Gid Frazier—brave, honest and chivalrous; Gid, the hopeful seeker after delusive prospects; Gid, whose heart is as big as a barn, and whose head is as clear as a bell, and who has probably assisted at the death of more of these monsters than any other man living or dead—jumped a bear in a mountain trail one day and the two eyed each other for minutes, that seemed to the prospector hours. Neither

was inclined to fly, and as Frazier was unarmed, he knew that retreat meant certain wounds, and probably death.

Thus they stood, like carved statues, until the sound of voices—from Frazier's companions—was heard, when the bear turned off up the mountain side and disappeared.

To some enterprising interviewer, my old friend Frazier—who now lives at Cañon City, Colorado—would pan out immensely on the topic of grizzly bears. On this subject his fund of information is most complete, and his anecdotes more interesting than those of all the other hunters, whom I have ever met. Many an hour has he caused to fly unheeded by, as we sat around our mountain camp-fires, after days spent in the toilsome search for "true fissures" and "carbonate deposits," "placers and quartz leads." So much for the grizzly, the most powerful and ferocious of brutes; outdoing, in nerve, vitality and strength, the Lybian lion, and man-slaying tiger of the East Indian jungles.

On the banks of the Columbia, Gordon and "Old Bill" Williams started off into the mountains to bring some game into camp, as the party were about out of provisions. On the banks of a small stream, they separated, and in a short time Gordon heard a single shot, then a series of wild yells, and a loud volley. "Old Bill's wiped out at last," said Gordon to himself, as he turned back toward camp, rightly surmising that the savages would take Williams' back trail, and endeavor to find and surprise the camp. Starting off in a swift run, Gordon looked over his shoulder, and beheld a swarm of the hated Blackfeet following hotly in pursuit.

He did not fear that he would be overtaken, but he knew that his comrades, reduced to thirteen, counting himself, would be unable to resist the hundreds of Blackfeet coming along in his rear. As he ran he thought over every method of escape, and finally determined, that nothing was left but to swim the Columbia and endeavor to reach one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts. Having come to this conclusion, he halted, and taking a quick aim at the foremost Indian—distant about one hundred yards—fired.

His rifle was one of Sam. Hawken's make, and had never failed him, and as its sharp report rang out, the savage leaped headlong into the air, and fell dead. The others coming up, halted for a few minutes about their dead chief, while Gordon, with a whoop of triumph, darted on to the camp. No time was to be lost, and dashing their

guns into the river—to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Blackfeet—they threw after them their ammunition, and then, plunging into the stream, swam across. With the exception of one man, wounded by accident, all got over in safety, and the Indians fearing to follow, they made their way unmolested to a post some distance down the river.

Their only arms left were their pistols, and with these they managed to secure game enough to supply them on their journey. At the post they secured guns and ammunition, and in a few days set out on their return to the Great Salt Lake. On their way up the river, they one day heard a familiar voice floating down the stream, damning all rapids, falls and obstructions to decent navigation, and pushing through the thick brush to the bank, they saw "Old Bill" Williams astride of a log, making his way down the swift current. When he saw them, the "old solitary" held up his rifle,ornamented with three fresh scalps, and paddling in to the bank again, he rejoined them. On their way back to the Great Salt Lake, nothing of particular interest occurred.

When they left Salt Lake, on their return, and after they had buried the Snake chief, Pim, Gordon, with Williams and two others, made a detour, intending to rejoin their comrades on the evening of the second day. They had now reached the country of the Blackfeet, and Eddie, Fitzpatrick and others advised them to stick to the party, and make no excursions like the one contemplated, as it would only tend to weaken the main body, and serve no useful purpose.

To this "Old Bill" Williams replied, that he had got tired of traveling with so many men, and that no matter what Gordon and the others might do, he intended to take a hunt for a day or two, even if he had to turn back to Bear River to do so. Gordon and the others concluded to go with him, and accordingly they set out one morning, just as all were breaking camp.

CHAPTER XII.

THRILLING ADVENTURES AND DEATH OF GORDON.

AN UNLUCKY DETOUR——AN INJURED COMRADE——FURTHER MISFORTUNES——THE BLACKFOOT SPY——HIS DEATH——"OLD BILL'S" REMARK——GORDON'S PROPHECY——THE RETREAT——THE MORNING CALL——PURSUED BY BLACKFEET——A TRYING SITUATION——SUFFERINGS OF LAJEUNESSE——THE FORTIFIED CAMP——A COURAGEOUS INDIAN——GORDON'S DETERMINATION——REACHES THE CRAG——DEATH OF THE CHIEF——GORDON KILLS FOUR INDIANS——HIS STRATAGEM DISCOVERED——A FIERCE RUSH——AN INTREPID DEFENSE——RETREAT OF THE INDIANS——SIGNAL FIRES——ANXIETY OF GORDON——CONCLUDES TO RETREAT——"OLD BILL'S" OBSTINACY——ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS——REJOIN THEIR COMRADES——ATTACK ON THE WAGON TRAIN——INDIAN FEAR OF GORDON——THEIR FLIGHT——DAILY BATTLES——GORDON'S DEATH ON THE YELLOWSTONE——HIS PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The trail followed by the main body of the trappers led through the plain to the south of the range, along which they were traveling, for a greater part of the way, and Gordon and his comrades intended to cross these mountains, and so join their comrades in a day or two, hoping, by taking this shorter route, to have time for hunting. The first day they made fair progress, and camped for the night in a mountain meadow, or park, where one of the men—in flying from a grizzly, which he had wounded—fell from a slight precipice, and was seriously injured. On the next day he was unable to travel, and was suffering so intensely, that the situation was becoming serious.

To add to their complications, Gordon, fancying he heard voices in conversation one moonlight night, as he was returning to camp, crept slyly toward the sound, and beheld a Blackfoot spy lying upon a high crag, and overlooking the camp and its recumbent figures. The savage evidently suspected no interruption, for he was singing in a suppressed voice the monotonous "Keh-hai, Keh-hai," that passes with them for music.

In this happy state of mind Gordon found him, and creeping noiselessly up to him, he dismissed him to the happy hunting grounds, with the smile still on his face, the song still on his lips.

A single blow of the trapper's sharp tomahawk and the days of horse stealing and murder were over for this Blackfoot.

When Gordon carried the arms, ammunition and scalp of the Indian into camp, Williams said at once: "I tell yer, boys! ef thar's one, thar's more; we must leave here to-night." The injured man was able to walk, by being assisted, and they took turn about helping



THE BLACKFOOT SPY ON WATCH.

him along. Their aim now was to endeavor to reach their comrades, for on all sides they could hear the howling of wolves and the shrill screams of owls, and they were too keen of ear not to know that the sounds were Indian imitations. They supposed that their spy had been missed, and that they were surrounding the

deserted camp. About two o'clock they heard a terrible chorus of yells, a volley of shots, and then all was dead silence.

"That was a close call, boys!" said Gordon, "but the Indian bullet ain't moulded that'll kill me."

"Yer'd better not crow till yer out of the woods," said Williams; "it ain't no sure thing that all of our scalps won't hang in the lodges of the Blackfeet this winter."

"If they get mine they're welcome to it," said Gordon, "but they will have to pay dear for it," and they continued their retreat in silence, and as rapidly as possible.

All through the next day they proceeded down a narrow valley, expecting an attack hourly, but none came. At night they camped and put out a guard, and also sent one man ahead to hold their comrades until they could come up. That night passed off quietly, and they began to think they had escaped their foes, when, just as they were leaving camp the next morning, a volley was fired into them. Gordon, "Old Bill" Williams and the injured man were all wounded, but none of them seriously, and as they were in an exposed situation, while the Blackfeet were hidden amongst the rocks, they beat a hasty retreat, following the valley until they could see some point where they could make a stand.

The Indians did not push them closely, evidently fearing their deadly aim—with which these Blackfeet had become acquainted, as the trappers had passed through their country before—but they hung upon their trail with the pertinacity of blood-hounds, always keeping in sight, and firing whenever they thought they could hit a man.

That night the man, who had been hurt by the fall, was suffering a great deal, and Gordon selected a strong position in the rocks, determined to hold it until he was able to go on. The next morning, about daylight, he killed a black tail deer, and got it safely into camp. No attack was made on them that morning, and Lajeunesse, the injured man, was getting rapidly better, from his rest. Gordon hoped to be able to start again the next day, but about four o'clock that afternoon, the trappers saw the half naked forms of the savages flitting from rock to rock, drawing a line as nearly around them as possible. Some hours before sunset, the bullets began to fly into the camp, but no one was struck, and a breastwork of

the loose rocks was hastily thrown up, behind which the whites lay in perfect safety.

The chief of the party of Blackfeet was an Indian of more than usual daring, and was continually working his way nearer to the besieged men, hoping to secure a situation from which his shots might prove effective. Gordon watched him with great anxiety, and saw that if he could only reach a high crag, toward which he was gradually making his way, he could, without the slightest danger to himself, pick off himself and comrades. This was the only unguarded point, and Gordon saw, that before the chief could reach it, he would for some fifty feet be hid from view of the little fort. His mind was made up in a moment. To allow the chief to gain the crag, would give him an opportunity to kill himself and companions, and a bold dash might prevent it. He would try it.

Leaving his rifle, he began crawling toward a slight ravine, that led out toward the crag, and succeeded in reaching it unobserved by the savages. From here his progress was more rapid, and he soon reached the base of the crag. He now had a slight advantage, as the Indian had a space of twenty or thirty feet over which he must either crawl or make a swift dash; in which case Williams might be able to reach him with a bullet from the fort. Crouching at the foot of the crag, pistol in hand, Gordon chuckled to himself to think how surprised the Blackfoot would be to see the trapper here ahead of him.

He had not long to wait, for in a few moments the savage came over the slight rise and, after a quick glance at the fort, began crawling toward the crag. He evidently feared that the keen eyed trappers might be able to pick him off, if he attempted the bolder measure of making a run across the open space. It was one time in his career when boldness would have proved safety. As he crawled along, Gordon was entirely concealed from his view, and the trapper now changed his original plan of action.

Taking the pistol in his left hand, he placed his tomahawk in his right, and waited as motionless as a statue. The chief would pass within a few feet of him, and he hoped to be able to dispatch him without the necessity of firing his pistol. Nearer and nearer came the Indian, and Gordon crouched like a waiting panther, his muscles strained and tense, his breathing slow and labored.

The Blackfoot moved with the silence and ease of a serpent, and was just passing the spot where the trapper was concealed, when the latter, with a furious bound, reached him, and before he could utter his warning whoop, that would have told his friends of misadventure, the tomahawk had cloven his skull.

Gordon now determined to make use of the dead savage, and accordingly propped him, in a crouching position, about half way up the crag, as if he lay there watching the besieged trappers. He hoped that the savages—after waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from their chief—would dispatch one or more men to see if any accident had befallen him. Having arranged the corpse in as lifelike an attitude as possible, Gordon placed himself in such a position that, if a considerable number of the Indians appeared, he could retreat either to the crag or to the fortified camp.

Secreting himself very carefully, he very impatiently waited. The minutes seemed hours to the impetuous trapper, but at last he was rewarded by seeing the tufted head of an Indian appear around a point of rocks, and look eagerly toward the crag. He seemed satisfied with the survey, for getting down flat upon the earth, he began crawling swiftly toward his chief, and would soon have reached him, had not fate, in the person of Bill Gordon, interfered.

When he reached the spot, which had proved the last of earth's journey for his leader, the trapper sprang upon him, and brained him as noiselessly as he had his chief. Another decoy was added to his trap, this one in a sitting position, with his gun across his lap, as if waiting an order from the chief before firing. Again Gordon waited, and again his patience was rewarded, and three silent Indians now watched the trapper's citadel.

The fourth Indian appeared, and Gordon waited for him, as for his fellows, but was this time doomed to a surprise, for just as he had sent his weapon crashing through the brain of the crawling savage, he heard a fierce whoop, and saw half a dozen Blackfeet coming over the rise at a swift run. Trusting to Williams and Lajeunesse to stop at least one of them, Gordon seized the rifle of his last victim and fired, the foremost Indian falling dead.

Losing no time, he secured the ammunition of the savage, and running swiftly up the sloping crag, he took one of the rifles of the dead men, and secreted himself quickly in the slight depression on the top of his lonely post. At his shot, the Blackfeet had taken to

the shelter of the rocks, but as he turned in flight, they came out from their cover and fired. The distance was short, but in their hurry their aim was poor, and Gordon received only a slight scratch across the shoulder. Aiming one of his guns at the five Indians, who had now advanced into the open space, and were dancing about to confuse his aim, a report was heard from the camp, and an Indian went hopping over the rise, badly wounded in one of his legs.

Another shot from the camp missed entirely, and Gordon, too, had poor success, his rifle flashing. The sudden valor of the savages had, by this time, evaporated and they dashed back over the rise, and endeavored to regain their comrades. This they found a dangerous proceeding, for while they were hidden from view of the camp, yet they were in easy range of Gordon, who had now secured the rifles of the other Indians. Two of them made the attempt, one after another, and both were fatally wounded.

From his knowledge of Indian character, Gordon felt satisfied that if they could cross the mountain and take the trail to the eastward, the Indians would not follow after such serious losses, and as he feared that the signal-fires—which they had already begun to build—would call up heavy reinforcements, that might be able to starve them out, he determined to attempt to make his way back to the camp, and, with his comrades, continue their retreat.

Accordingly breaking the stock and bending the barrel of one of the empty rifles, so as to render it useless to the Indians, he made a dummy and placed the rifle, as if levelled on the open space, and he felt confident that it would be some time before the savages would venture up to it, to see if it was real. This done, he secured the arms, ammunition and scalps of the Blackfeet, and carefully proceeded to camp.

Here he suggested a continuance of their flight, and finally, after much persuasion, succeeded in inducing Williams to consent. The latter, at first wished to stay, and give the Blackfeet a good drubbing, now that they had found so good a place to fight from, but he listened to reason, and about twelve o'clock that night they made the way with difficulty across the rugged mountain, and striking the trail, by which they his formerly gone westward, they made good speed. Lajeunesse was greatly improved by his rest, and they were dogged no further by the Blackfeet, whose crying song for their

fallen warriors, they could plainly hear, as they left their beleagured camp.

The whole life of Gordon was a tissue of daring deeds and deadly perils. Unlike most of his comrades, he cared but little for the pleasures and luxuries of civilization, and lived continually on the border. Once, while guiding a party of immigrants across the plains, in his later days, the wagon train was attacked by a party of mounted braves. Recognizing, from their peculiar yells and whoops, his old enemies, the Blackfeet, Gordon sprang from the



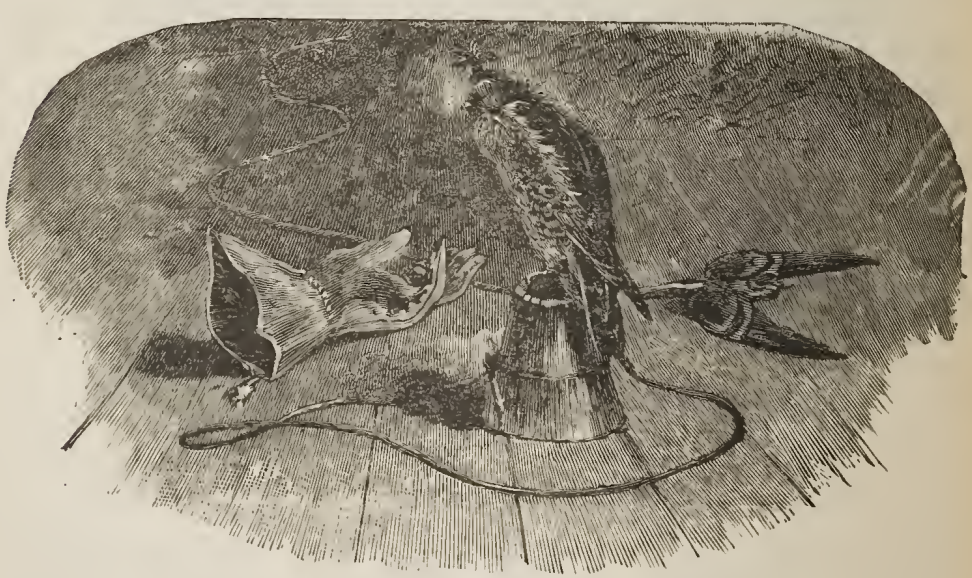
BILL GORDON RESCUING A WAGON TRAIN FROM THE BLACKFEET.

wagon, in which he had been lying to obtain a little rest—having stood guard the night before—and advanced a few paces toward the savages.

These instantly recognized the White Wolf—as they called him—and, after circling around for a few minutes, they rode rapidly off across the rolling hills, and the train passed on in safety. Thus they paid their tribute of admiration and fear to the invincible trapper.

As he had prophetically said to "Old Bill" Williams: "The Indian bullet wasn't moulded that would kill Bill Gordon." Fighting almost daily with some band of savages, though often wounded, Gordon was never so seriously injured but that he was able to march and fight. Up to the day of his death he continued his life of hunting and trapping. When death came to him, he met a fate that, amongst the ancients, was accounted an especially happy one.

He was crossing the Yellowstone one day, in the midst of a violent storm, and when in mid-stream turned to laugh at his comrades, who were evidently uneasy at the loudly pealing thunder, and the fierce electric flashes. It was his last laugh. A deafening peal of thunder, a blinding stroke of lightning, and the body of the trapper floated upon the swift current of the Yellowstone. On his lips the smile still hovered, but out of his eyes the light had flown, and his laugh was dumb forever. In his lonely grave, by the side of the brawling river, sleeps one of the most daring of American pioneers —Bill Gordon, the trapper.



CHAPTER XIII.

"PEG LEG" SMITH.

SMITH AND HIS HORSE, JIM CROW——ST. LOUIS ANECDOTES——INSEPARABLE FRIENDS——A FREQUENTER OF BAR-ROOMS——THE VARIOUS USES OF A WOODEN LEG——SCATTERING A CROWD——REVERSING A BULLY——A TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS —— SLEEPS WITH HIS HORSE —— FREQUENTS "THE SWAMP"—— BOGART'S COFFEE-HOUSE——A ONE-LEGGED CENTAUR——THE CONSTABLE AND HIS POSSE——FLIGHT FROM ST. LOUIS——CHECKMATES HIS PURSUERS——REACHES INDEPENDENCE——RETURNS TO THE MOUNTAINS —— A PLAINS PIONEER —— A DESPERATE ADVENTURE —— A SHARP TRICK——THE ESCAPE——DUEL WITH THE SIOUX CHIEF——THEY BECOME FRIENDS——A BRAVE ESCORT——IN A PRECARIOUS CONDITION——TURNS HUNTER FOR A POST——GOES TO SAN FRANCISCO——EXTREME POVERTY ——A COMMON DRUNKARD——A PITIABLE SPECTACLE——END OF A HERO.

From Mr. James Little, of St. Louis, a great many anecdotes of this eccentric trapper, are still to be heard. For a long time it was the custom of Smith, on his returns from the mountains, to make St. Louis the home of himself and his horse, Jim Crow, to the intense delight of the small boys, with whom he was a prime favorite. On his sprees, which differed greatly from "angels' visits," in that they were neither "few nor far between," he was accustomed to collect the children around him, and then he would scatter his money by the handfull, to see the urchins tumbling over each other, pushing, kicking and fighting for the spoils.

He was often a nuisance to the saloon keepers of that day, for he rode everywhere, even up to the bar to get his drinks, and always called for a toddy for his horse, as often as he took one himself. The horse drank his liquor with evident relish, and the two were inseparable.

"Peg-leg's" artificial limb, was none of the light, ephemeral contrivances of to-day, but a good, solid stick of timber, tapering to a point at its lower end, and heavily feruled with iron. From its upper end, ran an upright as high as his waist, and by this, it was belted firmly to his side. Whenever Peg-leg got into a row, in which he did not see fit to use his rifle, he would unbuckle his leg,

"quick as a wink," and taking it by its upper handle, would lay about him until the crowd roared for mercy.

Though not a very large man, he was immensely powerful, and on one occasion, took a gigantic German bar-keeper, who had said he intended to whip him, and turning him "end for end," stuck him headforemost into an empty whiskey barrel, and with his open hand, began to administer a castigation, such as is usually bestowed by angry parents upon their naughty children.

Taking a notion to go to New Orleans at one time, he and his horse boarded a steamer bound for that port. Smith became very indignant, because Jim Crow couldn't take cabin passage. Saying that his horse was as good a Christian as himself, he threw his blankets down beside the animal, and slept by him every night on his way down. In the Crescent City, Smith soon became as well known as in St. Louis, and the cry of "there goes Peg-Leg," was at any time sure to gather around him a mob of the young folks. "The swamp" was greatly frequented by him, and at last, when his friends were ready to leave, it was necessary to send out a party, to bring him and his horse back to the boat. His return to St. Louis, was hailed with delight by his young friends, and Smith's orgies were immediately recommenced.

A favorite feat of his, was to ride Jim Crow up the steep steps of Bogart's coffee-house, on Market Street, near Third, and when they had satisfied their thirst with sundry juleps and toddies, the one-legged centaur would coolly ride down the break-neck descent. At last, however, the constable with his writ and posse, made their arrangements to arrest Smith, but in some way the fact leaked out, and as they came toward him, he turned on his horse, bade them depart to what is known, in the new version of the Scriptures, as Hades, and dashed off towards St. Charles.

It was a tight race, but the man, who had outwitted Crow and Blackfeet, Sioux and Arickara, did not fear these minions of the law, and reaching the ferry in advance of his pursuers, he forced the ferryman to pull out with him, for the other side of the river.

When the posse rode up to the bank, Smith was in the middle of the stream, and his gestures toward the officers, are said to have been more forcible and expressive, than polite. He was not long in reaching Independence, where he easily procured an outfit, and again struck out for the mountains. He never again visited St.

Louis, and when urged by his comrades to do so, always said that it was "getting too d—d civilized for old Peg-leg."

Smith was one of the pioneers of the mountains and plains, being one of the fourteen men belonging to the company of Ashley and Henry, who first made their way across the mountains, and amongst whom were Thomas Eddie, William Sublette, Fitzpatrick, old Bill Williams and others. He was a man of great bravery, activity and strength, and his adventures were as numerous and wonderful, as those of any of his comrades. He was with Ashley in the terrible



THE CROW VILLAGE WHERE ASHLEY'S MEN WINTERED.

combat at the Arickara village, and acted a gallant part in that fatal retreat to the boats, where fully as many were drowned as were cut down by the bullets and arrows of the Indians. Ashley, after this disaster and his retreat below, detached fourteen men, with instructions, if possible, to cross the mountains, and operate on the head waters and tributaries of the Columbia.

With great difficulty, and in the midst of countless perils, they made their way through the hostile tribes, and wintered that season with the Crows, who were at that time friendly to the trappers. In

a brush with the Blackfeet, after the spring had opened, Smith and a companion, who had made a long trip by themselves, and penetrated far into the country of the hostiles, were surrounded one morning in camp, and both severely wounded.

Luckily they had camped on the edge of a deep ravine, and into this, both hastened as rapidly as possible, amidst the yells of their savage enemies. The Indians, some twenty in number, now attempted a faint charge, but Big Shield, their chief, fell beneath Smith's deadly aim, and another of the savages was mortally wounded.

The day wore on with a succession of skirmishes, and it looked gloomy for the trappers, as the Indians had desisted from firing upon them, and were evidently determined to hold them in the ravine until hunger should force them out, when they could be shot down without trouble. The trappers were confirmed in their surmise, when they saw, about sunset, two of the band detached, either for provisions or reinforcements, and probably both. When night came, the alarm whoops of the Blackfeet showed them that they were completely surrounded by a cordon of sentinels.

The fertile mind of Smith now conceived an expedient, which might prove successful and, if it failed, they could still try and cut their way out before the arrival of dawn and a fresh troop of enemies. Going swiftly to work, they fashioned two figures, and placed them in their positions with long sticks in their hands to represent guns. Then creeping to the upper end of the ravine, they fired their guns and pistols rapidly, uttering the most terrific whoops, and when the savages at the lower end of the ravine came swiftly up, the two trappers crept noiselessly through the line, meeting with no difficulty.

Their ruse had succeeded; the Indians thinking they were endeavoring to cut their way through the line at the upper end, had entirely deserted their posts, at the lower, and when their mistake was discovered, they were no doubt led to believe, by the dummy figures, that the trappers had retired to their old position. Covering their trail as well as they could, Smith and his comrade sought an almost inaccessible part of the mountain, where they remained for two days and then returned to their former camp, dug up their cached peltries, and regained the Crow village in safety.

Another exploit of Peg-Leg was his duel with a Sioux chief, on the upper waters of the Platte River. Smith had been dogged by a

party of these Indians—while out on a solitary expedition—for three days, and in consequence of the watchfulness necessary to preserve his life, had became desperate from want of sleep. On the afternoon of the third day, while cooking his dinner, a shower of arrows fell in his camp, and one of them inflicted a painful but not dangerous wound upon the trapper.

Infuriated beyond control, Smith rushed toward the party and shot one of them dead with his rifle. Knowing that he would not have time to reload, he threw aside his gun, and mounting his Flathead horse, dashed on toward the band. Their chief, Tah-ton-ka Haw (Buffalo Robe) was a fine looking young Sioux with the brawn of a Hercules and grace of an Apollo, and was as brave and chivalrous as he was stalwart and handsome. When he saw Smith coming toward them, he waved his warriors back, and rode out alone to meet him.

As they neared each other, Smith drew his pistol and the Robe drew from its case a polished horn bow, as strong as steel, and each fired. Smith's bullet passed through the fleshy part of the left breast of the Sioux, and the Indian's arrow ripped an ugly furrow across Smith's cheek. Drawing their tomahawks, they dashed past each other several times, without seeing a chance to strike, but at last Smith, as the horses again met, struck the noble steed of the savage between the eyes, and as he stumbled and fell, caught the weapon of the Sioux upon his arm, and with a powerful sweep of his tomahawk, knocked the Robe to the earth. Just then a yell of rage arose from the savages; and Smith's horse stumbled in a prairie-dog's hole and threw its rider, Smith falling almost across the body of his prostrate foe, whom, to his surprise, he found to be still living. His tomahawk, in striking the horse, had become turned in his hand, and his blow upon the rider had been delivered with the flat of the weapon.

Hastily disarming the chief, Smith assisted him to his feet, and as the Sioux were coming on rapidly, he raised his tomahawk, and by motions, showed them that if they came any closer, he would brain his captive. The latter had now entirely recovered, and putting his right hand first upon his heart, and next touching his lips and throwing his hand straight out from his mouth, he offered it to Smith, saying: "*How coloh, hache too a lo,*" (thanks, friend, I am

obliged to you). Smith having taken his hand, he called to his warriors to dismount, lay down their arms and approach.

Smith, who had every confidence in the honor of the brave, young savage, replaced his tomahawk, and seated in a circle, they had a



TAH-TON—KAH HAW, (BULL ROBE,) A YOUNG SIOUX CHIEF CAPTURED BY SMITH.

wa-kah-pah-me-ne smoke, and were soon upon the most friendly terms. They remained together for over a week, and Smith was escorted by them through the most dangerous part of the Arapaho country, and when at last they separated, the young chief seemed

overcome with grief. Two years afterward the gallant Robe was killed, while fighting desperately against an overpowering force of Cheyennes and Blackfeet.

When at last trapping ceased to afford a living to its followers, Smith was left in a very precarious condition. He was becoming too old to continue the avocation of a hunter for frontier posts—which he had adopted, after he quit trapping—and besides, his longing for an indulgence in whisky kept him always near some town or city, where this taste might be gratified. It is the opinion of Mr. Richard Dowling, of St. Louis, who knew all of the mountain men, that he finally made his way to San Francisco, where he lived upon the alms of strangers, happy if he could procure the small sums necessary to enable him to indulge in the potent beverages, which had wrecked his usefulness and ambition.

The life of "Peg-Leg" Smith, like that of his comrades, was full of heroic exploits—in fact, the recounting of all of them, or even the most important, would of themselves fill a volume of no small proportions. Indian fights and desperate adventures were to them matters of every day occurrence, and no more treasured in their memories than the hum-drum happenings of the uneventful lives of the farmer and the merchant.

This indifference of theirs, to matters of exciting interest, has rendered it extremely difficult to do to them the justice of preserving the heroic part they played in their country's history. None of them were braggarts, and while each might tell with pleasure of his comrade's daring deeds, yet his own would never elicit from him a single word of praise.

It is only by searching every avenue, that might lead to important disclosures, that we have been enabled to present, as fully as we have done, the character and actions of these plainsmen and mountaineers, and it will be found not only the fullest record of their adventures, but the only one, that even makes an effort to recount the deeds, and perpetuate the names of the true pioneers of this portion of the country. Of these men Smith was one, and no matter how irregular his life, or how miserable his end, he played the part of a brave hero, in the strife of the few against the many, and with true Anglo-Norman courage and endurance, made possible the settlement of our western wilds.

CHAPTER XIV.

"OLD BILL" WILLIAMS.

A NATIVE OF TENNESSEE——AN OLD SCOUT——A BORN WARRIOR——ROSE, THE RENEGADE——ONE OF MURRELL'S LAND PIRATES——A MYSTERIOUS MAN——HIS DARING DEEDS——HIS GENERALSHIP——CONSPIRACY AGAINST HIM——THE CROW MEDICINE MAN——THE SUMMONS——PREPARES FOR DEATH——RUNS AMUCK——DIES LIKE A WARRIOR——OLD JO JEWETT'S STORY——WILLIAMS' ANECDOTE——KILLS THREE WARRIORS——HIS ESCAPE——A LONELY LIFE——THE FRENCH TRAPPER——AN EASTERN FABLE——THE COCHETOPA PASS——LEROUX'S ACCOUNT OF FREMONT'S BLUNDER——THE OLD UTE INDIAN WHO KNEW WILLIAMS——HIS DESCRIPTION OF "OLD BILL"——A RUNNING FIGHT——A SIX DAY'S RETREAT——NO SURRENDER——THE DEATH WOUND——A SAD FATE——THE FAITHFUL STEED——THE DOUBLE BURIAL.

There were, amongst the trappers, men whose characters were more worthy of admiration, but none whose career was more daring, or whose lonely life and sad death, excites a more mournful interest, than those of this man. He was a native of Tennessee, his father being one of the pioneer Virginians, who settled that State, while it still swarmed with murderous savages. "Old Bill," before going to the mountains, had had a long experience as a scout in the Ohio campaigns against the Indian tribes of that State. His name had, amongst his comrades, the invariable prefix of "old," though he could not have had much the advantage of themselves in point of years.

He was not so great a favorite amongst his comrades as Eddie, Gordon and some of the others, but none of them wished a better comrade for a dangerous mission than "Old Bill." As before stated, his scouting habits had clung to him, and while trapping, he was often absent for days and weeks at a time, on lonely expeditions, as often returning with scalps, as with peltries.

Williams had the scout's undying hatred for an Indian, and would at any time neglect his trapping to get a shot at a redskin. If he had any tinge of religion in his composition, his comrades never found it out, unless indeed he worshipped a fetich of revenge, and made a creed of slaughter to suit his own ideas of what was right.

He execrated Rose, the white Chief of the Crows, and said, that he never could see how a white man could remain, by preference, amongst the Indians.

It was reported, and universally believed amongst the trappers,



ONE OF MURRELL'S HOSTLERS.

that Rose was one of John A. Murrell's land pirates, who infested the Mississippi from the Kaskaskia to New Orleans, and who formed a league, that embraced men in all classes of society. The tavern keeper was often the spy of this noted bandit; the justice, one of

his accomplices. The honest seeming hostler, who brought your horses from the stables of your tavern, might, by a near cut, intercept you in the road and demand, not "your money or your life," but a surrender, that was sure to end in death; for these men believed in the adage, that "dead men tell no tales." The rifled corpses were then buried, the stolen horses disguised in various ways, run off and sold, and detection baffled.

When this was told to Williams, he swore that he would prefer Rose as a land pirate, to Rose as the comrade of thieving, lying, skulking Indians, without either honor, honesty or courage—which last, at least, he thought the land pirates must have had. While upon this subject, we will give a brief statement of the death of this wretched renegade. No account has ever appeared of the death of this mysterious man, but the following information was given to the writer by old Jo Jewett, who lived amongst the Sioux for fifty years, and who knew every trapper, trader, renegade and squaw-man, who was ever upon the plains or in the mountains.

The Crows and Blackfeet were perpetually at war, and the acquisition of such an ally as the desperate outlaw, was most fortunate for the Crows, who were naturally more cowardly than their warlike enemies.

Rose taught them that when numbers were nearly equal, it was determined bravery and endurance that won, and he showed them that it was not the superior strength of the white man that caused his success, but the fact that he could not be daunted by superior numbers, nor the most terrible dangers. For some time his example and advice caused them to overcome the Blackfeet, but at last, giving way to a panic, in one of their combats, where they were slightly outnumbered, a great many of them were slain.

Had it not been for Rose—who was as brave as a lion—not a one of the cowardly Crows would have escaped; but rallying three of the bravest of the sub-chiefs, he had them to load their rifles as fast as possible, and dropping back toward the enemy, he kept between the others and danger, always with a loaded rifle in his hands. When this was discharged, he would run to one of the chiefs and get a rifle and then face his enemies, the others again falling back.

In this way, by forming a rear guard of a single man, a massacre of his followers was prevented. When he reached the village, however, instead of the ovation he had a right to expect, he met only

frowns and averted eyes. The next day the medicine man of the village, togged out in all of his gaudy paraphernalia, approached him, and touching him with his decorated pipe, commanded him to appear, unarmed, at the council lodge that evening, to answer to a charge of conspiracy against the Great Crow Nation, and of witchcraft against the medicine of the Great Spirit.



LITTLE RAVEN—THE CROW MEDICINE MAN.

To such an accusation as this, Rose knew that there could be but one outcome, as the charge of witchcraft is always fixed on those whom the Indians intend to put out of the way at all hazards. As amongst the Puritans of Massachusetts, the ordeal is one impossible to pass, and to be accused is to be condemned. Rose saw that, at last, his evil genius had overtaken him, but he determined to die like a brave man.

Secreting a tomahawk and scalping knife upon his person, he appeared at the appointed time, near the council tent, and met Little Raven, the medicine man, who, raising his left hand to heaven, while his right grasped the sacred pipe, invoked the Great Spirit and the sun to attest the justice of the accusation against the white man.

All of the warriors had assembled within the tent, with the exception of the three braves, who had assisted Rose in the late retreat, and who now stood dejectedly near the lodge, within which the monotonous drumming of the tom-tom could be heard. They had used their influence to save Rose, but had been unsuccessful, and were now waiting to bid him adieu. This was done with the solemn dignity, which the Indians preserve on all great occasions, and after a low "good bye, brother," from each, they saw him pass into the lodge to his doom, and then, retiring to their tepees, they sat down, covered their heads with their blankets, and remained motionless until the horrible yells of the Indians, the loud answering whoop of the white man, and the significant silence which followed, told them that the tragedy had been enacted.

Within the tent, when Rose entered, he found everything prepared for his trial, and one glance around the circle, at the faces of his judges, told him that he had nothing to hope for. Had he been an Indian, he would now have sat down, covered his head with his blanket and awaited the fatal stroke, but being a white man, without the slightest respect for Indian customs, laws or traditions, he merely moved as closely as possible to Lone Pine, a jealous chief, whom he knew to be the main instrument in this persecution.

When within striking distance of this savage he offered him his hand, which was disdainfully refused by the Indian, who drew himself up, with folded arms, and glared upon the white man. This was what Rose expected, and throwing aside his blanket, he grasped his tomahawk in his right hand and his knife in his left, and cutting down Lone Pine at a single furious blow, he ran *amuck* around the crowded lodge, striking and cutting right and left. Those of the Indians, who were armed, fell upon him and he finally sank to the ground, bleeding from fifty wounds. The white chief was dead, but the savages had to mourn the loss of three of their bravest warriors killed, two fatally and a half dozen seriously wounded.



KILLING OF ROSE, THE RENEGADE.

When Williams, paddling down the Columbia astride of a log, had rejoined his comrades, he gave them the sequel to the joint adventure, that had befallen himself and Gordon, a few days before. In a few minutes after leaving his companion, he had struck the trail of a bear, and was following it, with his head down, and as rapidly as possible, when he ran full tilt into the large body of savages, who were coming out of a small cañon.

The Indians were fully as much surprised as he was, and being first to recover himself, he raised his rifle, and fired, killing a big, fine-looking savage, whom he supposed to be a chief. He then darted off up a small cañon leading to the right, and was pleased to find that only four of the warriors had been detached in pursuit of him.

Making as good time as the nature of the ground would permit, he soon distanced his pursuers so far that he felt it safe to stop and load his rifle. Hardly had he finished doing this, when the savages came in sight. Having hid behind a large tree, they incautiously came so close, that he got a shot at one of them and he fell dead, shot through the heart. Again Williams turned in flight, and once more his pursuers began to fall behind, when he stopped as before to load his gun.

This time the Indians were more cautious and they spread out on each side of the cañon, so that they could get a sight of the trapper, before running themselves into danger. When he found himself discovered, Williams determined to adopt the grizzly bear's stratagem of "back-tracking," in order to get another shot at the Blackfeet. As soon as he had got out of sight of them, he put on an extra burst of speed, and ran furiously for half a mile, and then doubled back for about two hundreds yard to where, on the opposite side of the cañon, he had noticed a suitable spot to put his plan into execution.

The Blackfeet, confident that they were hot upon "Old Bill's" tracks, did not take the same precautions as before, and as the last one was passing his hiding place, he dashed swiftly out, shot him, and seizing his gun, mortally wounded another. The remaining savage, fearful of sharing the fate of his comrades, dashed up the cañon in terror, and escaped.

Williams now scalped the dead Indians and secured their ammunition, and then, having rendered their rifles useless, he took a long rest. Fearing that the flying savage might bring back a large force,

and hoping to throw them off of his trail, he entered the stream and waded in it for some distance, emerging from it about half a mile above the point at which he entered. He again continued up the cañon a few hundred yards and again entered the stream, this time turning down the current. When near the mouth of the cañon, he heard voices, and saw a number of the Indians coming up the trail; as he supposed, to find out what had become of his pursuers.

He secreted himself until they had passed out of sight, and then left that cañon and hid himself in the other, rightly surmising that the Indians would not think of searching for him there. Shortly after he had got himself stowed away, he heard the howling of the savages, as they came to one after another of their dead, and later on, he heard them returning and going down the river. For two days he had lain concealed in the cañon, with nothing to eat but a tough piece of dried buffalo. During the day he suffered terribly with thirst, but at night he ventured down to the stream for water. On the third day he climed to the top of a high crag and saw the Indians depart. He then came down to the river, and fearing he might encounter other roving bands, straddled a log and rode on down, as already described.

Upon the return of Eddie and others to St. Louis, in 1829, Williams became more of a "solitary" than ever. This is a name given to the old bulls of the buffalo herds, which become surly and ferocious, and are driven out by the younger males. While "Old Bill's" temper was not sour, yet he preferred solitude, and toward the close of his life, pursued all of his hunting and trapping expeditions alone. When his comrades first left, he and a Frenchman from Santa Fe, named Provost, made excursions together, but "Old Bill" finally learned that Provost was a "squaw man," and told him he wanted nothing more to do with him.

But few of the trappers possessed this inveterate hatred of the Indians, but at any time "Old Bill" was ready to enact the part of the wolf in the fable, who accused the lamb of muddying the water which he had to drink, although the lamb was a considerable distance down the stream. It is rather a stretch of the possible, to assert that there is anything lamb-like about the American Indian, but for the purpose of illustration, we will suppose this bureau pet, the lamb, and the white trapper, the wolf, of our Æsopian eastern brethren.

After he had driven off Provost, Williams aeted often as a guide for the government and for private parties. It is said that Fremont pretended that it was through the ignoranee of Williams that he missed his way and failed to find the Coehetopa Pass. This can hardly be true, for "Old Bill" had been over this pass and into the great San Louis Valley with Antoine, Leroux and others. Leroux attributed Fremont's failure to his pigheadedness in not being willing to listen to adviee.



AN INDIAN LAMB AND A WHITE WOLF--A FABLE OF THE EASTERN SENTIMENTALISTS.

He says, that from the point Fremont seleeted, he could have seen the Coehetopa Pass, but for a lap in the mountain ranges. It is a wonder to anyone, who has ever been in the valley, or on the ereek called Saguache, how Fremont eould ever have mistaken his way, for the route is not only natural and easy, but the Ute trails to the valley, in which the old Los Pinos ageney was situated, were perfeetly plain at that time. Having hunted and prospeeted in all

of these ranges, I must say that it is a puzzle to me how he could have ever blundered out of his way, in crossing from the Saguache to the Cochetopa and the waters of the Gunnison, or *vice versa*.

Of Williams' further exploits but little is known. He belonged to no company, being one of those trappers known as "free trappers," following the bent of their own inclinations, trapping in what streams they liked, and hunting over what grounds best suited them. An old Ute, in whose country I was prospecting four years ago, told me that he knew "Old Bill" Williams, or, as they called him, the Lone Elk, and showed me where he had wintered one season on the East Fork of the Gunnison River.

"He was a great hunter," said the old Indian, "a great trapper—took many beaver, and a great warrior—his belt was full of scalps; but no friend; no squaw; always by himself" (here he separated his thumb as far as possible from his fingers, to express his loneliness) "like the eagle in the heavens, or the panther on the mountain." He was not a talkative man and those with whom he mingled, judged of his deeds only by his new scars and the fresh scalps at his girdle.

Old and gray, marked with the scars of a hundred hand-to-hand combats, and skirmishes innumerable, "Old Bill" at last met his fate at the hands of his most hated foes. Flying single handed and alone from the swarming Blackfeet, who had driven him from the headwaters of the Missouri, he fought like the retreating lion, ever and anon making a stand and dealing death to his pursuers. For six days and nights they trailed him, often by the blood that poured from his many wounds, and at last, almost within reach of a trapper's camp, on the Yellowstone, the cowardly jackals dealt the brave, old lion his death blow.

Still he would not give up, and swearing that his scalp should never dry in the smoke of a Blackfoot lodge, he once more fought them off and turned in flight. The savages, despairing of ever capturing this man, who defied fatigue and wounds, turned back, and Williams rode on into the night and the gathering storm. Weeks afterward some of the trappers from the camp on the river, when out on a hunt, saw a horse gazing attentively at something under a shelving ledge of rock, and going to the point, began to dig away the drifted snow.

The horse they had recognized as the Flathead steed of "Old Bill" Williams, and when the snow was removed, they saw the grizzled head of the lonely, old trapper bent forward on his breast, while his clothing was stained with the blood of a dozen wounds, through which his life had ebbed away. With a tenderness almost human, his faithful steed had refused to leave his dead master, and the bark gnawed from the neighboring cottonwoods, as well as his own wasted frame, attested the terrible straits to which he had been reduced.

All attempts to remove him from his melancholy guard proved ineffectual, and when they had hollowed out a grave for his master, the trappers shot the noble animal and buried the two together, raising above them a huge pile of stones, to prevent the wolves from digging into and desecrating the grave.



CHAPTER XV.

JIM BRIDGER.

BORN IN ILLINOIS——A POOR FAMILY——HARD KNOCKS——MISERABLE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER IN ST. LOUIS——SEEKS THE WILDERNESS——A BRAVE BORDERER —— ADVENTURE WITH THE BLACKFEET —— A CAPTIVE —— RELEASED——A LOVE AFFAIR——HIS BLACKFOOT BRIDE——WITH MILTON SUBLETTE——WOUNDED BY AN ARROW——RETURNS TO ST. LOUIS FOR SURGICAL AID——JIM BECKWITH——A LURID LIAR——SOME OF HIS ANECDOTES——A LAUGHABLE COMBAT——DOG EAT DOG——THE FLIGHT FOR CAMP——RUNNING AROUND A MOUNTAIN——VARICOSE VEINS——A HUNDRED SCALPS——BRIDGER'S BATTLE ON THE PLAINS——IN SEARCH OF SUCCOR——THE NIGHT COMBAT——THE TRAPPER'S CAMP——THE RESCUE ——ROUTED REDSKINS——BUILDS FORT BRIDGER——A NOTED STOPPING PLACE —— BEAUVAIS AND MONTEAU —— A MODEST HERO —— DEATH OF BRIDGER.

The name of Bridger is familiar to all who have ever crossed the plains, especially to those who made that trip before the advent of the railroads; Fort Bridger being a noted resting-place for all of the traders, pilgrims and trappers. Bridger came of an Illinois family, which, if reports of that day are to be believed, was far from respectable, though they could lay full claim to the first characteristic with which the genealogical epitaphist, as well as the novelist, endows his heroes—they were very poor.

Used to rough knocks and plenty of them, at home, the life of the mountain trapper, when he was old enough to embrace it, presented no peculiar hardships to this man, upon whose birth and circumstances fortune had so far only frowned, and he was early in the field of adventure, upon the waters of the great continental divide, the backbone of a hemisphere.

Death in an Indian combat presented no greater horror than such a death as his brother's in St. Louis, who perished in a drunken brawl, in the brothel of malodorous notoriety, kept at an early day in the city, by the infamous individual known as "Captain Jack." Cutting loose from all family ties, Jim sought the wilderness; certainly not a bad move, when we consider the character of his relatives. On the border, Bridger soon made his mark, being a man of

great strength and activity and fully equal to any of his comrades as a rifle shot.

In the numerous skirmishes of the trappers, Bridger could be depended upon to go as far as any of his companions into danger, remain as long, and retreat as slowly. The burly borderer knew no fear, and always fought with a recklessness that suggests the idea that he was thus endeavoring to expiate some sin, or efface some stain from his name. Not that he, himself, had ever broken faith,



HOME OF THE BRIDGERS IN ILLINOIS.

or deserted comrade—he was as true as steel, but the evil fame of his brother seemed constantly present to him, and he fought to banish it.

During a truce with the Blackfeet, who were camped within a few miles of the block-house, which the trappers had constructed, Bridger found it necessary to chastise the insolence of two of the savages, who, finding him alone in their village, proceeded to abuse him roundly. For a few minutes Bridger bore with them, but at

last, becoming infuriated at their unbearable insults, he pitched into the two in a regular rough-and-tumble style, and battered them up terribly. Selecting a number of their friends, they surrounded the trapper unawares, and made him a prisoner.

He was now bound, and conveyed to a lodge on the outskirts of the village, and left there, while a consultation was being held to decide his fate. Night came, and still the discussion went on. Some argued that Bridger's offence deserved death, and that he should be carried to the mountains and tortured; while others were for more pacific measures, and showed what advantages would accrue to them from a continuation of their friendly relations with the trappers.

At last the faction for revenge triumphed, and a guard was sent to the lodge to bring the captive to the council, that he might hear his fate. Arriving at the impromptu prison, the guards stalked in, but were surprised to find that it was deserted. The bird had flown. A hurried alarm was given, but Bridger reached his camp in safety, and the Blackfeet, fearing the vengeance of the trappers, for their breach of faith, made their travais, packed up their goods and fled.

It was afterward told, that Bridger's visit to the village had been made for the sake of a bright-eyed and handsome young squaw, who had returned, with interest, the sudden affection of the young, white trapper. When he was taken a captive to the lodge, she at first determined to hasten to the block-house and notify his comrades, so that they might demand his release, but fearing an attack, in which some of her relatives would be killed, and during which her lover would certainly be assassinated, she chose the wiser course of endeavoring to effect his release herself.

This she felt would be an easy matter, when she found that, owing to a division of counsels, the discussion would be prolonged until late in the night. Making her way as noiselessly as possible toward the lodge, she discovered a sentinel posted before its door. Crouching almost to the earth, she crept away, and from another quarter crawled to the back of the tent, where, after satisfying herself that she had not been seen or heard by the warrior on guard, she cut a long slit in the buffalo-skin curtain, and entered the lodge. Here she found Bridger tugging away at his bonds, and placing her hand over his mouth, to prevent an exclamation, she cut the raw-hide thongs, and motioned him to follow her.

Slowly and silently they emerged from the tent, and stole away from the village, and here, after some counsel as to which was his best way to avoid the sentinels, and the pursuit that would soon be made, she left him. Before parting, however, she agreed that, whether there was peace or war between her people and his, she would meet him in a certain grove of piñons, at the base of a distant peak, which he pointed out.

"After one hundred moons I will meet you there," she said; and holding her to his breast a moment, the trapper tore himself away,



BRIDGER AND THE BLACKFOOT MAIDEN.

and vanished down the steep cliffs. When out of sight, the Blackfoot maiden strolled leisurely back into the village, and was soon slumbering in her paternal lodge. The sequel to this little romance was Bridger's marriage, after the Indian fashion, with the young squaw, who was afterwards able to render many favors and benefits to the white men.

As the fall drew on, his brother-trappers noticed that Bridger was looking ahead to some important event and keeping a notch-stick with unusual assiduity, and at last, when this was pretty nearly filled

with the triangular marks, Bridger saddled up his horse, and leading another, set out toward the mountains, bearing for a certain towering peak, that loomed up above its fellows, like Saul amongst his brother Israelites. On the fifth day after starting out, Bridger came into camp, followed by his Blackfoot bride, his horses having evidently seen quite a hard time, but the young couple looking radiant and happy.

Bridger was in the battle with the Blackfeet, in which Milton Sublette received the wound requiring amputation of his leg, at the ankle. Bridger had many narrow escapes, and was several times slightly wounded on this retreat. In the same volley, which broke Sublette's ankle, came an arrow, that buried itself so deeply in Bridger's thigh, that it defied all of the rude surgery of the trappers to extract it. The wound grew worse continually, and for fear that the arrow head, which was working deeper and deeper into his thigh, might eventually cut the femoral artery, and bleed him to death, he was sent to St. Louis, along with Sublette, where he had the arrow extracted.

I have often heard old Jim Beckwith talk by the hour of the exploits of Bridger, whom he greatly admired. Years ago Jim Beckwith published an alleged biography of himself, in which he claimed to have been head chief of the Crow nation for thirty years. The adventures recorded in it are romantic, lurid and startling, and taking it altogether, it is as vivid a piece of lying as any of the blood-and-thunder novelists of to-day ever produced. On that account I have hesitated to record his narrative of the adventures of Jim Bridger, in which he always credited himself with rather the lion's share of the fighting and generalship.

Amongst others was an account of a trip, when he and Bridger were piloting a small outfit across the plains. They had one day reached the grounds over which both the Sioux and Pawnees roamed and hunted, and in the morning he and Bridger had beat off a force of some fifty Pawnees, and afterward continued their journey along the Republican River for some hours, without molestation.

Late that afternoon, however, they had run into a band of about fifty Sioux. Although they succeeded in defeating this band also, yet he now saw that they were in for trouble. "I seen," said he, "that the Pawnees would get together a big lot of their warriors and follow after us, and the d—d Sioux, I knowed, would do the same

thing, so I soon saw that we'd have about a thousand Injuns after us, and we would'nt be a taste for 'em. I seen this wouldn't do, so I says to Jim Bridger, says I, 'Jim, what we goin ter do?'' ''Damfino,'' said Jim, says he, ''fight till the reds down us, I reckon, and then go under like men.'' this time, bless your soul, them pilgrims what we was guidin', they was in the wagons cryin', d—— me, if they wasn't!

''Well, sir, I jest made up my mind that I did'nt intend to give my har to no d—d Injun jest then, so I calculates about whar the two parties of red devils would meet, and when we got thar we drove over a raise in the plain, and jest waited. It wasn't more'n two hours till I seen the dust raisin' to the East. Them's Pawnees, by G—, says I, and then I looked to the West, and thar the dust was a raisin', too. Them's Sioux, says I, and be d—d to 'em! Well, after waitin' some time, the Injuns they seen each other, and of all the d—d yelling you ever heard, it was thar. I jest laid back and laughed, and Bridger, he done some tall chucklin', too, when them two bands come together. It was lively times, you bet.

''The Injuns did'nt have many guns them days, but you kin jest rest sure they used their arrows for what was out. Thar they went circlin' around each other, bendin' under their horses' necks and lettin' the arrows fly. At one time the air was filled so full of arrows, that they shut out the sunlight and made a cloud. Their dogs was full of 'em, their ponies was full of 'em, and every Injun in the gang had a lot of 'em stickin' inter him. I seen one of 'em, a big, fat feller, a riding off on his stomach with two long arrows stickin' inter the seat of his buckskins, and it put me so much in mind of a big Dutch pin-cushion, that I like ter die a laughin'.'' In describing this unique combat, the old liar waxed lurid in his profanity, and wound up with the information, that he ''believed them Injuns was a runnin' from each other yit.''

I once heard old Jim Beckwith tell a pilgrim how his right leg came to be afflicted with varicose veins. ''I was out on foot one day, about thirty miles from camp, (the Crow village), and on the other side of the mountain, when a hundred Blackfeet jumped me. Well, sir, they was armed only with bows and arrows, (arrers, Jim called them), and I had my rifle with me. I shot down their chief, and then I seen I had to make a race for camp. Every d—d one of



JIM BECKWITH'S DESCRIPTION OF AN INDIAN BATTLE.

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them Injuns was mounted, and so I took up the mountains, but when I got half way up I found they was a gainin' on me.

"Look here, Jim," says I to myself, "this here won't never do, so I jest thought that I'd try runnin' around the hill, as I had an idea that it would strain their horses some. It was a success. As soon as I began streakin' it around the mountain I began to gain on 'em, and I jest kept up my lick until I got inter camp. Yer see, the mountain jest circled around to our village, and when I got thar, I jest mounted a lot of my warriors, and that night one hundred Blackfeet scalps was a dryin' in the village. Yer see, their horses was wore out a chasin' me around the mountain, and when they got down inter the plain to escape, I'll be blamed if them horses hadn't stretched all of their legs on the right side so that they could'nt run at all on level ground, and we jest picked 'em all up. But I tell yer what it is, stretchin' this here leg of mine in that thirty-mile race strained it so I've had them big veins ever since."

When Jackson, Sublette and Smith bought out Ashley's company, Bridger was one of the partners in the new firm, and like the others continued trapping, hunting and managing their men, and in this way contributed greatly to the success of the business. His exploits during this period were many and wonderful. At one time, entrenched on an open plain on the Platte River, he and five comrades fought off a large war party of the Sioux, every one of the trappers being wounded, but none killed.

Of the savages twenty-five were killed, and a large number wounded. Toward the close of this fight, which lasted for two days and nights, it became necessary for some one to endeavor to get through the surrounding lines and bring up aid, and as it was a duty requiring not only daring, but coolness and judgment, Bridger was selected. Starting out about twelve o'clock at night, he crawled along for over two hundred yards before encountering any difficulty, but here he came upon a warrior, who had been lying down beside his horse.

Bridger's course had been perfectly noiseless, but the horse, which had been feeding in a deep ravine, scented his approach and gave a snort, that aroused his master. Seeing that he was discovered, Bridger now arose and rushed on the Indian, intending to strangle him, so as to prevent an alarm, but before he could reach the brave, his shrill

whoop had been given. Now that nothing was to be gained by further silence on his part, and hearing the rush of the Indian horses, Bridger drew his pistol, and with its muzzle almost against his enemy, fired.

The Sioux fell dead, and Bridger mounting in haste, dashed off toward a camp of his comrades, lower down the river. It was a close chase, the savages pouring along in his rear, but Bridger's chance choice of a steed proved a good one, and by two o'clock he had reached his destination. The trappers were aroused, and in a few minutes were in the saddle. Making a detour to gain the sand-hills in the rear of the besiegers they waited until morning and as the attack on the little fortification began, they poured a deadly volley into the thickly clustering savages. This was enough to dispirit the Sioux, who, gathering up their dead and wounded, made all haste to get out of range. So frightened were they, that they did not even take time to drive off the Flathead horses of the trappers.

After the closing of the fur trade along the Missouri, Bridger built the trading post and fort named, after him, Fort Bridger. Here he enjoyed a prosperous trade, and accumulated a large amount of property. This place became greatly noted as a halting place for Salt Lake and California trains, and also for the pilgrims, who crossed the plains to the distant territories, or to the Pacific slope. Bridger, I believe, remained true to his Blackfoot wife; unlike Beauvais and others, who had Sioux and Cheyenne wives and families on the plains, and white ones in the States.

Old Joseph Montcau, a noted plains and mountain man, was like Bridger, in this respect; he treated his Sioux wife as a wife, and not as a mistress, and was as careful of his half-bred children, as any parent in the borders of civilization could be. The old fellow, after a long life of adventure, is living with his family near Hamburg, Iowa, following, I think, the avocation of a gardener. Simple, brave and honorable, this old tiller of the soil has been a hero and, like Cæsar, could boast, if he would, of his more than a hundred battles. Bridger has been dead but a few years, having, like most of the early trappers, lived to a good old age.

CHAPTER XVI.

BILL BENT AND OTHERS.

CHARLES BENT, GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO——HIS MURDER——FATE OF WALDO, LEE, AND OTHERS——A FORTY DAYS' BATTLE WITH COMANCHES——BILL BENT TO THE RESCUE——THE NOBLE EWING YOUNG——COATES AND WALDO——YOUNG'S SECOND BATTLE——KIT CARSON'S MAIDEN EFFORT——DESPERATE ADVENTURE OF BILL BENT AND TWO OTHERS——BEAT OFF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY INDIANS——LEAVE ARIZONA——BOGGS' DANGER——HIS RESCUE——DEATH OF PRATTE AND PAPIN——THE AMBUSH——HARD FIGHTING——ESCAPE AND SUFFERINGS OF THE TRADERS——TERRIBLE EXHAUSTION——MURDER OF MONROE AND M'NEICE——REVENGE OF THEIR COMRADES——HOSTILITIES BEGUN——LE GRAND'S PARTY——ATTACK ON CAPTAIN MEANS——RETREAT——HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS——ATTACKED BY COYOTES——SAVED FROM STARVATION——THE TIMELY SUCCOR——LEGITIMATE PREY.

William Bent, or, as he was generally known on the plains, Bill Bent, was the most famous of this family of men, several of whom were somewhat celebrated. Charles Bent, an older brother, was also a plainsman, and a noted one, but never attracted the attention that Bill did. Both of them had had innumerable battles with the Indians, and in these conflicts there was usually the courage of the demi-god on one side, and overpowering numbers on the other. Charles, who was the eldest of the brothers, was a man of some talent for statecraft, and of undoubted military capacity. He became governor of New Mexico, and fell, with other Americans, in a native conspiracy at Santa Fe.

Amongst those who perished at the same time, were Lawrence Waldo, (father of Henry L. Waldo, late Chief Justice of New Mexico), and Stephen Lee, of St. Louis, a brother-in-law of the Lindells, who were more noted for their money, than their brains. Elliott Lee, another brother-in-law, and who had been in the Missouri State Senate, as representative of St. Louis, was rescued by Father Martinez, the good priest at Taos.

In 1829, Charles Bent, Jacob Coates, William Waldo, and others were attacked, while making their way towards the mountains beyond Santa Fe, and for forty days the battle raged. Every day

the Comanches and Kiowas hung in a cloud upon the flanks of the moving line of trappers, that, as steadily as the resistless march of fate, continued on toward its goal. Every night they slept upon their arms, certain of a furious assault before the morning's dawn. Bill Bent heard of the peril of the small body of white men, and with the determination of a hero, he resolved to add one more to the number.

Mounted on a large black mule, whose split ears denoted his former Comanche ownership, he started for the train. On his way he was attacked and pursued by about fifty Comanches. Arrows and bullets whistled past him, but the only heed he paid to these was to wheel in his saddle and drop some too eager buck, whose zeal had outstripped his discretion and brought him in range of Bent's deadly Hawken rifle.

The pursuit ceased when Bent had reached Coates and Waldo, and he dashed on into the line where his brother and comrades were desperately fighting. Coates and Waldo fired upon Bent's pursuers, and bringing down two of the foremost, the others rapidly retreated. A force of one hundred and twenty Mexicans joined this little party of fighting Americans, in order to be protected by them. Ewing Young—one of the bravest and most generous men, of whom the annals of the West give any record, and who, as a trapper, hunter, and Indian fighter, had few equals and no superiors—heard of the predicament of his brother trappers. He had also learned that the mountain cañon, to which they were journeying, and which it would be impossible to avoid, if they desired to reach the mountain streams, had been occupied by two thousand warriors, who lay in ambush, waiting to entrap and annihilate the whites. With forty trappers, he endeavored to cut his way through the hundreds of savages, who surrounded the marching and battling train of Waldo and the Bents.

The odds were too great even for valor such as theirs, and they had much difficulty in cutting their own way out from the swarms of enveloping Indians. It was here that the young hero, Kit Carson, a new recruit of Young's, first proved the temper of his metal, and showed himself worthy to combat alongside of these veterans of a hundred battles. Young, after hammering loose the swarms of savages, retreated to Taos, where he found other trappers assembled, for their yearly rendezvous. With his numbers increased to

ninety-five, he again returned to the attack, and after a desperate engagement, succeeded in reaching the Bents. The Indians, dispirited at their want of success, and at the reinforcements of their



WALDO CHECKING THE INDIANS NEAR TAOS.

enemies, soon abandoned the fight and retired, having lost a large number in killed and wounded.

In the winter of 1830-31, Bill Bent, Robert Isaacs, and a comrade, whose name is unknown, made their way into Arizona, on a

trapping expedition. For a time they met with fair success, and were unmolested, but venturing too far, they were surrounded by a body of Mescalero Apaches, then, as now, the fiercest of the savage tribes. The Indians numbered one hundred and fifty; the trappers three, and their chance of escape looked more than desperate.

Hope they had none, but they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and cause what loss they could to the redskins before "going under." When first surrounded, the trappers had improved their time by throwing up a rude, stone breastwork. Hardly had this been completed, when, with terrific whoops, the Apaches came up on a charge.

Not a shot was wasted; two fired—the third one holding his fire until the others had reloaded—and two of the chiefs fell. Before they could get out of range, the third man fired, and another leader dropped. Almost instantly the Apaches returned to the charge, but were met by the deadly fire of the two reloaded rifles, and on a closer approach, by the pistol shots of the trappers. Again retiring, the Apaches conducted the fight thenceforth at a longer range.

The state of siege was kept up for two days, when the savages retired and the delighted white men, almost dead with thirst, sallied forth in search of water. Leaving Arizona soon afterward, they avoided any further trouble with these foes, who, remembering this drubbing, were glad to allow them to retreat unmolested.

En passant we will remark, that it was about this time that General Boggs, afterward Governor of Missouri during her Mormon troubles, had a narrow escape in New Mexico. In a night attack, the Comanches dashed on horseback through the camp, and Boggs, rushing to the aid of the guard, ran in the dark against some object with such force as to precipitate him violently to the earth. Here he lay unconscious and utterly at the mercy of the savages, when Doctor Craig and Hamilton Carson, a brother of Kit, rushed to his aid and rescued him.

Had it not been for their coolness and daring, Boggs would have fallen a victim to the Indians. It was also during this eventful year, that William Waldo and Antoine Chenie had a desperate combat with a large body of Comanche and Kiowa Indians, and escaped almost by a miracle. A few years before, Captain Pratte, a brother of General Bernard Pratte, of St. Louis, fell upon the desert

shores of the Gila, and not many years after, Alexander Papin, of another celebrated St. Louis family, spilled his life blood upon the thirsty sands of the winding Arkansas.

Captain Carr, who had served under Andrew Jackson in nearly all of his battles; a Mr. Eustace, a relative by marriage of the Hon. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Louis; Washington Chapman, of Boonville, a brother-in-law of Col. James Collins, who published the first newspaper in New Mexico, and who was very mysteriously murdered there, and some dozen others, whose names are not remembered, started from the city of Santa Fe some time during the winter of 1832-33, on their way to St. Louis. Their idea in selecting this inhospitable season for their trip was, that they thereby hoped to avoid molestation by the Indians, as they had a large amount of gold and silver with them. Their route lay along the Canadian Fork of the Arkansas River, and they used every precaution to avoid a collision with the savages, but in vain.

As they were journeying close to a line of low sand-hills, a large force of Indians, lying behind them, fired upon the party, and in a few seconds all of their animals and several of their men lay dead around them. Though taken by surprise, the survivors fought gallantly, digging shallow rifle-pits and piling up their dead animals, packs and baggage as breastworks.

Here they maintained themselves until they were unable longer to endure the awful agonies of thirst, and after taking all the ammunition they could carry, and a few dollars from the vast hoards that lay around them, they scattered the remainder of their ammunition, so as to render it useless to the Indians, and chosing the darkest portion of the night, they stole cautiously out of camp, and began their toilsome and terrible march toward the nearest Arkansas settlements.

To their surprise, the savages did not pursue them, but they found, in the frozen and desolate plains, a foe no less to be dreaded. They were unable to secure any species of game; and wild beans, the roots of weeds and grasses, and even insects, were, for sixteen days, their only food. Almost frozen, and famished for want of proper sustenance, they wandered despairingly onward, regretting that the bullets and the arrows of the Comanches had not bestowed upon them a speedy and merciful death.

Some fell through exhaustion, and unable to rise, perished where they lay; others, of stronger frames or more indomitable spirit, staggered wearily along, mere skeletons of men, looking like horrible phantasms, and jibbering in the incipient idiocy incident to their starving condition. By their side walked the visible demons of hunger and thirst, holding with them horrible converse and tempting them to suicide and murder.

On the seventeenth day of their wanderings, one of the men—named Harris—of heroic endurance, left his dying comrades, and hastened on for relief. The others now become idiots, through inanition, wept and babbled, unable almost to move. Harris was lucky enough to strike the camp of a party of Creek Indians, out on a hunting expedition, and sent them to the relief of his companions. At this time, William Waldo—who was then in the Indian Nation, having left Santa Fe a short time before—heard of the terrible plight of these men, and hastened to their relief, arriving shortly after their rescue by the Creeks. They had been taken to Fort Gibson, and from there, by boat, to St. Louis.

To palliate, in some measure, the savage hostility of the Comanches, at this period, it will be necessary to explain its origin. Up to a short time before the terrible battles, in which we have seen the Bents engaged, the Comanches had always been friendly to the American trappers and traders, and fearing no trouble, a company of men crossing the plains had detached two of their number, McNeice and Monroe, to go ahead and select a camping-place.

They had become extremely careless, being in the Comanche country and understanding that they were friendly, and after choosing a camp, they had, from all the indications, lain down and gone to sleep. Here they were killed by Indians, who were probably not able to resist the temptation of safely murdering two white men. The stream, upon which this cowardly deed was perpetrated, has ever since born the name of McNeice's Creek.

It was but a few days after this sad occurrence, that a party of twenty Comanches rode up to the comrades of the murdered men, evidently anticipating no trouble; but the whites, in order to avenge their companions, fired upon them, only a few of the savages escaping the close and unexpected volley. From that day to this, the Comanches have been the implacable enemies of the whites, though

before they had, with the exception of the murder of the two men, been very friendly.

In 1826, a party of some seventy men, under command of Captain Le Grand, had started from New Orleans to Santa Fe, for the purpose of hunting, trapping and trading, and missing their way upon the terrible desert plateaus of the *Llano Estacado*, or staked plains, they had wandered for days over this sterile tract, and fully one-half of their number perished of famine, before they were discovered by the Comanches; who, after nursing them back to health, clothed them suitably, and conveyed them to Santa Fe, without demanding ransom or reward.

A party under command of a Captain Means, of Howard County, Missouri, and whose descendants still live in that county, were traveling along, a few weeks behind the party which had fired upon the Indians, in return for their murder of Monroe and McNeice. Ignorant of the change in the attitude of the Comanches, and having every confidence in their friendship, these men rode confidently into a large encampment of these savages, and were surprised by a fire, that cut down Captain Means and several others.

Retreating as well as they could, they entrenched themselves—as the Eustace party afterward did—with their dead mules and baggage. Here they made a brave fight, but were at last compelled to succumb to the same enemy, that afterward vanquished Eustace, and packing all of their money upon their backs, they stole out of camp during the night, and retreated toward the Arkansas River.

When this was reached, they found that they were unable to carry their money any further, and they cached it up on the west bank of the river, where it was recovered the next year intact—not a single dollar missing. A brawny Englishman carried, to the last, his share of the money, some seventeen hundred silver dollars; in weight, about a hundred pounds. He declared that he'd just as lief be dead, as to be without ready money, and that, while he lived, he would carry it. Most of the company became exhausted from famine. Two of the most hardy hastened forward for succor.

These were Thomas Ellison, of Cooper County, and —— Bryant, of Boone County, Missouri. At Council Grove, Kansas—then in the wilderness—they managed to kill a bird, either a crow or a buzzard, and, after a feast upon this obscene fowl, they were able to push on

to the settlements on the border, where they obtained aid for their dying comrades. All of these were in a pitiable plight, when rescued. One of them, named Herriman, a resident of Chariton County, Missouri, had become perfectly blind, and when found, was lying upon his back endeavoring to beat off, with a stick, the swarming *coyotes*, which, from his cadaverous appearance, and their determined attacks, seemed to fancy him already legitimate prey.



CHAPTER XVII.

BENT'S ADVENTURES IN NEW MEXICO.

DARING SPIRITS——AN EXTENDED FIELD——THE MILITARY ESCORT——THE NATIONAL BOUNDARY——ATTACKED BY SAVAGES——NOBLE CONDUCT OF MAJOR RILEY——DISPIRITED INDIANS——THEY RAISE THE SIEGE——CHARLES BENT'S RESCUE OF A COMRADE——THE GALLANT NINE——DEATH OF LAMB ——GENERAL VISCARRO——INDIAN TREACHERY——RESCUED BY THE TRADERS——NOBLE ACT OF A PUEBLO INDIAN——RILEY ON THE ARKANSAS——A COWARDLY CAPTAIN——THE TWO ESCORTS MEET——MILITARY COURTESIES——BENT'S FORT——ITS HUNTER——GENERAL KEARNEY——COLONELS SNIVELY AND WARFIELD——BENT'S FORT BESIEGED——DESERTERS——BILL BENT IN SIGHT——HIS FURY——HIS ARAPAHO FRIEND, YELLOW BEAR——THE WAGON TRAIN——THE GATHERING STORM——FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS——THE SAVAGE VIDETTES——THEIR PICKET SYSTEM——BENT MOVES TO MISSOURI——RESTRAINTS OF CIVILIZATION——HIS DAUGHTER MARRIES——HIS SONS——CHEYENNE LEADERS——MIXED BREEDS.

As will be readily conceived, the determined hostility of the Indians along the Santa Fe trail, and the numerous disasters with which the traders met in these eventful years, deterred all, except the boldest spirits, from venturing where was certain peril and probable death. Amongst those heroes, who were still willing to encounter the fearful odds of Indian combat, were to be found the Bents, Waldos and a few others whom no danger had ever daunted, and who, in the present state of affairs, saw open to them a wider field of trade, and one free from opposition. Accordingly, in 1829, a party of these men applied to General Andrew Jackson, who had just taken his seat as president, for a military escort to accompany them to the Arkansas River, which at that time formed the boundary between the two republics of North America.

This request was readily granted, and Major Bennett Riley—who afterward became a general, and who figured in the history of the Pacific Slope as Military Governor of California—was detailed with two hundred men to meet the party at Fort Leavenworth and accompany them to the Arkansas. The company of traders numbering sixty men rendezvoused at Round Grove about forty miles west of Independence, Missouri. Here Charles Bent was chosen

captain of the company, and with thirty-six wagons, fully freighted with valuable goods, they set out for Santa Fe; being joined by Major Riley, to whom they had dispatched a messenger, at the junction of the Independence and Leavenworth trails.

In due time, and without any event worthy of record, they reached the Arkansas, at Chouteau's Island, and bidding farewell to the gallant Major and his brave soldiers they plunged into the shallow waters of the river, and were soon on Mexican soil. Here their trouble began; the deep, dry sand engulfing their wagon wheels almost to the hubs, stalling the teams, and utterly preventing an orderly arrangement upon the march. Notwithstanding the constant order to close up, the wagons were soon strung out over half a mile of road. To guard against surprise, Captain Bent had thrown out advance and rear guards, but either through negligence of these videttes, or from the completeness with which the Indians had concealed themselves, they had gone only nine miles, when the savages seemed to spring from the very bowels of the earth, and poured in a close and heavy fire upon them.

The surprise was complete, but Bent, mounted on a large black horse, bareheaded, and with his long, black hair floating upon the wind, dashed up and down the line forming his men. Every ravine swarmed with Indians, but above their terrific yelling was heard the stentorian whoop of Bent. Two of his men had been lagging in the rear of the train and, at the first fire, one fell dead, while the other with fifty Indians in pursuit, dashed on toward the wagons.

Escape would have been impossible, had not Bent seen the situation and charged toward the advancing savages with a fury that effectually checked their pursuit, and enabled the man to join his comrades. The battle continued to rage furiously, and nothing but Bent's coolness, and the desperate bravery of his men, prevented a charge from the Indians, who numbered at least a thousand. In the train was a small brass cannon, the first that ever crossed the Arkansas trail, and it was greatly dreaded by the Comanches, amongst whom its first discharge had made fearful havoc.

After digging rifle-pits, Bent, seeing that without water he would be unable to long maintain his position, called for volunteers to endeavor to notify Major Riley of the situation of the party. Although the duty seemed one that must lead to certain death, yet so

great a number announeed their willingness to go, that it was necessary to select nine men to undertake the mission. These heroes knew that their sole dependance lay in their fighting qualities, for their mules were so worn down by fatigue, that flight was out of the question. From some unaeeountable reason the swarming Indians allowed them to pass through their lines, without firing a single shot at them, and with all haste they set out for the Arkansas River, where they still hoped to find Riley eneamped.

This gallant offieer beheld them, at some distanee, and rightly surmising that there was trouble ahead, he at onee began striking his tents, and by the time they had arrived, he was already upon Mexiean soil, and marching swiftly to the relief of his beleaguered eountrymen. It was a breach of national etiquette—this erossing the boundary of a friendly power, with an armed force—but blood was thieker than water, and the ties of true bravery and humanity more potent than the red tape rules of form and eeremony.

So rapid and silent was Riley's approaeh to the train, that he even penetrated between the piekets of the traders and their camp before he was diseovered. Then there arose sueh joyous cheers from eamp and soldiers, that the savages, eoncluding that they in turn would have to assume the defensive, quietly decamped, and the earavan was accompanied through the sand hills by the troops, and was onee more safe.

The arrival of Riley was a God-send to the trappers, who must otherwise have eventually been obliged to desert their train, and seek for water, or perish of thirst. One of the hired men in the train, now applied to the Major for permission to enlist with him, but, surmising his reason for this move, the offieer asked him why he wished to become a soldier. The fellow frankly informed him that he was afraid to eontinue with the train, now that the escort was about to return. As seon as he heard this answer, Riley told him that his men were soldiers, not eowards, and that he did not want any of the latter elass.

Others of the trainmen were waiting to see the sueeess of this fellow's applieation, and if all had enlisted, who desired to do so, the expedition of the traders must have been abandoned right there. Mr. Lamb, the wealthiest of the traders, fell in this battle, and was buried in the sand-hills, but afterward, we believe, the remains were removed to St. Louis, and there re-interred.

We have now, after considerable preliminary explanation, approached the reason for the traders turning their course from Santa Fe, which point they had intended at first to reach, to Taos, some eighty miles further to the North. By this detour they not only avoided cañons, in which there were sure to be dangerous ambuscades, but they were also enabled to obtain a Mexican military escort. General Viscarro was ordered to accompany the traders from Taos to Santa Fe, and they once more set out on their journey.

At the Cimmaron River, a large party of the savages approached the escort, bearing in their van the Christian symbol of the cross, made by tying an arrow transversely across a spear. Honoring this novel flag of truce with the devotion of a true Catholic, Viscarro was informed that, if he would order the Americans to remove to a sufficient distance to prevent them from beholding the submission of the Comanches, the latter would surrender, and lay down their arms.

Viscarro very foolishly allowed himself to be made the victim of this weak stratagem, and no sooner had the foes, whom the Indians so greatly dreaded, retired out of sight, than the treacherous savages poured a destructive fire into the Mexican ranks at such close range as to kill and wound many of the officers and men. The escort, taken completely by surprise, was entirely at the mercy of the Indians, when Bent, hearing the firing, and suspecting treachery, gathered together his mounted men, and flew to the relief of the Mexicans.

Enraged at the peculiar infamy of the savages, Bent and his men burst upon them with fierce yells and oaths, and delivered a deadly volley right in their faces. Their rifles were then discarded, and having next emptied their pistols, they followed up their attack with tomahawks and clubbed rifles, and soon had the Comanches in full flight, the field thickly strewn with their dead and wounded.

An action worthy of record was here performed by a Pueblo (or Village) Indian, of the San Pablo community. Being near General Viscarro, and understanding the language of the hostiles, he heard one of the latter exclaim, in his native tongue, "now for this General," and calling out at the top of his voice, "*hombres quidado*," (look out, men!) he then threw himself before Viscarro and received, in his own body, the bullet intended for the Commander, and fell to

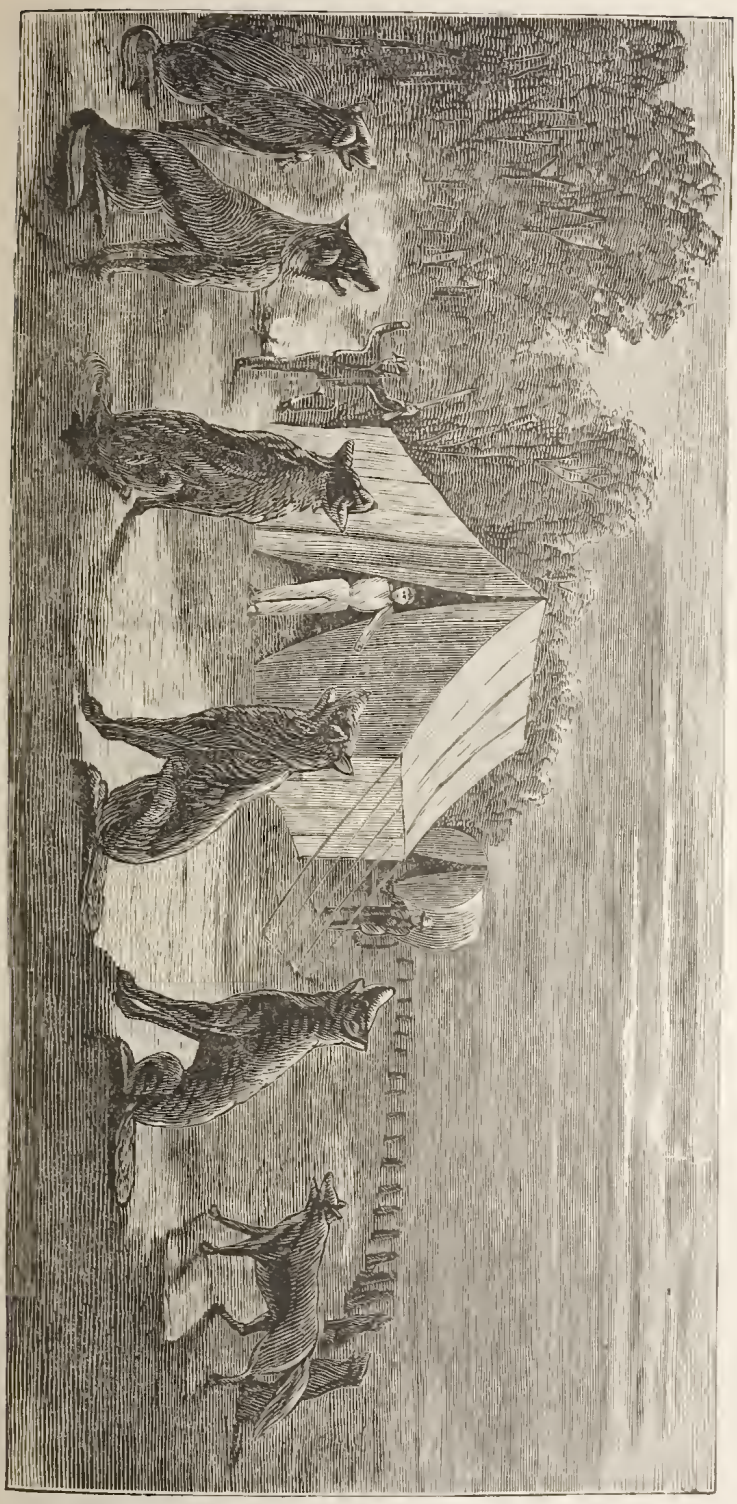
the ground, as noble a hero as the lists of chivalry record. On the return of the caravan to the Arkansas River, it was still under the protection of Viscarro, who was anxious to meet Major Riley, whom it was understood, was on the east bank of that river awaiting the arrival of the traders.

After the departure of the train, which Riley had escorted through the sand-hills, he had received orders to remain on the Arkansas River, until it should have returned, and convey it back to the Missouri. For three months the brave fellow had held his post in this barren wilderness, and had had almost daily battles with the Indians. Quite a number of his men had been slain in these desultory combats, and nearly all of his stock had been killed or stampeded.

His greatest disaster had occurred through the cowardice of one of his officers; a captain, whom he had sent with a large force to kill some buffalos. The Indians attacked the party, and this captain, of the Bob Acres school, fled and suffered a number of his men to be slaughtered by the savages. He was afterwards court-martialed, and igniominously dismissed from the service.

Riley at last became satisfied that the traders had either been massacred by the Indians, or had determined to stay in Mexico, and crippled as he was for want of stock, he set out on his return to "the States," just two days before Viscarro's arrival on the opposite bank. So anxious was the Mexican to meet the American troops, that Bent sent an express on to overtake Riley, and halt him, until they could come up. He was found about thirty miles from the Arkansas, and when the Mexicans arrived, two days were very pleasantly spent in the interchange of military courtesies. There were drills, inspections, dress parades and sham battles, and the men of the two escorts parted firm friends.

From this time on nothing exciting occurred, and the Americans and Mexicans reached their respective homes in safety, meeting with no more serious annoyance than the nightly serenades of the infernal *coyotes*. The disheartened savages had given up their attempt to crush out the travel along the Arkansas trail, and entered into no more great military combinations, preferring the safer and to them more natural warfare of small, predatory bands, moving with celerity, and striking only detached individuals, and small, unguarded bodies of men. Depending entirely upon hunting for their supplies, and with no idea of an organized commisariat, the



THE COYOTE SERENADE ON THE PLAINS.

savage is unequal to extended or prolonged military operations, and to this fact, almost as much as to his inferior determination, may be traced the causes of his immense inferiority to the white man as a warrior.

Bents' Fort, or Fort William, as it was at first known, was situated on the Arkansas, and was the property of St. Vrain and William Bent. It was built in 1833, and the celebrated Kit Carson—who had graduated as a trapper and hunter, as well as Indian fighter, from the school of the brave and noble Ewing Young—was the post-hunter here from 1834 to 1842. In the latter year he became the chief guide to Lieutenant Fremont, and acted as such in his various expeditions, undertaken under government auspices. This fort witnessed many mutations, and was the scene of several important events. Here General Kearney rendezvoused his troops, before starting across the plains for the conquest of California, and here the Texas filibustering expedition of Colonels Snively and Warfield gathered, in 1843, for their descent upon New Mexico.

On one occasion it was besieged by some thousands of plains Indians; all of the various tribes having laid aside their mutual hostilities, and leagued together for the extermination of the white men, and the closing of all routes across the plains, and through their hunting grounds. Bill Bent, approaching it with his wagon-train, and knowing that two or three hundred raw recruits of the United States army formed its only garrison, hastened rapidly to its relief. On his way he met several deserters, who in the night had scaled the walls of what they regarded as a doomed place, and stealing cautiously through the savage lines, had fled with all speed toward the States.

Several couriers had also been dispatched, at intervals of twelve hours apart, to hurry up reinforcements. When he arrived in sight of his fort, Bent saw that it was menaced by a terrible danger; the thousands of hostile Indians dancing their war and scalp dances, and endeavoring to work themselves up to the proper pitch of frenzy to make their attack. At the sight, Bent's blood fairly boiled, and leaving his train under charge of one of his best men, he mounted his horse and rode furiously toward the fort. His hat was off, and his long hair trailed out behind him like a banner from its staff, and it was a trophy, that any of the savages would have been more than proud to wear at his belt.

As he dashed along he uttered his fierce war-whoop, and with oaths, couched in the choicest Cheyenne, Sioux, Arapaho and English, he dashed through the ranks of the awe struck Indians and reached the gate of the fort. Behind him, no less brave nor determined, came tearing along his firm friend and ally, Yellow Bear, the great Arapaho chief and strung out in single file behind him, came fiercely onward a few of his truest braves, any one of whom would have gone cheerfully to his death at the word of Bent or Yellow Bear.

The wagon train came steadily along, its men marching, fully armed, alongside, and all well closed up, and it reached the fort in safety. Here they found Bent getting everything in order to give a warm welcome to the braves, who were evidently bent on an assault. They would have met with a hot reception, but their numbers must have eventually triumphed, when an unforseen event occurred. The lookout, the next morning after Bent's arrival, beheld afar to the East a slight cloud of dust, and after awhile, a few black specks became visible beneath its shadow. As these approached they grew in size and were seen to be Indian videttes, with their ponies on a dead run.

On their arrival at the Indian encampment—for the Indians had ostensibly come to demand their annuities, and had brought along their families, goods and lodges—a curious scene was enacted. The squaws at once began taking down the lodges, adjusting and packing their travais, and soon the entire Indian camp was in full retreat. Amidst the insulting yells of the warriors, the yelping of dogs, the squalling of babies and the rattle of the pots and kettles, piled up on the travais, the savage besiegers crossed the Arkansas and disappeared from view.

The mystery of this unaccountable move, upon the part of the allied Indians, was explained when, late on the evening of the next day, those in the fort beheld the approach of a regiment of United States cavalry, which had been sent to the relief of the fort. By their admirable picket system, the savages had been apprised of their approach long before the whites dreamed of it, and fearing that vengeance might be taken for their hostile attitude and their war-like threats, they had prudently decamped.

Bill Bent had quite a family by a Cheyenne wife, and at one time bought property at Westport, Missouri—for which, at that time,

Kansas City was the landing—and furnished his house handsomely. The restraints of civilization were, however, too much for the prairie-born and plains-reared wife and children, and they returned to the wilderness, after a short trial of their new life. His daughter married some white man at Westport, and the boys returned to their mother's tribe, where they became thorough Indians, although, through the efforts of their father who spared no pains to civilize them, they had acquired moderate educations.

When the ranchmen were retreating from the Platte during the Sioux and Cheyenne troubles—about 1863, I think—it was reported that two of Bent's sons, George Bent, and one called "Little Bent," were in command of Cheyenne bands. None of them ever attained to the celebrity of their father, in anything; the taint of Indian blood poisoning their nobler qualities, and these degenerate sons of an illustrious sire show strongly the evil effects of a mongrel mixture of races, in which, as a general rule, only the worst qualities of each parent are perpetuated, and the nobler extinguished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADVENTURES OF J. S. SMITH, THE TRAPPER.

A CELEBRATED TRAPPER——HIS DESCRIPTION——WONDERFUL ADVENTURES——THE FIRST AMERICAN TO REACH CALIFORNIA OVERLAND——SITE OF HIS CAMP——RETURNS TO GREEN RIVER——RETAKES A STOLEN HORSE——BLACKBIRD, THE OMAHA CHIEF——A RED DESPOT——A GREAT MEDICINE MAN——UNLUCKY RIVALS——HIS METHODS OF TRADE——A SEASON OF REMORSE——GENERAL JOY——HIS RIVAL, LITTLE BOW——DEATH OF BLACKBIRD——CURIOUS BURIAL——THE CEREMONIES——HUMAN SACRIFICES TO THE GREAT STAR (VENUS)——SMITH'S TESTIMONY——SECOND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA——CONTINUAL BATTLING——BESIEGED IN CAMP——A DESPERATE CHARGE——THE SURVIVORS——ENTER CALIFORNIA——ARRESTED BY THE SPANIARDS——RELEASED——FRIGHTENED JESUITS——ON TO THE NORTH——INDIAN ATTACKS——THE MASSACRE——ESCAPE OF SMITH——RETURNS TO ST. LOUIS——SELLS OUT OF THE FUR COMPANY——GOLD DISCOVERY——STARTS FOR SANTA FE——OMINOUS WARNINGS——WAYLAID BY THE SAVAGES——HIS DEATH ON THE CIMMARON——A REMARKABLE MAN——ACCOUNT OF COMRADES——A NOBLE PIONEER.

This was one of the most celebrated of American trappers, and was the first American who, by the overland route, ever set foot within the borders of California. Smith was a large-sized, fine looking man, with black hair and blue eyes, and was a native of Virginia or Kentucky. He was a man of the most unbounded courage, and added to his bravery a cool judgment and a ready wit. He was a man for emergencies, and his adventures, like those of another of the Smith family, Captain John Smith, of Virginia, trench closely upon the marvelous.

Living in almost hourly peril, he was one of the few trappers who perished at the hands of the Indians. Leaving his camp on the plains, he started for the Cimmaron River, to search for water for his comrades, and this hero of twice a hundred battles was waylaid by the savages and murdered.

Trapping along the headwaters of the Missouri River, Smith crossed over the mountains in the spring of 1824, and with a small party made his way, the succeeding spring, into California. He camped on the American River, and in July of this year (1825), built a post near the site of the present town of Folsom, and followed his pursuit vigorously.

In October, of the same year, Smith left his men at this post and, undeterred by the imminent perils of his journey, started East to inform his partners—then on Green River—of his new location. He made many narrow escapes on this journey; had his horse stolen by seven Indians, and stalked boldly into their camp and retook it before their faces, they not daring to attack him, so great was their fear of the celebrated trapper.

Before crossing the mountains, Smith had been a prime favorite of Blackbird, the great Omaha chief. This was one of the shrewdest Indians that ever lived, and with a wisdom greater than that of Tecumseh, or Pontiac, he realized at once the futility of a struggle against the whites, and by a peaceful policy, determined to reap the greatest benefit possible from this knowledge.

By his arts of statecraft, backed by a fearless courage and an indomitable will, Blackbird obtained such a supremacy amongst his people, as has seldom fallen to the lot of a self-appointed ruler. His power was absolute. From some of the traders he had learned the use of arsenic, in destroying life, and with a full supply of this deadly poison, he obtained a great reputation as a medicine man.

Whoever opposed his measures or his wishes, was sure to perish—he brooked no rival near the throne. A few days before administering the fatal dose, he would announce that such a chief would die; it had been revealed to him by the Great Spirit. The prophecy never failed. When traders came to the village, Blackbird had their packs brought to his lodge, and there, for the first time, they were opened; no one being admitted to the lodge but the trader and himself.

He then selected such articles as he fancied, often taking half of the goods, but to remunerate the white man, he forced the tribe to buy the rest at a double valuation. In this way he remained on the best of terms with all of the traders; benefitting them and enriching himself at the expense of his followers, somewhat after the manner of more civilized princes, and high tariff politicians.

Remorse seemed never to trouble his adaptable conscience, except upon a single occasion. His favorite squaw offended him in some way, and with a single blow of his knife he stretched her dead at his feet. In an instant he realized what the violence of his temper had caused him to do. Seating himself in his lodge, he covered his

head with his blanket, and in his solitude gave way to the agony of his grief.

For three days and nights he remained thus, deaf to the prayers and entreaties of his people, and never moved, until at last, one of



BLACKBIRD, CHIEF OF THE OMAHAS.

the squaws brought in the little child of the dead woman, and raising the leg of the chief, placed the child beneath it, with the foot of the chief upon its neck, and then left the lodge. Roused by

the weeping of the infant, Blackbird arose, bathed, and went forth, to the great delight of the tribe.

At last a formidable rival arose in the person of Little Bow, a noted young chief who exited a considerable faction against the tyranny and extortion of Blackbird. For a time he made considerable headway, but was at last overcome by the superior machinations of the wily old chief. He first endeavored to remove the young chief, in his usual manner, by poison, and employed the squaw of the latter to administer it, but Little Bow had, in some way, become suspicious of the actions of the woman, and when she brought him the poisoned food, he detected it from her great embarrasment and forced her to eat it, of course causing her death. Blackbird, nothing daunted, continued his intrignes, and finally succeeded in driving out his rival and the party that adhered to him.

In his latter days, Blackbird became very corpulent and unwieldy, owing to his gluttony and inaction. Continual feasts were now made in his honor, to which he was conveyed, seated upon a blanket borne by four men. Even in this helpless state, he maintained his power, and to the day of his death, ruled his people with a rod of iron. Before he died, he asked that he should be buried on the top of the high hill overlooking the village, that he might still see the boats of the traders ascending the river, and be gladdened by the presence of his white friends.

He desired to be buried sitting upon his favorite steed, with his face looking down the current of the mighty river. All of his wishes were carried out at his burial and for years after food and water were daily placed upon his grave. This was eagerly devoured by the hawks, eagles and coyotes, but his tribe firmly believed that their chief had eaten the food prepared for him. His flag-staff, with its floating pennant, was constantly renewed, until the tribe were forced to leave for another location.

En passant Smith's testimony—for he was a man of more than usual observation and of undoubted veracity—sets at rest all disputes in regard to a custom of some of the plains Indians, in making human sacrifices as a religious duty. He positively asserts, that the Pawnees had such a custom, and states that this sacrifice was made to the Great Star (Venus). One of their prisoners—sometimes a man and sometimes a woman—was selected and carefully fed with every luxury they could obtain. The fate in store for the victim

was carefully concealed, and he or she was dressed in the finest raiment obtainable, and under perfect ease of body and mind, rapidly fattened.

When the body had become plump and round, the victim was led out and bound to a stake shaped like a cross, his outstretched arms being fastened to the arm-piece. Ceremonies, dances and songs were then performed by the people, and mysterious mummeries and incantations by the medicine men, and when this was concluded, one of the latter approached the stake, and with a single blow of his tomahawk, split the skull of the victim. The body was then shot full of arrows, and the sacrifice was completed.

In May, 1826, Smith again set out for California, accompanied by a small party of men. In a few days after their start, they were attacked by Indians, and from this time on they were harrassed day and night by the savages. The others wished to turn back, and Smith told them that they were at perfect liberty to do so, but that he had started for California, and he intended to go through or die Not a man turned back. Worn out with their continual skirmishing, they were surrounded at the Mohave settlements, on the Colorado River, and a desperate battle began.

The swarming savages attempted charge after charge, but the handful of whites, lying behind the few rocks they had thrown around them as a breast-work, drove them back each time with terrific slaughter. Man after man fell within the slight fortification, and when night came, Smith determined, with the seven men left, to cut his way through the lines of the enemy and attempt escape by flight.

As soon as it was dark, Smith told his comrades of his determination, showing them the folly of lying behind their insufficient protection, where eventually all must be killed, and they agreed to the desperate suggestion. Looking closely to the charges in their rifles, they secured the ammunition of their dead companions, and burst furiously upon one side of the savage line. This gave way after a brief, but stubborn contest and the whites broke through, having lost four of their number at this point.

Smith, with these two surviving comrades, Turner and Galbraith, after a thousand perils entered California close to the Mexican line, in December, and were there arrested under the suspicion that they intended mischief, or had designs upon the government. They were

carried before General Echandia, who was located at San Diego, and here this invading force of three almost naked men was subjected to a rigid interrogation as to their aims and business in entering the State.

Their answers, though strictly true, failed to convince Echandia of the innocence of their intentions, and they were thrown into prison, from which they were released only after the intervention of the officers commanding the American merchantmen and whalers then lying on the coast. In the letter, signed by the officers of the ships, "Courier," "Waverly" and "Olive Branch," the motives and necessities of Smith and his comrades were fully set forth, and it was shown, that they had been forced to enter the territory subject to Echandia, to escape starvation upon the barren and desolate stretches of plain and mountain, lying between latitudes forty-two and forty-three west.

They stated that the sole purpose of the three men upon the Pacific Slope was to trap beaver, and trade with the Indians of that section—that there was not the slightest political significance in their visit. That their passports from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, for the United States, had been vised and found correct—and, in conclusion, they asked that the trappers might be permitted to make their way to the Columbia River, in Oregon, through California, believing that if they were forced to return by the route they had come, they must inevitably perish at the hands of hostile Indians, or of hunger and thirst, in that inhospitable region from which they had so narrowly escaped.

The men were discharged, and permitted to travel through California to their destination. Of this permission, Smith at once availed himself, but Turner and Galbraith—who had had enough hunting and trapping through the wilderness—determined to remain in California. Smith proceeded to his camp on the American River, and with his comrades, who had been left there the preceding year, started toward the Columbia. The winter was now upon them, in all its fury, and after several ineffectual attempts to cross the snow-clad Sierras north of them, they gave up in despair, and retreated once more to the valleys, having suffered terribly.

The Jesuit Fathers became greatly alarmed at the neighborhood of these *hereticos Americanos* to their Indian flocks, and sent a messenger to demand the cause of their presence. Reduced to the most

desperate extremities; almost naked, and destitute of any provisions, except the flesh of such game as they might be able to kill, Smith sent the following letter to Father Duran, then in charge of the Mission of San Jose:

"REVEREND FATHER:—I understand, through the medium of one of your Christian Indians, that you are anxious to know who we are, as some of the Indians have been at the Mission and informed you that there were certain white people in the country. We are Americans, on our journey to the River Columbia. We were in at the Mission San Gabriel, in January last. I went to San Diego and saw the General, and got a passport from him to pass on to that place. I have made several attempts to cross the mountains, but the snows being so deep, I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place, (it being the only point to kill meat), to wait a few weeks, until the snow melts, so that I can go on. The Indians here being also friendly, I consider it the most safe point for me to remain, until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses, having lost a great many in attempting to cross ten or fifteen days since. I am a long ways from home, and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing, and most of the necessities of life. wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strange but real friend and Christian brother. J. S. SMITH."

"May 19th, 1827."

With the opening of the summer, the snows melted, and the trappers continued on their journey toward the North. As they traveled, they were daily attacked by small bands of skulking Indians, and when they reached the mouth of the Umpqua River, in Oregon, their troubles culminated. Here they were attacked in the early dawn, while all of them were asleep, by hundreds of savages, and of the whole number, but three escaped; amongst them Captain Smith. They lost all of their packs of furs, worth thousands of dollars, these being taken by the Indians to the posts of the Hudson Bay Company, and there sold. Smith, with Daniel Fryer and Richard Laughlin, continued their journey to the North, after their almost miraculous escape, and eventually succeeded in reaching Fort Vancouver, on the west bank of the Columbia.

Here he remained, making various excursions in all directions, until 1830, when he returned to St. Louis and sold out his interest in the fur company. It is said that, during his expeditions in the mountains, lying between the Great Salt Lake, Utah, and Mono Lake, in California, Smith discovered gold in considerable quantities and disclosed his secret to his partners. Of this, however, we lack sufficient testimony to pronounce it a fact. Some of his comrades also asserted, that the bullets fired at them by the Indians

during their many fights in the Wind River Mountains, and also near the present site of Virginia City, Nevada, were made of, or heavily alloyed with gold. This, too, seems a matter of much doubt.

Having closed out his interest in the fur business, Smith found it impossible to content himself in St. Louis, or, in fact, anywhere within the limits of civilization, and in less than a year after he had



SMITH ESCAPING FROM THE MOHAVES.

retired from the exciting life of a trapper and hunter, we find him undertaking new risks and dangers. But before going further, we will dispose of the claim often made for James O. Pattie, that he was the first of Americans to enter California overland. Pattie left the Mississippi Valley in 1825, with a company of trappers, their destination being the Pacific Coast. These men roamed over the plains and mountains of Colorado and New Mexico for five years,

and were finally surrounded by the Yuma Indians, at a point in the Gila Valley, near the mouth of the Colorado River.



MOUNTAIN GROUSE.

The trappers were plundered by these Indians, and finally, in the year 1830, made their entrance into California. A full account of

this expedition appears in the message of General Jackson—then President of the United States—to Congress, in the year 1836. Captain Brown, by water, and Captain Smith, by land, were the prosaic names of the first Americans who ever trod the soil of the Golden State.

Had Smith been superstitious, or paid any attention to omens, he would have hesitated, after his two warnings—in both of which he had made one of the mystical number, three, who had escaped almost miraculously from the massacre, in which their comrades had been involved—before undertaking other excursions, in which he must meet his old foes, the treacherous savages, and might also encounter those unseen, but none the less terrible demons of thirst and famine.

But Smith was a man who knew no fear, and so compassed had his life been by dangers, that its every exploit had borne a seeming omen of evil. Trusting to the kindly Providence, that had so far preserved him, and longing for the absolute freedom from restraint and the exciting adventure of border life, he started with an immigrant party to Santa Fe.

This was in 1831, and the Indians along the Southern route were unusually troublesome; the situation calling for all of the old trapper's vigilance and experience to protect the train under his charge. Finally they reached the dry bed of the Cimmaron and Smith started out from camp to find a water-hole, not daring to send one of the immigrants, for fear he might be ambushed and killed. As he was riding along, a party of twenty-five Indians, secreted in a ravine, fired upon him from under the cover of its bank, at a distance of about twenty yards. Smith fell from his horse, shot through by three bullets, but as the savages rushed up, he succeeded in killing one with his rifle.

Having supposed him dead, they halted, and while huddled together in a compact mass, he emptied his two pistols into them and two men fell to the ground. He attempted to rise, and another volley of balls was directed against him and, with a slight shudder, he fell back and expired. Yellow Bear—an Arapaho chief, to whom the Comanches told the tale of this murder—said that for a long time the warriors did not dare to approach the body of the trapper, and when they did, the fierce glare of his wide-open eyes so dismayed them, that they did not attempt to scalp him.

Smith was, in some respects, the most remarkable of all the trappers, and was certainly the most restless and daring of these men. His life was one long series of uninterrupted adventure, marked by more than the ordinary perils of even his dangerous avocation. His exploits, if properly recorded, would shame the fictitious deeds of the imaginary heroes of the novelist, and would require the space of three such volumes as this for their simplest and most concise recital. The main features of his romantic career we have been enabled to record, though its details have never before been seen in print.

All of these men were men of deeds, not words, and their exploits live only in the tales of their comrades; none of them being given to vainglorious boasting of personal prowess. It is from the few surviving comrades that our accounts have been garnered. Their terrible scars, and the scalps at their girdle, alone spoke of their brave endurance and heroic courage. They, and not the latter day "Kansas Jakes" and "Dashing Willies," were the true pioneers of the sun-scorched plains and frowning mountains, that stand as unsleeping sentinels between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Slope;in both of which sections Jedediah S. Smith figured as a pioneer.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE SUBLETTES.

CHARACTER OF THESE MEN——EARLY DEATH OF JOHN——A DOOMED FAMILY ——GRAND-SONS OF COLONEL WHITLEY——THE SLAYER OF TECUMSEH—— A DISPUTED HONOR——WILLIAM SUBLETTE'S START IN LIFE——HIS MANY BATTLES——RICHARD DOWLING, HIS FRIEND——GENIAL CHARACTER OF SUBLETTE——A PARTNER OF ROBERT CAMPBELL——CAMPBELL A TRAPPER ——CONNECTION WITH THE MOUNTAIN MEN——DAUSMAN AND ROLETTE—— HALF BROTHERS CONTRASTED——MOUNTAIN PIONEERS——A SOURCE OF WEALTH——SUBLETTE'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH——AT THE GREAT SALT LAKE——SUBLETTE AND BOUDINOT——ORIGIN OF THE CHEYENNES—— A MYSTERIOUS RACE——TWO ACCOUNTS——A CRAFTY TRIBE——TOO AMBITIOUS——THEIR DOWNFALL——PRIESTCRAFT——JO JEWETT AND E-TAY NO-PAH——THE DOG SOLDIERS——A DANGEROUS BUFFALO HUNT——THE SURPRISE——THE INDIAN BUFFALO HUNT——AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION—— THE COMING OF NIGHT AND SAFETY——PROVISIONS——RETREAT TO THE MOUNTAINS——A NOCTURNAL LIFE——LEAVE THE HILLS——OTHER SKIRMISHES——BOUDINOT WOUNDED——JOINED BY MILTON SUBLETTE.

The Sublettes were all plains and mountain men, and amongst the most noted of the daring spirits, who led that life of continual danger and excitement. They were from the Crab Orchard settlement in Kentucky, and were all large, fine-looking men, of great strength and agility. Each of them, however, had the taint of consumption in his blood, and notwithstanding their hardy, open air life, all of them, except one brother—who was killed on Lewis' Fork of the Columbia—died of this fatal malady. It may have been that their continual exposure and terrible hardships aggravated the disease, for none of them lived to the age usually attained by the trapper and hunter, who was not cut off by Indian bullets or other violent means.

These men were the grand-sons of the celebrated Colonel Whitley, of Kentucky, who was a famous fighter and was undoubtedly the slayer of Tecumseh, notwithstanding the fact that that honor has been always claimed for Colonel Johnson, though never by himself. From the proximity of the bodies of the two men and their position, as well as from other circumstances, most of the Kentuckians present in the battle were satisfied that to Whitley, and not Johnson, should be credited the honor of killing this celebrated chief.

William Sublette was the first of the brothers who tried the rough and venturesome life of the trapper—having gone up with Ashley and Henry in 1823—and after the fight at, and destruction of, the Arickara village, was one of the fourteen men who procured horses from their Sioux allies and went first to the Yellowstone, then to the Crow village, and afterward, made their way across the mountains, discovered the Great Salt Lake and spent some time on the Columbia River.

Sublette was in all of their Indian fights and skirmishes, and was



HOME OF THE SUBLETTES AT CRAB ORCHARDS, KENTUCKY.

ever amongst the first in a charge and the last in a retreat. Mr. Richard Dowling, of St. Louis, who was an intimate friend of Sublette, says of him, that he was one of the boldest, jolliest and most companionable men that ever lived. From his earliest boyhood he was distinguished no less for his daring than for a subtle magnetism, that made him friends wherever he went.

To his bravery and goodfellowship he united a business talent that, properly educated, would have made him a chief amongst merchants, tradesmen or financiers. It was in connection with him, and

owing greatly to his judgment and popularity, that Robert Campbell, who died in St. Louis some years since, laid the foundation for his large fortune.

Campbell's connection with the mountain men came about in rather an odd way. When a young man his constitution was very feeble; in fact, he was dying slowly with consumption, when it was suggested that a life amongst the trappers and hunters of the upper Missouri might benefit him, and accordingly he was shipped up as one of Ashley's hands and for a time roughed it with them, finally returning to St. Louis strong and well. In this way was formed his connection with the Sublettes and others that gave him such control over the Indian and the fur trade of the West, and that enabled him to amass an immense fortune. He also became, in this way, the administrator of their estates; their money, papers and accounts being generally left in his hands.

It may not be commonly known, but we are informed by Mr. Dowling, that the fortune of Hercules L. Dausman—also of St. Louis—who counts his wealth by millions, was the outgrowth of the Indian trade. His father was an under clerk in the employ of Rolette, an Indian trader, and upon the demise of his employer, Dausman married the widow and continued the business. Thus Dausman, the patron of the fine arts and the luxurious dweller in cities, is the half brother of Jo Rolette, the chief man amongst the half-breeds in the Pembina settlements.

It can be easily seen that the trade, conducted by the pioneers with the Indians, was, in its day, no despicable source of wealth. Many and large fortunes were built up by it, and it was the means of opening up to white occupation and settlement the glorious empire of the West. Without the knowledge and the adventure of these men, the building of the Pacific railroad would have been delayed for twenty-five years at the least, and Colorado, Nevada and the other Western States would still have been in an embryotic condition.

When attacked by the Blackfeet and forced to swim the Columbia River, the ice was running heavily, and Sublette, turning to aid one of his comrades, was struck by a piece of large size and so stunned as to become almost insensible. In this condition, with the bullets and arrows of the Indians lashing the water into a foam around him, Sublette managed to keep afloat until he had recovered sufficiently

to strike out and reach the shore. Here he was dragged to land by his comrades, and in a short time all were able to proceed on their way to the post of the Hudson Bay Company, where they secured guns and ammunition. From this point all made their way back to the Great Salt Lake unmolested and spent the season trapping in the neighboring streams, having established there a rendezvous or central camp.

The next spring Sublette and Boudinot made their way down to the Black Hills, and by carefully secreting themselves during the day, setting their traps at night and taking them up before daylight, they succeeded for some time, in eluding the vigilance of the Cheyennes, the tribe of Indians who claimed this region as a hunting ground. The tribal relations of these Indians have never been satisfactorily decided. According to some of the early explorers, they were at one time a large and war-like tribe, located on the Red River of the North, and there known as the Shaways.

They say that it required all of the strength of the Sioux nations to overcome them, but that finally they were driven across the Missouri River and settled in a fortified village on Warrieane Creek, where, for a long time, they proved invincible. At last, however, by combinations with other tribes, the Sioux drove the now small fragment of the tribe into the low range of mountains, called the Black Hills.

Thomas Eddie and some of the other trappers, think that they are a small band of the Blackfeet—a renegade tribe, such as is known amongst several nations. They have a great many of the characteristics of the Blackfeet, and like them, are especially pugnacious, though they are much braver than those marauders, and are the most desperate fighters amongst all of the plains Indians. According to the first account, they took the name of Cheyennes from the river of that name, in the last range where they had taken refuge. According to Eddie, however, they were always known as Cheyennes, and the river was named after them, and not they after the river.

This last account seems the most probable, though both have their objections. Old Jo Jewett—who had lived amongst the Sioux for fifty years, and who was quite a medicine man amongst them—told me, and he was corroborated by Etay Nopa, (Two Face), an old Sioux chief, that they were originally called Mahas,

or Wahkah Mahas, and that their tribe was something like the family of Levi amongst the Jews; they furnishing medicine men to all of the tribes on the upper Missouri.

According to them, this tribe, by gifts and through the superstitious veneration of the other tribes, became quite powerful, and endeavored to impose not only their priests and medicine men on other tribes, but finally demanded that they should also be allowed to name the ruling chiefs of each nation. Striving to enforce this assumption of authority, they were almost destroyed by the combined forces of the other tribes, and fled to the Black Hills, where they were afterward accorded the protection of the Ogalalla and Brule Sioux. When I knew them, they were certainly under the protection of the Sioux, and were the devoted friends and allies of that tribe.

They are typical Indians; slender, hatchet-faced, wiry as a Bedouin, and fierce as a grizzly bear. Amongst them is found an occasional one with wolf-gray eyes, and brown hair. Their band of dog soldiers is the most desperately brave of all savage military organizations, and not being encumbered with wives and the other impediments of most Indians, they move with great celerity and make ideal light cavalrymen. The divisions of their bands of soldiers would seem to class them with the Arickaras, or Omahas both of these having been accustomed to name their different bands after different animals, as the Dog Soldier, the Wolf Soldier, etc.

Having become reckless of danger, from their long immunity from attack, Sublette and Boudinot determined to move down on to the plains for a day or two, in order to kill a buffalo, as they were getting out of provisions and had become tired of beaver. Accordingly they made their way cautiously down to the feeding grounds of the large herds of buffalo, they had seen from their hiding place in the hills, and were soon crawling toward a small, detached drove, which had not observed them. When they had approached nearly within shooting distance, they saw the animals toss their heads up and start toward them.

Looking anxiously beyond, to see what had caused the alarm of the drove, they beheld a dozen Indians just riding over a swell in the plain, having evidently started in pursuit of these buffalos. Had they, too, been seen? was now a question the trappers asked of

each other. Presumably not, for instead of separating so as to surround them on all sides, the Cheyennes rode straight at the drove, and on came both hunters and hunted, while the earth shook beneath the thunder of their hoof-beats. The two white men crawled swiftly



AN INDIAN BUFFALO HUNT WITH BOWS AND ARROWS.

into a deep, prairie draw, which fortunately was near them, and hid themselves in the long thick grass.

Cooped up in their narrow quarters, the day passed slowly to the impatient trappers who, from their hiding place, could see all of the

dash and excitement of an Indian buffalo chase. Fearful of driving the game from the range by the noise of their guns, they were using only their bows and lances, and were having glorious sport. Here a gallant young bull, sorely wounded, had made a stand, and an eager brave, mounted on his buffalo runner, was coolly sending arrow after arrow into the infuriated beast.

Another savage, galloping along side of a fat cow, had let fly an arrow, which, missing the bones on each side, had made its way clear through the noble animal, which was floundering in its death agonies. Again an agile savage flew past with his lance in rest, looking for all the world like a gallant medieval knight, done in bronze; and all over the plain there was life and excitement.

By night the buffaloes had all been skinned, and the hides and flesh taken to the Cheyenne village on ponies. From the carcasses, which, owing to their abundance, the savages had not stripped very clean, the two trappers obtained a good supply of meat, and again retired to their hiding place in the mountain. For the time they had escaped all danger, as it had not been necessary for them to fire a gun.

Again they resumed their nocturnal life and this was continued until they got ready to return to their companions. Caching their peltries, they made their way out of the hills by night, and after some time, succeeded in reaching the rendezvous, having only had two brushes with small parties of the Indians; in one of which Boudinot was severely wounded, but Sublette escaped from both unharmed. They had killed two of the Cheyennes and wounded several, before the last band of pursuers gave up the chase. On their way over to Bear River, their exploits have already been recorded, and with the exception of their continual annoyance by marauding Blackfeet, on their way back across the mountains, nothing of great importance happened. On their arrival at the camp on the Yellowstone, Sublette found that his brother, Milton Sublette, had come on from St. Louis, and had joined Ashlev's force of trappers.

CHAPTER XX.

JACKSON, SUBLETTE AND SMITH.

THE NEW FUR COMPANY——ENERGY OF ITS MEMBERS——EXTENDED FIELD OF OPERATIONS——PROFITS OF THE INDIAN TRADE——THE FIRST WAGON TO CROSS THE ROCKIES——PRAIRIE SCHOONERS——THE WHITE BUFFALO ——AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW GUISE——AN ALBINO BRUTE——GOVERNMENT TRAINS——CHANGE OF MOTORS——MANIFEST DESTINY——WILLIAM SUBLETTE'S DIARY——A LIFE OF DANGER——THIEVING UTES——THE CHASE——AT BAY——SUBLETTE'S FIGHT WITH TWO INDIANS——KILLS BOTH——SUBLETTE COVERS HIS TRACKS——HIS WORK ATTRIBUTED TO THE SIOUX——ON THE WAR-PATH——SUBLETTE LEAVES——MILTON SUBLETTE——A BRAVE MAN——CROW HORSE-THIEVES——THREE OF THEM KILLED——BEGIN HOSTILITIES——FIGHT WITH THE BLACKFEET ——SUBLETTE'S ANKLE BROKEN——AMPUTATES HIS OWN LEG——THE OPERATION——AN IMPROMPTU SURGEON——OTHER ADVENTURES——WILLIAM DIES IN PHILADELPHIA——DEATH OF MILTON AT ST. LOUIS——SULLIVAN SUBLETTE——GOES TO SANTA FE——A NOVEL VOCATION——THE SCALP BOUNTY——A RECKLESS HERO——SEVEN AGAINST ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY——SULLIVAN SUBLETTE AND ARTHUR BLACK——THEIR FIGHT WITH BLACKFEET——THEIR FLIGHT——BLACK'S TERRIBLE WOUND ——RESCUED BY SUBLETTE——DIES IN ST. LOUIS——DEATH OF SULLIVAN SUBLETTE.

In 1830, Ashley retired from the fur trade; Jackson, Sublette (William) and Smith constituting the firm, which succeeded him and Henry. The affairs of the new company were pushed with great energy, and a very large and successful business was done by it. It was with the money gained from his share of this business, that Sublette started the business in St. Louis, that afterwards was run under the firm name of Robert and Hugh Campbell.

This also proved a very remunerative venture, though it has been asserted that Sublette's portion of the profits very mysteriously disappeared. It is stated, by some of Sublette's old associates, that his relatives, who came from Kentucky after his decease, to investigate his affairs, returned greatly dissatisfied with the management of his administrator.

From the Yellowstone the trappers of the new firm pushed out in all directions; the partners accompanying the various parties in their expeditions. William Sublette was the first man who ever crossed a wagon over the Rocky Mountains, and his trail through

South Pass was for a long time followed by all subsequent teams. These wagons were loaded with goods for the Indian trade, and thus Sublette pioneered the route for the innumerable trains of prairie schooners, that years afterward followed in his wake and carried their rich freights across the immense sea of sand that lay between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains.

Crossing these gigantic barriers, other stretches of this sandy ocean lay before the wheeled craft, that sailed along under the propelling power of cattle or mules. From the cattle of these early "pilgrims," the Indians got their idea of the white buffalo, and the tradition soon spread from savage to trapper, hunter and trader, who did not recognize, in the highly colored picture, the features of their familiar teams.

At least one white buffalo, however, did exist, for I have seen it, and at the present day it stands, or did stand, by the art of the taxidermist, in a gun-store in Denver. It was one of those freaks of nature, an albino; just as there are albino negroes; albino cocks, amongst the black jungle-fowl of Africa; and albino goats, amongst the sable flocks of Astrachan goats; but the white buffalo of the Indian was undoubtedly the ox, or steer of the Western white man.

Sublette's wagon venture paid, and soon others followed his example and it was not long until this instrument of civilization became a common sight upon the plains. The government discarded the pack-mule, and the *aparejo*, and wagoned its freight to its frontier posts. The restless immigrant followed the government train, and the ruts along the Platte and other streams grew deeper. The Indian beheld destiny sweeping down upon him, in the slow tread of these mild-eyed oxen, and he began to war upon the passing teams.

Too late; the wedge once entered, the sturdiest oak must yield, and the stream had now begun, that was soon to become a sea. If his journey proved disastrous by day, the instrument of the politician's "manifest destiny" pressed steadily on beneath the clear light of the glittering stars, defrauding the lurking savage of his victim, and fulfilling the handwriting on the wall, that said in thunder tones, the Indian had served his purpose and must go.

One of the diaries of William Sublette, presented to me by Mr. Eddie, shows the terrible fatigues and dangers incident to the life

of the trapper of that day, and it also shows the modest character of the man, who even in his private memoranda, takes pride in bestowing encomiums upon others, but has nothing of laudation for himself.

On one of his expeditions, Sublette had gone out alone, to look



THE EMIGRANT PARTY MAKE A NIGHT DRIVE.

for some horses that had strayed, and came across two Indians on foot, driving them off. One of the savages had just succeeded in catching a horse as Sublette came up, and mounting it, he hurried the others off as rapidly as possible.

Not wishing to kill the thieves—as he had but a few men with him, and desired to remain long enough to make the trade—Sublette, who was a very swift runner, made chase after the one who was still afoot, and who was endeavoring to reach the mountains. As he overtook the Indian, the latter turned and stood at bay, drawing his knife. This, by a dexterous sweep of his tomahawk, Sublette sent flying into the air, and he then grappled with the savage, intending to throw him. He hoped that the other one would come to his comrade's aid, as then, with a show of his pistols, he thought that he could recover his horses. The savage was exceptionally strong and active, and proved more nearly a match for Sublette than the latter had supposed, and in the midst of his long and exciting struggle, he saw the other Indian coming swiftly up, rifle in hand.

It became evident to him now that he must succeed in killing both of the savages, if he would save his own life, and his plans were made in a moment. Holding the nearly exhausted Indian close to him, and between him and his mounted comrade, Sublette succeeded in drawing one of his pistols and as the Indian on horseback dashed up—afraid to risk a shot from a distance, for fear of killing his companion—the trapper fired, and he dropped from his horse.

With the butt of his pistol he began striking the other Indian about the head and face and soon laid him insensible on the ground. Sublette hated to kill his foe, while thus at his mercy, but his own safety depended upon it, and cleaving his skull with the tomahawk, he scalped him, and then cut his throat from ear to ear, thus placing upon him the Sioux mark. He had hardly finished this last operation, when he heard the report of a rifle and felt a sharp pain in his left side.

Looking hastily around to discover his new enemy, no one was in sight, but a glance at the first savage showed from whence came the shot. This one had only been stunned by the pistol bullet, and had now entirely recovered his faculties, and was searching for some weapon with which to renew the combat, since his shot had not proved fatal.

Before he had succeeded in his search, Sublette dashed at him with the fierceness of a panther and brained him, not even giving him time to utter his death whoop. He was now served in the same

manner as his comrade, and mounting the haltered horse, Sublette rode on some distance, and then entering the stream which led to his camp, he rode carefully along in its current, destroying all trace of his course. By his action he felt satisfied that the impression of the Utes would be that their comrades had been killed by a party of Sioux, with whom they were continually at war. It was some days before the bodies were discovered, and then the Utes raised a terrible noise about it.



WILLIAM SUBLETTE'S COMBAT WITH THE TWO UTES.

Gathering all the Sioux and Arapaho scalps which they had ever taken, they danced around them furiously for two or three days and nights, and having worked themselves up to the proper state of frenzy, they traded for a large supply of ammunition, and a war party descended into the plains to waylay any passing enemy, who might chance to come along, and thus obtain revenge for their dead comrades. As soon as they were gone, Sublette announced the

trade closed, made the usual banquet of feast cakes, (slap jacks), and departed.

MILTON SUBLETTE.

As before stated, all of the Sublette brothers were trappers, and the adventures of each one of them would fill volumes. Milton Sublette was one of the most courageous men that ever lived, and his valor was always at fever heat. The more desperate the mission, the more it was to his taste, and he delighted in the unequal combat, where the bull dog pluck and undying energy of the Anglo-Norman was pitted against the overpowering numbers of the savage.

On the upper Missouri the Crows, who were at first friendly to the whites, began to steal the horses of the trappers, and coming single-handed upon three of the robbers, Milton Sublette killed every one of them, receiving in the fight several serious wounds. For awhile this affair caused the Crows to become hostile, but they soon found that they needed the trade and assistance of the white men, in their battles with the Blackfeet, and they again became friendly.

It was Milton Sublette who performed an act of heroism, never but once equalled. Up toward the Medicine Bow Mountains, a party of trappers had been surrounded by hundreds of Blackfeet, and had cut their way through, fighting and retreating day and night. Almost perishing for want of food, water and sleep, the trappers fought like lions. Time after time they were surrounded, but marching steadily on, they broke through the circling lines of their enemies and at last reached the hills of the Yellowstone, where the savages fired a parting volley and left them. That last shot proved an unlucky one for Sublette, as one of the trade balls—a solid ounce of lead—from an Indian rifle, struck him in the ankle, and tore its way through flesh and bone, tendon and artery.

It was a terrible wound, even were the table of the surgeon handy with its glittering blades and its polished saws, its silks for binding spouting arteries, its styptics for staunching flowing blood; what, then, must it have been upon the far-off frontier, where never a surgeon penetrated at that day, and where chloroform and cerates were unknown words. But the leg must be amputated, or the man must die. It was done. In the party were an abundance of beaver knives and the edge of one was hacked into a saw, while another

was sharpened to its keenest edge, and with these rude implements Sublette, the impromptu surgeon, amputated his own leg.

The plates of several beaver traps, heated red-hot, were applied to the raw and bleeding stump, and charring vein and artery, stopped the ebbing of life's crimson elixir and the trapper was saved. Slung between two horses, in a strong Mackinaw blanket, he was taken to the Missouri; his wound dressed daily with the fresh excrement of horses. On his arrival at St. Louis he submitted to another amputation, in order to secure a better stump, and soon afterward was back on the plains and in the mountains, following his old avocation with as great gusto as ever.

Of one of Milton Sublette's desperate Indian fights beyond the Arkansas, just fifty-five years ago, William Waldo, an old mountaineer, says, that with six other men he beat off a force of one hundred and fifty Comanche Indians, who were attacking them from all sides. Amongst the seven men was Governor Marmaduke, at that time an Indian trader. The odds were tremendous and the combat terrific, but Sublette succeeded in repelling the savages with heavy loss.

It was upon this route and shortly before this occurrence that William Sublette and a party, amongst whom was Governor Marmaduke, fired upon some Indians that they had every reason to suspect of having murdered some of their men, and it was this attack that had caused the Indians to assemble in large numbers for the war-path and attack Milton Sublette's party, with which Marmaduke had started back, on his return to Missouri.

William Sublette died in Philadelphia, of consumption, passing peacefully away, after a life of the most intense excitement and innumerable perils. Milton also died of this disease. At the time of his decease William Sublette was the owner of Cheltenham, now an important suburb of St. Louis.

SULLIVAN SUBLETTE.

Sullivan Sublette, another of these adventurous brothers, followed the life of a trapper for a long time, and then made his way to Santa Fe, where he engaged in the more perilous, but also more congenial business of hunting the plains Indians for the bounty offered by the New Mexican government for their scalps. In this pursuit—which to him united the pleasure of the grandest sport

with the business of making a living—he succeeded admirably, and at various times accumulated large sums of money, which were soon squandered in the mode common to all of his comrades.

In one of his expeditions, on the Missouri, he was accompanied by several comrades, amongst them Arthur Black, a brave young fellow, and an intimate friend of the Sublettes. In a fight with the Blackfeet, they were greatly outnumbered and forced to fly toward the camp, where they had left their comrades.

The Indians fought with more than usual boldness, making several gallant charges, all of which were checked by the trappers. In the most desperate of these, however, a gigantic Blackfoot charged up to the line and inflicted a terrible wound upon Arthur Black with the V-shaped blade of his heavy war-club. Black was felled to the earth, but before the savage could strike another blow, Sublette had darted up to the relief of his friend and with a terrible whirl of his tomahawk, split open the skull of the warrior. The fall of this brave, who was their chief, dispirited his followers and the trappers retreated without further molestation, bearing along Black, who was still insensible.

Arriving at the camp, Sublette saw that the wound of his friend was desperate and accordingly he was sent down the river to St. Louis, for medical treatment. On the way down, liberal applications of cold water were made to his wound, and when they landed at St. Louis, he was taken to the Green Tree Tavern, the favorite stopping place of the trappers. Here he met with the kindest attention and the tenderest care, but all was of no avail.

The blow of the Blackfoot proved fatal, and at a distance of hundreds of miles from the point at which it was received, young Arthur Black died, and is now sleeping on one of the bluffs of the Mound City, if the march of improvement has not scatted his dust to the four winds of heaven. His friend and comrade, Sullivan Sublette, escaped the weapons of the savages and died in his bed, in St. Louis, a victim to consumption; the foe of all his family.

CHAPTER XXI.

ASHLEY, HENRY AND OTHERS.

POLITICAL HONORS——JACK MORROW——SAM MACHETTE——WILL KIRBY——BILL GAW——LEO PALLARDY——THE HOUSTONS——RAYMOND——HUNTER——CAVENDER——HANK CLIFFORD——MORROW'S CAREER——NOT ABOVE SUSPICION——THE CHEYENNE WAR——HORRIBLE BARBARITY——OLD BOB CARSON——THE CAPTURED TEAM——A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH——INDIAN STOICISM——POKER PLAYING COMMITTEES——JACKSON——ASHLEY——HENRY——BISSONETTE——GODEY——THEIR DEATHS——FITZPATRICK——ANECDOTES——JAMES LITTLE——THE DINNER——AN IRATE IRISHMAN——FITZPATRICK'S SQUAW——HIS DEATH——LEROUX——LISA'S WIFE——FONTENELLE——OLD JO JEWETT——OHIO PATTI——MYSTERIOUS DEATH——WILLIAM WALDO——HIS DEATH——THE LAST LINK.

Two of Missouri's governors had been Indian traders and fur dealers; one of her trappers was a member of Congress. Others of these hardy men—seeking, after a long time, the pleasures or the ease of civilization—have settled down to various avocations, totally at variance with their former lives. I often reflect with wonder over the later careers of men whom I knew on the plains, or in the mountains, as traders, trappers and hunters.

Jack Morrow, leaving his famous ranche at the junction of the two Plattes, settled in a luxurious home in Omaha, and became a railroad and government contractor, and general speculator.

Sam Machette, a pioneer of the mountain region, travels for a wholesale liquor house in Kansas City.

Will Kirby, ("Billy Kit" to intimate friends,)—at one time the best interpreter, and Indian sign-talker, between the Missouri River and the salt waters of the Pacific,—genial, whole-souled and honorable, one of nature's noblemen, is now cashier of a bank, in the little town of Huntsville, Missouri.

Bill Gaw, a better hunter, trailer and shot, than all of the much advertised Wild Bills and Kansas Charlies—who, following in the wake of civilization, have gained a cheap notoriety, through the efforts of Ned Buntline and others of that ilk—is now a hunter from Antelope Station, Nebraska. His adventures have been ten

times as numerous, and a hundred times as real, as those of the men just alluded to.

Leo Pallardy, trapper, hunter and guide, is now at one of the upper Missouri River agencies.

The Houstons are on a fine ranche, somewhere on the North Platte.

John Horner is in business in Kansas City.

Old Bob Williams was killed, on a lonely scout after the hostile Cheyennes, about the year 1865.

Raymond, Hunter, Cavender and Hank Clifford, prairie men, are, or were, not long since, at the Red Cloud agency.

George Knox is also at one of the agencies.

Jack Morrow's career on the plains was rather singular. Going out as a government teamster, he began to accumulate money, as he said, by tapping his freights, though this may have been the mere bravado of a man who cared nothing for the opinion of the world. At any rate, his possessions grew apace, and he entered into a partnership with old Constant, a Frenchman, at Dog Town, near Fort Kearney, on the Platte. After a while he left the place, old Constant swearing he had been robbed. He next started his famous ranche at the Platte Junction, two and a half stories high, and built of and roofed with cedar, and here he waxed rapidly rich.

It was current report amongst the pilgrims, that Jack kept a lot of Indians to stampede their stock, and, after they had passed on, to bring it in from the sand-hills, and turn it into his drove. Whatever may have been the case prior to the entry of Hugh Morgan into partnership with him, the latter gentleman had nothing to do with any nefarious modes of making money, but lending to the firm his mercantile experience and business ability, they soon became very wealthy.

In 1864, the Cheyenne war came on, and all of the Sioux, except a portion of the Ogalallahs, were drawn into it. These Indians came into the Junction ranche, where all of the ranchmen had assembled and fortified, and here, for a long time, we held open the line of communication along the Platte. Numbers of the ranches had been attacked. Moore and Kelly's above us, was attacked one night and all of the stage stock stolen. Old Bob Carson, an uncle of Kit's, was killed below us. The Indians were everywhere committing terrible atrocities.

A few miles from us, a solitary team, hastening to reach our defenses, was waylaid and captured by nine Indians. It contained a man and his wife. The wagon was driven to the sand-hills, where we found it. The man had been stripped and, still living, hung by his feet to the hindmost bow of his wagon. The clothes were then torn from his wife and in plain view, and not a dozen feet from him, she was outraged in turn by each of these demons, and then her insensible body pinned to the earth with dozens of their arrows.

The man was next killed, and his corpse terribly mutilated. All this by the noble, magnanimous savage, who, according to the eastern novelist, is a being of rare bravery, virtue and magnanimity. Such was the not uncommon work of the fiend known to readers of fiction as "the noble red man," wise, temperate and brave.

As a counterpart to this fancy sketch of the graceful writers, who have exalted this beastly vagrant to so high a nich in the scale of humanity, we desire to add to our life-like picture gallery another and truer delineation. This may be relied on as the genuine article and will be readily recognized as such by any one at all familiar with this specimen of the *genus Homo*.

Every few days some of our scouting parties were called to the relief of small trains or lonely ranches.

During our holding of this ranche, an incident occurred, that goes far to prove the stoicism of the savage, though it does not in the slightest prove his superiority over the white man, in the endurance of suffering. There had been a fight one morning at Turgeon's ranche, just below O'Fallon's Bluffs, and about a hundred freighters had succeeded in defeating several hundred Indians.

That afternoon, there of the attacking party, though at the time unknown to us, rode up to our fortification and held a long conversation with their Ogalalla friends, who were encamped with us. After a half hour of jovial converse, the three rode off, and when they had disappeared over the sand-hills, toward the Republican River, one of the Ogalallas informed us that the largest and jolliest of the three had had his leg broken by a rifle bullet, at Turgeon's, that morning.

After leaving his ranche, Jack went to Omaha and for a time lived there in grand style. Here, at first, he rapidly increased in

wealth by taking contracts and playing poker with visiting Congressmen. He is reported, in one night to have won sixty thousand dollars from a committee, the members of which were out to examine into Pacific railroad matters. At another time, rumor had it that he made fully as much by a swindling contract—to furnish ties and timber to the railroad. These events were immensely exaggerated, no doubt, and probably by no one more greatly than by



THE INDIAN OF THE NOVELIST.

himself, for if a rogue, Jack at least had the merit of being a bold one.

Jack's bravery was of the doubtful stamp and amongst fighting men he was regarded more as a bluffer than a truly brave man; but in his fight with Murphy, an Irish desperado, he stood up like a man, and killed his opponent. Jack died a few years since, in Omaha, his constitution enfeebled by prolonged debauches. In generosity

he was unbounded, and his liberality and lavish expenditure had, at the time of his death, greatly wasted his once large fortune.

In person he was rather slight, with light hair and brown eyes, and of medium height. He was noted as a hard rider and driver, and once drove two Indian horses one hundred and twenty miles in a day. Mounted upon his swift racer, of true Kentucky blue-grass blood, he was a model cavalier and under the influence of a generous impulse, would go far to aid a friend.



THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

Jackson, the senior partner of Jackson, Sublette and Smith, after a life of unusual excitement, passed quietly away in his bed, surrounded by friends.

Ashley died in St. Louis.

Henry, who had become a member of Congress, also, after innumerable adventures and narrow escapes, died in St. Louis. He was a man of unusual daring and determination, and at one time, when surrounded by Blackfeet, calmly walked toward them, and opened

the way without firing a shot, the savages retreating before the terrible glance of the desperate trader.

Joseph Bissonette died on the plains, and not very long since.

Godey—who, with Kit Carson, pursued a band of twenty Indians for two hundred miles, and overtaking, routed them and recovered the stock they had stolen—after a thousand desperate exploits, died in California.



JACK MORROW.

Fitzpatrick—who was with Ashley and Henry, and afterwards with Jackson, Sublette and Smith—was a man of education. Brave as a lion, and of cool judgment, he was one of the fourteen men selected to go ahead of the main body, and make their way first to the Yellowstone, and then to the Columbia. He was with and of the first white men who ever saw the Great Salt Lake.

He it was, who was wounded in the thigh by the accidental discharge of a rifle, when the trappers were forced to swim the Columbia,

thick with running ice. He was an active, medium-sized Irishman, and after 1829, was engaged with Jackson, Smith and Sublette for a long time. Like so many of his comrades, he gave way to the blandishments of an Indian Delilah, and became a prairie man. When in the government employ, he was very imperious and arbitrary.

Mr. James Little, of St. Louis, one of the kindest hearted of men, told me of an instance of Fitzpatrick's pride, which occurred at Fort Laramie, or as it was formerly called Fort John—having been



PATTI'S PARTY DIGGING FOR WATER.

a post of the American Fur Company, before passing into the hands of the government. Mr. Little, then a very young man, had made a pleasure trip across the plains to Laramie, and was resting there for a short time, preparatory to a return to St. Louis. Hearing that Fitzpatrick—with whom he was well acquainted—was encamped above Laramie a short distance, he sent a messenger to invite him to take dinner with him, and used every exertion to make the dinner a success.

Before the arrival of Fitzpatrick, Mr. Little met a young fellow whom he had known in St. Louis, and who, though well raised and educated, had, through some reverse, been obliged to take service with Fitzpatrick, as an ordinary hand. While they were waiting for the announcement of dinner, Fitzpatrick arrived and looked at the young man with a very angry air.

"Cruse," he thundered out, "what are you doing here?" To this Cruse explained that he had secured permission to pay a visit to Mr. Little. "Cruse," again said Fitzpatrick, in a tragic voice, that the young fellow did not feel like gainsaying, "Cruse, camp is the place for you, sir, camp is the place for you!" Cruse turned, crestfallen, toward the camp, and Mr. Little began to lecture the irate Irishman mildly upon his conduct.

He told him that while it was in his power to obtain a good dinner every day, if he desired, that to poor Cruse it would be a treat and he also informed him that Cruse, though obliged to labor, had been raised as a gentleman. "I can't help it, Little, I can't help it," said the Irishman, and so excited had he become by his own violent temper, that he was unable to eat a mouthful.

Fitzpatrick took the smallpox on the plains and on his arrival at Independence, was for a long time dangerously ill. He endeavored to keep his sickness a secret from his Indian wife, but she heard of it, and started to Independence. Receiving word that she was on the way to visit him, Fitzpatrick, who was rather ashamed of his tawny spouse, started for St. Louis while it was still imprudent for him to leave his room. At St. Louis he heard that his wife was again upon his trail, and he left for Washington City, where his business as Indian agent called him.

Here his imprudence proved fatal, for, taking a relapse, he died at that place, and thus added another to the long list of trappers and hunters that, escaping death from savage ambush and all the dangers common to the border, died in their beds like quiet citizens, or peaceful farmers.

The seven men who went to Santa Fe for ammunition, and were never afterward heard of, and the large number killed and drowned at the Arickara village, in their first fight, were the most comprehensive disasters that ever befell these hardy pioneers. Though exposed to great hardships and privations, none of them were ever sick a single day.

Leroux perished during a snow storm on the plains. He was a very old man at the date of his death.

Manuel Lisa had his first wife, a beautiful woman, poisoned by a jealous squaw.

Fontenelle died in the same manner.

One of the Jacksons died in his bed, at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri.

Old Jo Jewett, who had become more Indian than white man, died amongst the Ogalallas, one of whose women was his wife.

Ohio Patti, who crossed into California with a party, when he was a mere boy, was imprisoned there by the Spanish. All of the party had suffered horribly on their journey from hunger and thirst, and reaching San Diego, mere skeletons, were thrown into prison by the Spaniards, and here seven of them died. Leaving the camp of William Waldo, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in the terrible winter of 1849-50, Ohio Patti, who had already endured so much, was never heard of again. Whether he perished at the hands of the Indians, or by the merciless snows, will ever remain a mystery.

William Waldo, a venerable old gentleman, well up into the seventies, but with a finely preserved mind and body, delivered an address before the "Historical Society of St. Louis" in 1880, but has since died at his home in Texas.

To-day, all of these heroic men, save Thomas Eddie, have passed away; he forms the only link that binds this generation with that which, on the plains and in the mountains, opened the way to commerce and civilization.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MORMONS.

THEIR BEASTLY SENSUALITY——UNDENIABLE INDUSTRY——THEIR RELIGION——BARE-FACED FRAUDS——IGNORANT CONVERTS——JOE SMITH——A THIEVING WELL-DIGGER——"THE MANUSCRIPT FOUND"——SPAULDING'S NOVEL——STOLEN BY SMITH——USES IT AS HIS BIBLE——EXAMPLES——THIEVES AND THUGS——HORRIBLE RITES——LUST AND MURDER——HOW THE CHURCH WAS FORMED——REVELATIONS——JOHN THE BAPTIST——SMITH'S BANK——THE PERMANENT ZION——WAX RICH AND NUMEROUS——ENRAGED MISSOURIANS——DRIVE OUT THE MORMONS——NAUVOO, ILLINOIS——THEIR POWER——CRIMES——THE ILLINOISANS RISE AGAINST THEM——DEATH OF JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH——FLIGHT TO NEBRASKA——BRIGHAM YOUNG——THE NEW LEADER——A NEW ZION——THE DANITES——FIRST ORGANIZED——MORMON SYSTEM OF MURDER——THEIR TOOLS——FILLMORE'S FOLLY——JOHN D. LEE'S ACCOMPLICES IN MURDER——A TERRIBLE DEED.

With characteristic American impulsiveness we are certain to go to extremes in everything we undertake, and in judging this abnormal civilization in our midst, we have all blame and no praise to bestow. We see their beastial sensuality, their unrepublican clannishness, and their readiness to commit any crime, even murder, to uphold their religion, but we never allow them credit for their patient industry, that has founded an empire in the wilderness, nor their indomitable perseverance, that has enabled them to maintain, against all the power of the United States, their depraved and disgusting custom of polygamy. Their economy, too, is something remarkable, and that, their patience and their toil has made the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Their religion is founded on the most bare-faced frauds, and was the conception of an ignorant, but cunning imposter, who seems to have turned from the digging of wells and more questionable practices, to the making of creeds, rather from a desire to gain an easy living, than an ambition to found a sect. This shrewed Yankee, who had migrated from his native State of Vermont to New York, seems to have stolen the manuscript of a novel, written in a style similar to that of the scriptures, and entitled, "The Manuscript Found."

This has been proved, by unimpeachable evidence, to have been the work of one Josiah Spaulding, a lawyer, (some accounts say a minister) of considerable erudition. Being unable to get it published, he laid it away in an old trunk, from which it was filched by Joseph Smith, who afterward pretended to have been directed in a vision to dig in a fabulous hill, (Cumorah) where he would find the true bible, written on plates of gold. The plates of gold were



THE HILL OF CUMORAH—MORMON HILL.

entirely imaginary; the hill, Cumorah, was Spaulding's trunk, and the new bible the lawyer's novel.

The hill which the Mormons call Cumorah, is called by the neighbors Mormon Hill, and the cut is a perfect representation of it, showing even the hole dug by the knavish prophet and in which he pretended to find the plates.

Upon this slender foundation has been built up one of the most stupendous and lasting humbugs that the world ever saw. The Old Man of The Mountain had not more fanatical followers; the Veiled Prophet of Kohrassan had not a more sensual and infamous creed. The alleged prophet, Smith, saw that if, in the guise of religion, man's basest passions could be pandered to, he would become an easy convert, and hence he formulated a creed, in which license waited on lust and assassination was not denied to revenge.

Searching the scriptures for his evil purpose, he selected the most hideous examples in the Old Testament, and entirely ignored the gentle precepts and pure morality of "the lowly Nazarene." Abraham, David and Solomon were stock characters in his facile theology, but the noble, learned, spotless Paul and He who died on Calvary, do not figure therein. His doctrines made polygamy a necessity, and did not admit of celibacy or the clinging to one wife. His polity civil and religious was a step backward for over twenty centuries.

The government was one of priestcraft; the police the most infamous ever devised since the reign of Thugism in India, or the banding of the assassins under the "Old Man of the Mountain." The Danites perpetrated massacres, from which the whole world shrank aghast and in their temple, in the short lulls between infamous blasphemy and riotous lechery, the head of the church publicly thanked the head of the assassins for the cold-blooded murder of women and children.

The dark vaults of the Endowment House have witnessed scenes of sacrificial torture and murder, that outdo in savagery the stake fires of the Apache or the Sioux, and its open halls have looked on sights of bestial lust, that would bring a blush to the cheeks of the most besotted harlot—and all this in the sacred name of religion.

After Smith had collected around him a few followers from the more ignorant, idle and vicious persons of his neighborhood, he began eagerly to proselyte, and approaching only persons whose passions or policy made them ready believers, he soon saw himself at the head of a sufficient number to begin the organization of his church. This he did by calling down John the Baptist, who, according to them, readily ordained Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Smith as priests of the Alaronic order.

This event occurred on the 6th (it should have been the 1st) of April, 1830, near Manchester, Ontario County, New York, and in addition to these two the church consisted, at that time, of four others; three of them belonging to the Smith family. Oliver Cowdery, a wandering school teacher, seems, next to Joseph Smith, to have been for a long time the leading spirit amongst the disciples of this religion based on virility. He preached its first sermon, though Joseph, during his life, always monopolized the revelation part of the business.

Promising to his male converts a gratification of their sensuality and terrifying the females with revelations of the coming destruction of the world, this fit son of a knavish father and a mother equally tricky, soon had around him a small congregation of brutish men and idiotic women, and then his revelations increased at a wonderful rate. One of these miracles warned the people that they must go West, an advice afterward offered by Horace Greeley to all young men, and early in 1831 all of the saints had made their way to Kirtland, Ohio.

At Kirtland, Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon had opened a bank, and in order to prepare the way for its full-handed failure, Joseph here had an unusually heavy revelation. It was that Jackson County, Missouri, was "the Zion, which never should be moved," and which "had been solemnly dedicated to the Lord and his saints," and accordingly the Mormons began a march to that section. It was about this time that Brigham Young, another delectable product of the State of Vermont, joined the church, together with his four brothers and six sisters.

The Mormon fold grew rapidly, owing to vigorous missionary work amongst the ignorant, and they began to wax insolent as their numbers increased, until at last the Missourians, never too patient, determined to drive these thievish knaves from their midst. Assembling at Independence, they broke up the Mormon newspaper, tarred and feathered some of the disciples, banished others, and after a conflict, in which both sides had some dead and wounded on their hands, the saints fled from their "everlasting Zion, which would never be moved," and sought refuge in Illinois—after a short stay in Clay, Davis, Carroll, and Caldwell Counties, Missouri.

Here they settled in Hancock County, founded Nauvoo, obtained an ascendency in that section, and began openly the practice of

polygamy. To vile adultery, they added high-handed robbery, assassination, and all other crimes. The cholera had decimated their Missouri army of invasion; writs were out for most of their leaders, but still their converts poured in. Their experience in Missouri had taught them nothing, and at last their evil conduct led to the arrest and imprisonment of several of them, amongst them Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum.

The Mormons at this time maintained a military organization, and terrorized the entire section. Tired of their insolent airs, the Illinoisans at last raised a mob, broke into the jail at Carthage, and shot Hyrum Smith. Joseph determined, if possible, to escape, and jumping from an upper story of the jail, was so seriously hurt



JOE SMITH.

as to be unable to fly. The mob now sat him against a well curb and shot him to death, but strange to say, no atmospheric, or other disturbances, took place at the demise of "the prophet."

Amidst the dissensions which took place at the death of Smith, Brigham Young seized the reins of government by force of his superior will, courage and tact and by theft and murder, when necessary to remove obstacles. It was undoubtedly the best thing that could have happened to the sect, for under his management the church throve apace, and the city of Nauvoo, in the early part of 1845, covered six square miles, and had a population, by actual count, of fifteen thousand.

Owing to the low character of the entire body of these people, it was impossible for them to forego theft, murder, counterfeiting, and other crimes, and their extermination was actually contemplated by the outraged people of Illinois. Brigham Young, with the genius of a true ruler, saw that he could not maintain himself against the coming storm, whose mutterings were plainly to be heard, and he also knew that, cemented by suffering and what they considered persecution, if he could find some uninhabited section, he could band them together against the world—a sect apart from all others.

Accordingly, in the dead of winter, he evacuated Nauvoo, with its comfortable houses and its costly temple, and with his entire following, set his face toward the West. Despise them and their beastiality as we may, yet we cannot but admire their heroism and their endurance on this long and dreary winter's march. At last they reached the vicinity of Omaha and here they went into camp, to recruit until the coming spring. The able management of Young had convinced the Mormons that he was the leader for them, and at this point he was proclaimed the successor of the prophet, Joseph; many of the ignorant creatures swearing that they beheld the mantle of the prophet visibly descend upon him.

From Omaha Young started, April 14, 1847, with seventy wagons and one hundred and forty-three men, as an advance guard, to seek anew a permanent Zion. On the 24th of July, the same year, he entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and its advantages at once struck him. Its isolated position was just what he wanted: for here, he reasoned, the Mormons would be a nation to themselves, and here they might, for years, remain in undisturbed possession, until their accumulated numbers had made them a foe, that it might puzzle the entire force of the United States to dispossess.

Our French cousins say: "*L'homme propose, mais L'Dieu dispose*," and the discovery of gold in California, in a year or two after their settlement, was destined to open a way through their new kingdom, that would give it as great publicity, as any of the American States possessed. Their very trail to their hiding-place in the wilderness, became the pathway of the overland gold-seeker, and invaded by countless swarms of these adventurers, their wilderness-surrounded city became noted as an oasis in the desert. Young's

judgment, however, was not at fault, for had not gold been discovered in California, and had not, suddenly, all ways lead to that golden center, year after year must have sped away and his people grown to wealth and power, before he would have been disturbed in his lakeside Zion, by the sacriligious feet of outside barbarians.

In 1849, the Mormons formed of their section the State of Deseret, and burdened with all of their peculiar institutions, knocked for admission at the door of the American Union. This they did not obtain, and their State was made into the Territory of Utah, in 1850, and Young appointed by Filmore as governor. That this was an unwise move is doubted by no one, as it enabled this unscrupulous scoundrel to so arrange the internal affairs of the territory, that the laws of the United States have been a dead letter therein ever since.

It is here that the Danites of the Mormon church have operated chiefly; though, contrary to the general opinion, they were first organized at Nauvoo. These fanatical assassins were often used by Joseph Smith, and many a gentile and even troublesome Mormon was buried in the suburbs of Nauvoo, or quietly sunk in the turbid waters of the Mississippi. Under the government of Brigham Young, they became a favorite instrument and fairly rioted in murder and other crimes.

Did the disgusted Mormon attempt to fly from his infernal delusion, the Danites speedily "blood-atoned" him.

Did an obnoxious gentile obstruct some plan of this sensual brute, under the guidance of these "avenging angels" he would soon "go over the rim of the basin," and months afterward, in some lonely gulch or some mountain stream, his mouldering remains would be found, and the murder laid to the charge of accident or Indians.

When it was not deemed politic for the Danites to dispose of a man in Utah, another agent was brought into play; the knavish Mormon Indian trader, who robbed alike friend and foe; savage ally and hated gentile. For a few trinkets from his convenient pack, a brace of savages would dog the victim, and at some convenient time put him out of the way with bows and arrows, so that the handiwork might proclaim the Indian, and the Danite escape suspicion.

Perhaps the most horrible of all their crimes was that which has passed into history as the "Mountain Meadow Massacre." It is

one that, for cold-blooded barbarity and infernal cruelty, dwarfs the massacres of our border Indians into insignificance. To the shame of the country, be it said, that but one of the vile wretches that instigated and committed this outrage, has ever been brought to



A MORMON INDIAN TRADER.

punishment. This wholesale murder will be described as briefly as possible.

One hundred and thirty-two Arkansas immigrants, on their way to California, were passing through Utah at a time when Young, Wells, Hyde, Stout, Dame, Haight, Lee, and other prominent

Mormons, had determined to spare none of the gentiles who should enter the territory. After reaching the Mormon settlements, the immigrants were met with a determined hostility and while having done nothing to awaken enmity, they were surprised to find that they could neither buy food for themselves nor for their stock.

The latter were becoming weak, when the party came to the Mountain Meadows, and they determined to rest here a few days to recruit them, as there was good water and luxuriant grass. This camp they were destined never to leave again. Under instructions from Brigham Young, George A. Smith, Isaac C. Haight, William H. Dame and other leaders, the fanatical Lee, Higby and Klingensmith, (having recruited all of the Indians, over whom the Mormons had any authority,) with fifty-eight Mormons, surrounded these immigrants and at daylight on the morning of Tuesday, September 13th, 1857, attacked them fiercely, killing seven and wounding sixteen.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

A DOOMED BAND——IN SEARCH OF SUCCOR——MORMONS UNMASKED——A DESPERATE DEFENSE——REPEATED CHARGES——SWARMING SAVAGES——TWO HEROES——TRIBUTE FROM THE INFAMOUS LEE——AMMUNITION RUNS LOW——THE FLAG OF TRUCE——THE PARLEY——PROMISES——THE MORMON COUNCIL——A MORMON BISHOP——PLAN OF THE MASSACRE——THE SIGNAL——"DO YOUR DUTY"——ATTACK ON UNARMED MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN——SICK AND WOUNDED BUTCHERED——INCIDENTS OF THIS HORROR——NAMES OF THE PARTICIPANTS——ESCAPE OF THREE MEN——PURSUED AND KILLED——THE CAPTIVE GIRLS——THEIR BUTCHERY——SEARCHING THE DEAD——MUTUAL RECRIMINATIONS——ACCURSED GROUND——TARDY JUSTICE——A SINGLE PARTICIPANT PUNISHED——A MURDERER IN CONGRESS——CHARACTER OF LEE——YOUNG'S INFAMY——A SELFISH BEAST——HIS COURSE——HIS GLUTTONY——A FATAL FEAST——DEATH OF A DOG.

Although taken by surprise, the immigrants fought bravely and repulsed their assailants, who were more than four hundred in number. In the fight they killed and wounded some of the Indians, but unluckily, not a single Mormon was touched. The latter, it is most likely, went into this first fight painted like the Indians. One of the chief reasons for this belief is, that that night two of the immigrants made their way out of the camp through the Indian lines, and hastened to Cedar City for succor, supposing that the Mormons would not suffer them to be massacred. On the way they met, at a roadside spring, William C. Stewart, Benjamin Arthur and Joel White, and stated their business to them. Stewart immediately shot one of them, a young man named Aden, and Joel White wounded the other, who escaped again to the beleaguered camp on the meadows.

The immigrants now learned, for the first time, that the Mormons were not only the instigators, but were also actors in the attack, and they prepared for a desperate defense. The wagons were in corral shape—that is, almost a complete circle with a narrow opening toward the front—and they now closed up the gaps by locking the wheels together with chains, and then dug a large rifle-pit, in which the women and children were placed. Dash after dash was made by

the godless Mormons and their savage allies, but each time the handfull of brave men swept them back with loss.

One small band of Indians deserted, but their place was more than supplied by Mormons and Indians from outlying camps and



MORMON MILITIA GOING TO THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

settlements, who, on the wings of the wind, sped on to the doomed train. Indian runners and Mormon messengers were hurrying from place to place to bring up reinforcements, and the condition of the immigrants hourly grew more critical. They had camped two hundred feet from the spring and to obtain water, a dash of that

distance and back had to be made. Two men were sent out to cut wood, so that cooking could be done. These heroes never flinched, but composedly performed their duty under a perfect storm of bullets. Their courage extorted a tribute even from the infamous John D. Lee, who had performed as many of Brigham Young's villainous errands and requirements as any other of that sect of thieves and murderers.

The days wore on wearily; the firing from the Mormons and Indians being constant day and night. That from the corral had slackened—the besieged were almost out of ammunition. It was now Friday—for four days and nights the Arkansans had been cooped in the fatal corral, and still the furious fire of the hellish besiegers was kept up. Two little boys; some say, and for a long time it was not denied, two little girls clad all in white, came out with a flag of truce to John D. Lee—who, in advance of his savages, was endeavoring to spy out a weak place in the fortified corral—and made overtures of peace. They were harshly repelled, but that afternoon, not having been able to take the place by assault, Lee and another wretch—either Klingensmith or Bateman—advanced with a flag of truce, and were met by a man from the corral, probably Captain Fancher, its commander.

It may seem strange that the immigrants were willing to treat with men, in whom they could not have had the slightest confidence, and who, by this time, they must have known as infinitely worse than their Indian allies. The matter is easily explained—there were not twenty loads of ammunition left amongst the besieged and they took the desperate chance of surrender to a foe who never knew pity nor regarded honor.

It had been agreed, in a council held by the Mormon officers, that they would never be able to take these men by assault, and that strategy must be used "to *decoy* them from their fortifications, when all who were of age sufficient to talk of the matter, were to be *exterminated*." This strategy was now being put in force.

Lee says that Bateman carried the flag of truce, and when he was met by the man from the wagons he, himself, went up and arranged the details as agreed upon by John M. Higbey, Major of Mormon militia; Isaac C. Haight, Colonel; and Philip Klingensmith, Bishop of Cedar City. These arrangements were according to the general plans of Brigham Young, George A. Smith, Daniel H. Wells, Hyde

and other dignitaries of this church, that permits incest and inculcates adultery and assassination.

The children of tender years were to be put into one wagon, the wounded into another. All arms were to be given up and the women and men, in two separate bodies, were to be marched to Cedar City and there held in safety until they could go through to California with some other train. When Lee entered the corral, the immigrants were burying two of their men, who had died of wounds received in Tuesday morning's fight. These made three, of the seventeen wounded, who had died and with the seven killed outright, made ten men lost in the assaults by their foes.

The two wagons being loaded, they were driven North toward Jacob Hamblin's ranche, at the upper end of the meadows and in a short time had crossed a hill, which hid the corral from their view. The women followed the wagon rather closely, the men being halted at the corral, so as to string out the whole line as much as possible. Everything was now ready for this deed, whose conception was that of incarnate fiends, and whose execution could only have been performed by the dastards who carried it into effect.

At the fatal words, "Do your duty;" shouted out by John M. Higbe, Indians and Mormons began firing upon their defenseless foes. It was a scene of horror never equalled upon this continent; it is doubtful, if in all the annals of the human race, there is a parallel to this Mormon infamy. At the first fire all of the men, except two or three fell, and these were pursued by mounted men and cut down. Tender children—one six months old—gentle girls, wives, maidens and mothers, were ruthlessly butchered.

One girl fell on her knees, the blood pouring from a wound in her shoulder, and begged for life, saying that she would forever serve the man, at whose feet she knelt, if he would save her life. With a horrible oath, he snatched a tomahawk from the hands of a more merciful savage, and sank it into her skull.

The wounded in the wagons were butchered by John D. Lee, Samuel McMurdy, and Samuel Knight, who, having completed this part of the infernal work, then proceeded to aid their comrades in killing the men and women who were on foot. Strange as it may appear, three of the immigrants escaped, but after traveling for many days and enduring every privation, they were overtaken by Danites and Indians, and killed.

Two girls, about fifteen years old, had, in the confusion, dashed into some brush, and for a time escaped. A Cedar City chief followed their trail, captured them, and brought them back to the terrible scene. Here he wished to save their lives, but Lee ordered him to shoot one of them, while he himself dashed the other one to



THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE BY MORMONS AND INDIANS.

the ground and cut her throat, the blood pouring in a torrent over him and dyeing his clothes with the horrid hue of murder.

The bodies were now searched by Major Higbe, Bishop Klingensmith and William C. Stewart, and were then left on the ground, where they were stripped by the Indians and horribly mutilated.

The next day they were thrown into a slight depression in the ground, and so lightly covered with earth, that the next heavy rain exposed the mass of decomposed corpses. The murderers slept on the ground near the victims of their hellish work, and the next morning departed, driving off the stock and wagons of the immigrants; a spoil for which they had paid the fearful price of broken truth, bankrupt honor, and horrid, wholesale murder. The children were eventually collected by the Government and returned to their friends.

Beginning the morning after the massacre, charges and countercharges were made, and to the present day the quarrels—as to their part and responsibility in this day's work—engendered by the mutual recriminations of the Mormons, have done more to disrupt them than everything else combined. Many of those who engaged in it are dead, and those still living carry about with them their own curse. Even Lee, hardened, fanatic and brutal assassin as he was, said, with a felon's death staring him in the face, that he was as well satisfied at the prospect of his fate, as he had been for twenty years. For their faithful execution of this task, these men were loaded with favors; offices and concubines were showered upon them by the church, but still they carry, and will to their graves, the gnawing unrest of remorse.

The Meadow is accursed ground—its luxuriant verdure has passed away, and its gushing springs are now but a mere thread of silver, creeping sluggishly along like some guilty thing, shunning the gaze of men. Over its wide space broods the sadness of despair and desolation. Here is no blossom of flower, no blade of grass, no song of birds, but enthroned in her unutterable loneliness, Horror claims sole dominion and Murder seems fit genius of the scene. This arena of perjury and assassination has felt the curse of God, and for each of the actors in that horrible butchery, we involuntarily exclaim:

"Oh, for a tongue to curse the knave
Where treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might:—
May life's unhallowed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim;
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish as he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
And turn to ashes on the lips.

Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,
May he at last with lips of flame,
On the parched desert thirsting die,
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted;——
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just prophet let the damned one dwell
Full in the sight of paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!"

Of all the participants in this crime, the government of the United States has brought but one—John D. Lee—to punishment. This was in 1877, twenty years after its perpetration. One of his accessories after the fact, if not an adviser of it, George Q. Cannon, sits in the halls of Congress, and blackened with every crime known to the decalogue, raises his voice in the councils of the nation, when he should be incarcerated within some penitentiary cell, or swinging from a gibbet.

Brigham Young waxing greater in crime, as he grew in years, was at last stricken with death, just five months, to a day, after his faithful tool, Lee, was executed. His seventy-six years of life show nothing worthy of admiration, save his genius as a ruler, and his determined will. The first obtained for him the control over a low, ignorant and lawless people; the latter made him fearless in the exercise of any means, however desperate, that served to perpetuate his power, or augment his wealth and influence.

As an individual, he was coarse and beastly; a sensualist, a hypocrite, and a tyrant. His rule was founded in theft and trickery, and perpetuated by fraud and violence. In the course of an unusually long life, he was never known to do a generous or unselfish action, and it is safe to say that he did not possess a single disinterested friend; being incapable of knowing, or inspiring such a feeling as true friendship.

If we search history for his prototypes, we find him a mixture of Mokanna, the veiled prophet of Kohrassan, and that terrible chief of the assassins, the Old Man of the Mountain. No danger could bend him from his purpose; no crime appalled him, and no treachery dismayed. Without a single virtue, he died as he had lived the

victim of his appetites; his fatal illness being brought on by eating an enormous mess of green corn and half-ripe peaches. So perished



BRIGHAM YOUNG, THE APOSTLE OF LUST AND MURDER.

this prophet of treachery and assassination; this. apostle of fraud and lust.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUFFALO BILL.

HIS BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD——HIS CHARACTER——CLASSED WITH WILD BILL——CHARACTER OF THE LATTER——A COWARD AND A MURDERER ——HIS QUARREL WITH BILL THOMPSON——BIOGRAPHICAL LIES——A PLUCKED GAMBLER——ADVENTURE AT JUNCTION CITY——WHIPPED BY A CARPENTER——HIS DEATH——CODY LEAVES IOWA——HIS LIFE IN MISSOURI——MOVES TO KANSAS——WITH RUSSELL, THE FREIGHTER——ACTS AS HERDER——ON THE PLAINS——KILLS AN INDIAN——GOES TO UTAH ——TRAIN CAPTURED BY INDIANS——WINTERS AT FORT BRIDGER—— SUFFERINGS——RETURNS TO THE STATES——SURROUNDED BY SAVAGES ——THE THREE HEROES——RESCUED——TRIES TRAPPING——A BROKEN LEG——IMMINENT DANGERS——SAVED——RIDES PONY EXPRESS——THE CIVIL WAR——CHANDLER'S HORSE THIEVES——THE RED LEGS——DEATH OF HIS MOTHER——TAKES TO DRINK——VOLUNTEERS——SERVICES—— MARRIES——KEEPS HOTEL——BECOMES A SCOUT.

William Frederick Cody was born in the spring of 1845, in Scott County, Iowa, and although he can, in nothing, be classed with the pioneer element, yet his life has been so full of incident, that it has been deemed deserving of a place in our sketches of the plains worthies. His career has been marked with a bravery, modesty and general worth greatly at variance with that of most of his class, and with perhaps a single exception, we find in it nothing worthy of reprobation. There has been an unfortunate association of his name and exploits with those of J. B. Hickok, or Wild Bill, as his admirers delighted to call him.

This fellow was a red-handed murderer without a single redeeming trait, not even possessing the fearless bravery that usually characterizes the Western desperado. It is extremely doubtful if, in his whole career, Wild Bill ever killed an enemy who had an even chance. His killings, despite all that his admiring biographers may say, were brutal murders, in which he relentlessly "took the drop," as men of his class express it, and slaughtered his foe, as the butcher does the unsuspecting ox, and with as little mercy or remorse.

This was his mode of operation with Pierce, the unarmed cattle-man, at Ellsworth, and if it could be traced up, this would be found to

have been his plan of killing in each and every instance. One, if not all of this creature's biographers, represents him, in his quarrel with Bill Thompson, at Ellsworth, some eight or nine years ago, as killing Thompson by a marvelously quick shot, when the truth is, that when he found himself face to face with a fighting man, he cringed and cowered like a whipped spaniel, and unresentingly stood all of Thompson's abuse. Meeting Thompson in the Gunnison country



WILD BILL—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

three years ago, I could not help smiling at the healthfulness of this one of the corpses made by Wild Bill.

Essaying the role of a gambler, only to be plucked by any sharper of ordinary skill, he was a frequenter of every place of evil repute, and was as great a bully as he was a coward. Mr. Sargent, the druggist at Junction City, Kansas, once recounted to me one of Wild Bill's exploits at that place. A carpenter who was in the government employ at Fort Riley, a few miles from Junction City,

came over to the latter place, and was immediately set upon by Bill for a fight. Being a quiet, peaceable man, he declined the combat, and in every honorable way endeavored to evade the bully.

Bill finally cornered him and told him he had to fight, or take a "thrashing," and the carpenter, seeing that there was no escape, prepared to do his best. He told Bill that he was entirely unarmed, and the latter, who was over six feet high and large in proportion



BUFFALO BILL—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

—while the carpenter was only of medium size—agreed to fight him a fair, fist fight.

Throwing off their coats, the combat began, and the carpenter, once in for it, made a desperate battle; Bill being so completely used up by his smaller, but more plucky antagonist, that his own mother would scarcely have recognized him. Finding that he had "caught a tartar," Bill wished to make friends with him, but the

carpenter refused his offered hand, telling him that he wanted nothing to do with a cowardly murderer, and walked off quietly about his business, while Bill slunk out of the town.

When, finally, this desperado's career of crime and blood came to a close, and he perished by precisely the same means, and in just the same manner, as he had meted out to so many, a perfect howl of condemnation was raised against his slayer, though he was a better man in everything, not omitting the matter of nerve, than his victim.

A more righteous judgment never overtook a cold-blooded murderer, and by a not unnatural fatality, he died by his enemy taking what he himself invariably sought, "the drop." Never was poetic justice more fully carried out, or the maxim of the Good Book more completely justified: "Whosoever taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword, and whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

With such cattle as this Buffalo Bill has been too often confounded for his own good.

When but a boy, Cody started with his father from Iowa to Kansas, but they stopped at Weston, Missouri, where the elder Cody opened a trading post, and it was doubtless at this point that Buffalo Bill first imbibed his love of adventure, that has ever since clung to him. Here the heroic trappers and hunters often came, on their way down from the mountains and the plains, and from these hardy descendants of the pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee, the younger Cody caught the fever of excitement, that hung around their lives and exploits.

Young Cody's first employment was that of herding cattle for Russell, of the great overland freighting firm of Majors, Russell and Waddell, at one time known over the whole length and breadth of the plains. Cody was hired by Russell to herd his cattle, then grazing in the vicinity of Fort Leavenworth. Continuing at this employment for one or two seasons, he next went with John Willis, one of Russell's wagon masters, whose train was carrying supplies to Fort Kearney, on the Platte. This was his first trip upon the plains, and returning to Fort Leavenworth, he spent another season herding near that place.

Cody first crossed the plains in 1857, which shows how late was his advent into the ranks of the frontiersmen. On this occasion he

was acting as one of the herders who were driving the cattle, which were to provision the little army of Albert Sidney Johnston, then on his way to Utah, to put down the insolent Mormons, who were openly defying the laws and powers of the United States. When the herd was but a short distance above Fort Kearney, it was stampeded by the Indians, who also attacked the herders and sent them flying to the banks of the Platte as a refuge.

Down the river to the fort, they made their way by wading along under its steep bluff banks, and an Indian, incautiously peering over, was shot by Cody, and killed. Having for a long time been familiar with the Platte River, we are unable to call to mind any such banks (as are attributed to it in this account), in the vicinity of Fort Kearney, still the narrative may be strictly true, and as it appears in all of Buffalo Bill's biographies, it is given here.

In the summer of the succeeding year, young Cody went as a teamster to Utah, and here he encountered very serious troubles. The train was attacked by a large number of Indians, some distance above Fort Bridger, and unable to defend it, it was abandoned by bosses and teamsters and was sacked by the Indians. During their wintering at Bridger, game was scarce and they often suffered from hunger, as well as cold. On the return of spring, they were glad to avail themselves of the first opportunity to return to "the States."

That summer a double train was fitted out to go to Utah and Cody, not yet tired of adventure, joined it. For some time they met with no incidents worthy of record, but the day before making their crossing of the Platte, on the "lower California trail," the trains became separated by an interval of about twelve miles, and Simpson, in charge of both trains, thinking it more prudent to travel together, now that they were in a dangerous part of the country, started with his assistant and Cody to ride on and overtake the foremost train. Galloping carelessly along, they were fired upon by a band of savages concealed in the sand-hills, and two of their mules wounded and one killed.

Flight was out of the question and they determined to try and hold the enemy in check until the arrival of their comrades. Rightly supposing that the savages would charge them, they shot down the two wounded mules, and of the three made a very fair breast-work. Hardly were their arrangements completed, when the Indians poured over the crest of the sand-hills, in a furious charge. The tactics of

the whites were those usually pursued on such occasions. They allowed the savages to approach near enough to make every shot fatal, and then poured rapid volleys into their ranks. Dismayed at the death-dealing shots of the white men, the Indians staggered and turned in flight.

From the secure shelter of the sand-hills, however, they continued the combat until the next morning, making an occasional charge, which proved as futile as their first. About nine o'clock the rear train appeared in view, and relinquishing their seige, the Indians fled, after making one last, fierce charge upon the feeble garrison. The trains proceeded on their way and succeeded in reaching their destination without further difficulty or detention.

In 1859, Cody, now fourteen years old, essayed trapping for a while, and also rode on the pony express route. If his biographers are to be believed, he met with a most miraculous escape from death in the winter of this year. He and a companion were out on a hunting and trapping expedition, when Cody slipped on the icy ground and fell, breaking his leg. In a rude dug-out—one hundred and twenty-five or thirty miles from civilization—he was left, with plenty of meat, while his companion returned to the settlements for a team to take him to his home.

On the fifteenth day after the departure of his comrade, the Sioux Indians captured the dug-out, but spared Cody on account of his youth, and after eating up everything they could find, took their departure. On the twenty-first day after starting for the team, his comrade returned and found Cody almost dead with hunger, cold and the pain of his broken leg. Taken back to his home and carefully nursed by his mother, he was not long in recovering from his accident, owing to his youth and the strength of his constitution.

Having had enough of trapping, Cody now began again as a rider on the Pony Express, but an Indian war breaking out, he volunteered as an Indian fighter. On one occasion, during this war, while out on a hunt, he came upon a nest of prairie bandits, and narrowly escaped from their clutches by killing two of them and making a swift flight.

The most disreputable part of Cody's career now approaches. In 1861 the civil war between the North and South broke out, and Cody took the false step of joining Chandler's Kansas horse thieves, in one of their marauding visits to Missouri. In Jackson County,

while engaged in their nefarious schemes of plunder, they were encountered by a small party of Missourians, said to have been under the command of one of the Youngers, and were driven pell-mell out of the State, with considerable loss.

Cody's mother was a Christian woman and she persuaded her son to forsake the desreputable life, into which he had been led by older and more experienced men. Relinquishing his membership in this band, Cody volunteered, in 1862, to go with Colonel Clark against the Indians, then raiding the Kansas border and this service over, we find him next enrolled amongst the Kansas Red-legs, who were waging an unsuccessful war against the Missouri guerrillas. Fighting, when they fought at all, against the most desperate men the world ever saw—the combats of the Red-legs were chiefly distinguished by a series of flights, in which every man looked out for himself. Cody's record, during this part of the civil war, adds nothing to his fame and a part of it tarnishes an otherwise honorable career.

In 1863 his mother died, and he sought solace, for his irreparable loss in inebriation; for a time becoming an habitual drunkard. While on one of his sprees, he enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Regiment, going with his command to Tennessee. After a short service in that State, the regiment was ordered back to Missiouri, where Cody was detailed as a scout, and in conjunction with Wild Bill, it is usual to attribute to him quite a number of miraculous adventures, which really had no foundation, except in the imagination of his biographers. Cody did his duty like a man and acquitted himself creditably, meeting with neither more nor less than the usual difficulties attending the life of a scout.

In 1864–5 Cody was stationed in St. Louis, and it was here that he met and married his wife. After marrige, he began life as a hotel-keeper at Salt River Valley, but tiring of the monotony incident to such a vocation, he relinquished it after a six month's trial and began scouting on the plains, being attached to Fort Hays as a permanent part of its garrison. It was while occupying this position that Cody first met the gallant, but ill-fated, Custer, and the latter seems to have taken quite a fancy to him. At this time the Indians were making constant raids along the Kansas Pacific railway, murdering alike the settlers, and the laborers employed in the construction of the railroad.

CHAPTER XXV.

ADVENTURES OF BUFFALO BILL.

WITH THE TENTH CAVALRY——ON A SCOUT——COLORED TROOPS——CHARGE OF THE INDIANS——ARTILLERY CAPTURED——RETAKEN——CODY'S COOLNESS——THE CITY OF ROME——A REAL ESTATE SPECULATION——TOO GREEDY——THE RIVAL TOWN——ILLIUM FUIT——WITH CAPTAIN GRAHAM——A SURPRISE SPOILED——KILLS FOUR THOUSAND BUFFALOS——BUFFALO HUNTING——TRAVELERS' TALES——TREED ON THE PLAINS——FUKES——CHASED BY INDIANS——A CLOSE CALL——PUT TO FLIGHT——A DESPERATE ADVENTURE——THREE INDIANS KILLED——THE BUFFALO KILLING MATCH——CODY TRIUMPHANT——THE TABLES TURNED——CAPTURED BY SANTANTA——AN OLD MISCREANT——OUTWITS THE SAVAGES——ESCAPES——SANTANTA IN PRISON——AN ANXIOUS QUESTION——SUICIDE——A POMPOUS COLONEL——GAME TRANSPORTING ITSELF——THE ANGRY OFFICER——VILLAGE SURPRISED——STUBBORN FIGHT——CODY KILLS TALL BULL——HIS RACE HORSE——GUIDE FOR GRAND DUKE ALEXIS——BUNTLINE'S DRAMA——A LUCKY HIT——GUIDE FOR CARR——KILLS YELLOW HAND——MIMIC COMBATS——THE REAL AND THE IDEAL——PRAIRIE FIRES——WELL-DESERVED SUCCESS.

The first actual service of Cody, in his new capacity, occurred after a raid of the Indians, in which several track-layers were butchered by the Sioux. A company of the Tenth Cavalry, colored, was dispatched against the marauding redskins and Cody went along as scout. In the combat which ensued, the savages made several bold charges, in one of which they captured the howitzer, which formed a part of the armament of the troops. Unable to make use of their capture, the Indians suffered it to be retaken and after a severe loss the negroes retreated to Fort Hays, Cody's coolness and courage alone preventing their extermination.

Cody's next exploit was as founder of a city; he and a partner laying out a town site upon the Kansas Pacific road, which they called Rome. The site being really desirable, the locating agent of the railroad offered, if they would deed to the company a part of it, to assist them in making a town of it, but so certain were the two partners that their location must become the site of a large city, that they refused to make over a single lot to the corporation. Bidding them good morning, the agent went one mile West, located Hays City, established there a round-house and machine

shops, and in spite of its heroic name, Rome was soon as dead as Julius Cæsar.

After his failure as a speculator in town sites, Cody attached himself to Captain Graham's company as scout, and the Indians having stolen a large number of horses, the troops went in pursuit. Following rapidly on their trail, Cody saw an opportunity to surprise them and suggested his plan to Captain Graham, who immediately acted upon it. Owing to the nervousness of one of the negroes, who, by firing his gun, gave notice to the savages of their presence, the Indians made their escape, though the rapid charge of the troops caused them to abandon their supplies.

In providing meat for the frontier posts, Cody is said to have killed four thousand buffaloes. This is rather doubtful, though even if true, it adds nothing to his fame, as the hunting and killing of these animals is attended with no danger whatever. I am aware that everyone who writes of a buffalo hunt, gives an exciting account of his narrow escape from impalement upon the horns of some wounded bull, but this is mere bosh. In all of my life on the plains, during which my experience in buffalo hunting was as large as that of most men, I never knew or heard of a single accident occurring from a buffalo.

An incident related by an eastern correspondent, of a boy wounding a buffalo and being treed by it on the limb of a gigantic oak, argues a marvelous gullibility in his readers. We give an illustration of just such an incident, in which, as is plainly to be seen, the tree has been brought some hundreds of miles and dumped down on the bare plain just to answer the purpose to which the correspondent puts it.

The mode of hunting buffalo usually in vogue upon the plains, is to dash into the herd, on horseback, and with rifle, fuke, or revolvers, to shoot down the animals. The experienced hunter will always ride to the front of the drove, sure of finding there the sleekest and fattest of the herd, which is usually led by a four-year old cow. The calves and old bulls bring up the rear, not from any sentiment of gallantry upon the part of the latter, but simply because they are unable to keep up with the others. The fuke, alluded to above, is a double-barreled gun sawed off to a length of about fourteen inches, and of a size to chamber a "trade ball." Since the advent of the breech-loading and magazine rifle, they are not so much used

as formerly, when they were the most convenient of all guns for rapidly reloading, while going at full speed.

In 1867, Cody had been out on a scout and was returning to Fort Hays, when he was chased by a party of Indians for nearly twenty miles. When his horse was about exhausted, and Cody was determining to sell his life as dearly as possible, he dashed around a point of timber on a small stream, and was delighted to meet a wagon from the fort with half a dozen soldiers in it. Motioning them to drive at once into the timber, Cody joined them, and secreting themselves until the Indians came up, the latter were saluted by a



TREED BY A BUFFALO.

fire that dropped three of them to the ground, and sent the others in rapid flight over the road they had just come.

Cody's next adventure happened while out on a buffalo hunt. Anticipating no danger, he had taken but a single companion, to butcher the animals he might kill. Scarcely had they reached the ground, when they were attacked by twenty Sioux, mounted on their swift and hardy war ponies. Cody at once saw that flight was out of the question, and hitching the mules which they had unharnessed from the wagon, by their bridles, he and his comrade got under the wagon and prepared for a stubborn defense. In the fight which

began immediately, Cody's mules were both killed, but neither he nor his companion was touched, while three of the savages were killed and the others driven off.

It was about this time that Cody and Bill Comstock had a buffalo killing match of eight hours duration, in which Cody came off victor, having killed sixty-nine buffalos, to forty-six killed by Comstock. Thus he obtained his title of Buffalo Bill. While scouting ahead of a party of tracklayers, who were guarded by a squad of soldiers, Bill was chased back toward the camp. His mule was a fast animal, but the Indians gained steadily upon him and when he came in sight of camp, had nearly overtaken him.

The presence of the soldiers in the camp was entirely unsuspected by the Indians, and when Cody procured a fresh horse and started in pursuit of them, the tables were completely turned. Their ponies, jaded by a race of fifteen or twenty miles, were soon overtaken by the fresh horses of the troopers and ten of the savages were killed; the coming of the night, alone, permitting a part of them to escape.

Cody was again jumped, in 1868, by Indians, on the road between Forts Hooker and Larned. After a short chase, he was captured by the savages and after being very cruelly abused, was taken into the presence of Santanta, who was camped on a small stream, near the road. Expecting nothing but death from this brutal old miscreant, Cody's ready wit suggested a means of escape when Santanta began to question him. In reply to the query as to what he was doing in that part of the country, he told Santanta that he had been sent to Larned to hurry up the cattle, which the government had allotted to the Indians, and then he complained of the rough treatment of the chief's young men. The old hypocrite assured him that it was all intended for sport and made them restore to Cody the arms of which they had robbed him. He also volunteered an escort to help Cody drive the cattle, but this was "declined with thanks" by the scout, who was now permitted to ride off alone.

Scarcely was he out of sight, when Santanta, having some doubt as to the truth of Cody's story, sent his young men in pursuit, but the scout had began to whip up his mule and after a long and rapid flight succeeded in making his escape, leaving Santanta minus his prsioner and cattle. This murderous old savage was afterward captured, with Lone Wolf, in one of their raids, by the Texas rangers, who very foolishly took them prisoners, instead of killing them on

the spot. Sentenced by the civil courts of that State to imprisonment for life, they were released at the intercession of the government at Washington and taken on a tour of the United States.

After hundreds of promises, Santanta was restored to his tribe, and the next year was taken while torturing some prisoners he had captured on the Texan border. Again senteneed to a life imprisonment by the authorities of Texas, I saw the old scoundrel in the penitentiary at Huntsville in that State. Remembering to have met me at St. Louis, and also on the plains, he asked me when he would be set free. I told him that he would be kept where he was until he died; that there was not the slightest hope of his ever getting back to his tribe again. Shortly after this, I saw in a newspaper an account of his having committed suicide, by throwing himself from one of the upper corridors of the prison in which he was confined.

It is said that Bill onee asked Colonel Royal, for whose command he was then acting as hunter, for a wagon to bring in the buffalo he was going out to kill. Royal very pompously told him that he was not in the habit of sending out wagons until he knew that there was something to bring in and without a word Cody rode off. On the range he started a small herd and heading them toward the camp, actually drove them into it and slaughtered them there. The noise brought Royal on the seene and in answer to his demand, to know what the shooting in his camp meant, Bill coolly pointed to the dead buffalo and told him, that since he was unwilling to furnish a wagon, he had made the game bring their own bodies into camp.

In 1869, while out scouting for General Carr's eommand, Cody discovered a Sioux village and surrounding it, the troops charged fiercely upon it, killing one hundred and forty of the Indians and then set fire to the lodges, burning all of the Indian supplies. In the village they found a white woman, who had been tomahawked at the first alarm. Scattering to the sand-hills, the Indians had re-formed and while the flames were still blazing furiously, they made a rapid charge, yelling like demons. Cody and a few men had been thrown out on the skirmish line and as Tall Bull eame on at the head of his warriors, a lucky shot from Cody dropped him from his horse, which was captured by one of the troopers. This horse, under the management of Cody, became noted as a raeer and won many a bet for his new master.

For over two years Bill scouted and hunted for the frontier posts, and having located a ranch in Nebraska, near North Platte, he was



THE TABLES TURNED—THE WAY THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS IS SAID TO HAVE HUNTED BUFFALO.

appointed a justice of the peace, in which capacity he gave general satisfaction. In 1872 he acted as guide for Alexis, Grand Duke of

Russia, who was making a tour of the United States and who desired to have a buffalo hunt on the plains. As the details of this hunt are familiar to all, nothing need be said of it here.

Every paper of that day was filled with accounts of the doings of the ducal party on the border. Some of them gave glowing accounts of the prowess of the noble stranger and went into Jenkins-like ecstacies over the honor done to the country and the buffalo by this sprig of royalty. Other reporters, not of the flunky stripe, did not hesitate to make game of the royal visitor in the most ludicrous way. Some of them asserted that Bill had to kill his buffalo for



A PRAIRIE FIRE ON THE STAGE.

him; others, that he only held them while Alexis killed them. Some made bold to say that an old bull bristled up, and that the Russian hunter incontinently fled from the scene.

Bill was next induced by Ned Buntline to go on the stage and succeeded, on account of his fame as a scout and plainsman, in making a hit. He was this year elected a member of the Legislature of Nebraska. In the drama (Heaven save the mark!) written by Buntline, Bill entirely forgot his part, but managed to "gag" it sufficiently to get through and the audience, who had not expected anything, were not disappointed. Wild Bill joined this troop in the

season of 1873–4, but having little ability to learn a part, soon relinquished the profession.

We neglected to state that Bill was acting as guide for Carr in 1866, when Custer was killed. Custer's chief scout, Antonie—not Herndon, as all newspaper accounts have it—was a man of much greater skill and experience than Cody and had Custer paid more attention to his advice, the terrible catastrophe on the Rosebud might have been averted. It was in this campaign that Cody killed Yellow Hand, in a duel solicited by the latter. Yellow Hand was a famous, young chief of the Cheyennes and his death was a heavy loss to the hostile savages. Of late years Cody's adventures have



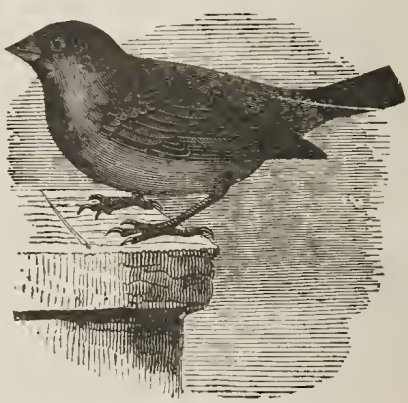
A PRAIRIE FIRE ON THE PLAINS.

been confined to the mimic exploits of the stage, he yearly filling theatrical engagements in the principal cities.

Every winter finds him slaughtering Indians, baffling villians and circumventing prairie fires, all of them of the stagiest kind and utterly unrecognizable by those who have beheld these articles in real life. His dramas wind up with rescued maidens, out-witted scoundrels and terrific fires, whose glare throws everything out in a strong relief of red fire and sulphurous smoke, and the dwellers in the metropolis empty themselves out of pit, parquette and gallery, firmly convinced that they have beheld a realistic picture of life in

the "far West." A fire on the plains, creeping slowly along amidst the sparse and stunted herbage, is one of the least exciting of scenes, though the novelists and travelers, who do their traveling in imagination, have painted them as sublimely grand and dangerous.

In the prime of a life that has been filled with stirring adventure, Buffalo Bill has been blessed with fame and fortune, both of which he wears without arrogance or egotism. His modesty is fully equal to his merit and his comrades look without envy upon the large share of success that has greeted his efforts. Brave, but without any desire for the reputation of a "killer," Cody's fame has been somewhat tarnished by those who have endeavored to make him a participant with Wild Bill in the cruel and cowardly deeds of the latter. With nothing of the desperado in his nature, if we except the short career of Cody with the thieves of Chandler, his life has been useful and blameless, and the errors of that time have been long since atoned for by noble and daring deeds.



PART III.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

THE ERA OF ADVENTURE.

"Thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In danger's path, has dared her worst;—
Upon whose ear the signal word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;—
Who sleeps with head upon the sword,
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking."

MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA.

THE SPIRIT OF ITS CONQUEST——COMMERCIAL EXPLORATIONS——EXTENDING OUR BOUNDARIES——ANNEXATION OF TEXAS——THE DANGERS OF ABSORPTION——COMPACT VERSUS EXTENDED POPULATION——UNBOUNDED AMBITION——DISEASE AND REMEDY——CHINESE IMMIGRATION——EUROPEAN PAUPERS——THE SCHOOL OF PENURY——SQUANDERING THE PUBLIC DOMAIN——OVERPOWERING MONOPOLIES——THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY——UNBOUNDED LICENSE——SPAIN——HER FORMER GRANDEUR ——COLUMBUS——VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA——DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC——THE JESUITS——A RIPE PLUM——FIVE WAITERS——PROPHECY OF DE MOFRAS——A FATAL FACILITY——ANNEXATION——AMERICAN EXPEDITIONS——A TYPE OF THE TIMES——THE ADVENTURER.

In the American acquisition and settlement of the country west of the immense ranges of the Rocky Mountains, we see the exhibition of a spirit, which differs greatly from that which characterized the two preceding periods and which might, with justice, be called the Era of Adventure. By commercial and trading explorations, we had already become acquainted with the salient features of the country abutting upon the Eastern edges of the great continental divide and its immense scope precluded the idea of a necessity for further extending our boundaries, to accommodate either a future immigration, or the increase of our trade.

Texas had just been added to American territory, and though its annexation belonged more properly to the California era than to that of the Mississippi Valley, yet we might have rested content with its acquisition, satisfied that for all purposes of colonization, or of trade, we possessed a sufficiency of territory for all time to come.

There was a danger, too, if properly studied, in thus ignoring utterly all geographical boundaries; and the destruction, by conquest and absorption of all surrounding nations, should have suggested the possibility of internal dissensions. The overcrowded hive, no matter how prosperous, must send out its swarms or perish, and these colonies teach us wisdom, in that they do not endeavor to maintain

close relations with the parent swarm, in order to build up greater communities.

In human life, also, we find compact and not overly populated nations the best adapted to maintaining not only their independence against foreign aggressions, but also against internal strife. Persia, Greece, Rome—in fact nearly all the nations of antiquity—have, each in turn, shown us the pernicious effect of widely extended empire and unbounded ambition.

Although we have passed through one crisis, caused by too great an accumulation of conflicting interests, yet the thoughtful must ponder when they dwell upon the possibilities that one or two hundred millions of population must bring to us. Who can forsee the clashing interests and their effects in multitudes so immense? Who, in case of more than wordy wars between the conflicting sections, can suggest the remedy for such gigantic feuds as may then arise?

A republic is ever a government most admirably adapted to sovereign states with a community of interests, and at best it is but a weak factor in holding together jarring and discordant elements. Delegated powers must ever be used with the greatest of care, lest the jealousy of the individual members be aroused, and hence the task is difficult and delicate.

Another danger, too, menaces in over-population, the reduction of wages and the suffering of the laborer. Already we have seen the prohibition of Chinese immigration demanded, and yet, as lately as 1842, we think, this very class of immigrants was solicited. How long, at this rate, will it be before the Americans demand that the teeming nations of Europe shall cease to land upon our shores not only their paupers and criminals, but also their laborers?

These views may, at this day, seem very advanced, and yet the Scandinavian and the German, trained in the school of want and penury, are fully as dangerous competitors to the native-born American, as the rice and rat-eating Chinaman. For these prospective ills it is neither our province nor desire to suggest a panacea, but we do feel that they are problems that deserve and should meet with the careful study of our legislators and jurists, and preventive measures, if possible, adopted, before remedial are required.

The mawkish sentimentalist may hesitate to lay unpleasant facts before the gaze of the people, and like the French King, may shut his eyes to present evils and solace himself with the cry: "After

us the flood," but this should not be the course of those who, "from the nettle, danger, would pluck the flower, safety."

The giving of princely territories to railway corporations; the feeble restraint of overpowering monopolies; the colonization of large tracts by Europeans who have but little, if any sympathy with republican institutions, and the indiscriminate landing upon our shores of paupers, thieves and revolutionists, may form the nuclei of growing ills that will eventually undermine the fair fabric of liberty and equality in its last abiding place.

Judged by the standard of other republics, ours can only be said to be experimental, and no expedient—however trivial—should be neglected that will tend to keep true to its course the proud ship of state, that bears aloft the beacon-light of freedom.

To those who may cavil at the restrictions and limitations necessary to be imposed by preventive measures looking to the good of the body politic and may say that these are not consistent with the creed of "civil and religious freedom," we would say that the genius of American liberty is that which submits to its own prescribed boundaries, and that in no age or clime could unbounded license be dignified by so God-like a title.

But let us pause from these considerations of immigration and population, which are somewhat foreign to our prescribed scope, and take a glance at the Spain of the fifteenth century. Here we behold a spectacle entirely different from that which greets us, if we view her in her position of to-day. Then we find her the foremost nation of the world; her sails dotting the bosoms of every sea, and her flag the guidon of conquest and discovery. We find her soldiers the bravest and her explorers the most enterprising in that era of war and exploration.

To her belongs the discovery of America and the West Indies, and as Columbus had first navigated the American seas on the East, so Vasco Nunez de Balboa, toiling up to the top of the highest peak on the Isthmus of Darien, first of all Europeans beheld spread out before him the calm, majestic waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Taking possession of seas and shores in behalf of the Crown of Castile, Balboa made no attempt to explore the ocean he had discovered, and though this discovery occurred in the year 1513, yet we find that the Spaniards made no effort to colonize California proper—into which they had, in the meantime, made several

explorations—until July 1st, 1769, when the Jesuits, from the peninsula of Lower California, founded the mission of San Diego. On the 25th of October following the establishment of this mission, Don Gaspar Portala discovered the Bay of San Francisco, and in June, 1775, the rudely built schooner, the *San Carlos*, sailed into the placid waters of the Golden Gate and hers was the first keel that



HAILING THE SHIP—THE SAN CARLOS ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATE.

ever ploughed the land-locked bosom of the bay. Following in the wake of the Jesuits came various attempts at domination over "the slope," but as these do not concern the present purposes of our narrative, they will be noticed in another place.

About the year 1841, not only the United States, but also England, France, Spain, and possibly Russia were looking with longing

eyes toward the strip of fertile territory lying between the Rocky Mountains and the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and as the American Republic had not then attained to its present power, or celerity of action, it was difficult to say into whose lap it would fall. To show, how evenly it hung in the balance, it is only necessary to quote the words of M. Duflot de Mofras, who at that time, in a communication to his government, says: "It is perfectly clear that California will belong to whatsoever nation will take the trouble to send there a ship of war and two hundred soldiers."

Whatever may have been the aspect of the country, or its readiness to fall, like a ripe plum, into the grasp of any one who might want it, one thing is very evident, and that is, that the United States, with its fatal facility of annexation, had certainly at this time an eye upon the acquisition of the country west of the mountains. It was undoubtedly with this design in view, that Fremont was dispatched upon his two overland expeditions in 1842 and 1843. The leader of these expeditions, John C. Fremont, was as typical of his time, as Daniel Boone was of his, and his type was that of the adventurer.



CHAPTER II.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

AT THE HEAD OF ANOTHER CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION——STIRRING TIMES——THE OREGON TRAIL——AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS——APPROPRIATED EXPERIENCE ——AT MONTEREY——A DESCRIPTION OF FREMONT——HIS BIRTH——MARRIAGE——LONGING FOR NOTORIETY——WANT OF DIGNITY——UNBOUNDED EGOTISM——HIS COLLISION WITH GENERAL KEARNEY——CASTRO'S DUPLICITY——HIS THREATS——FREMONT'S ANSWER——THE AMERICANS FORTIFY ——A MEXICAN ATTACK——A WAR OF WORDS——A BATTLE WITHOUT A CORPSE——WINDY CASTRO——OREGON——LAKE KLAMATH——SURPRISED BY INDIANS——RETURN TO CALIFORNIA——LIEUTENANT GILLISPIE——MERSITE'S CAPTURE——VALLGO TAKEN——IDE'S PROCLAMATION——THE BEAR FLAG——FREMONT APPOINTED GOVERNOR——A LONG CHASE——COMMODORE SLOAT——ADMIRAL SEYMOUR——A SAILING MATCH——SLOAT WINS——LARKIN'S INFORMATION——SLOAT'S PROCLAMATION——A DISAPPOINTED COMMANDER——A POTENT ADZE——THE GOLDEN HARVEST——A TRUE PROPHET.

In 1846 California was in the condition of a moribund body, around which the vultures were gathering in increasing numbers, ready to swoop down upon the banquet spread helpless before them. Before the coming storm the last Spanish galleon had hoisted her sails and fled; nothing worthy the name of trade existed in the State, and every infant industry was paralyzed by the political aspect of the times. English, French and American men of war hovered suspiciously about the seaports and it was evident to all that a crisis was rapidly approaching.

Having escaped the famine and death by freezing, which his poor judgment had so nearly brought upon himself and his men, in the winter of 1843–44, Fremont had been again put at the head of a California expedition, in 1845, ostensibly to search out the most available mountain passes to open a route for the handful of American immigrants who were then settling on the Columbia River, in Oregon.

Utilizing the knowledge and experience of Kit Carson and other old plainsmen, Fremont arrived, after a somewhat hazardous journey, within a hundred miles of the seaport of Monterey, at that time the capital of California. Right here it might be well to describe the

leader of this expedition, destined to prove so momentous in the history of the Pacific Slope. Fremont was once not inaptly described as "a mass of contradictions." Some one said of him, that "he was a Southern man with Northern feelings; a statesman without a policy; a general who had never won a battle, and a capitalist without a dollar."

A little later it might have been added that he was a free man, while under sentence of imprisonment to the galleys in France.

To complete a description of the man in a few words, it is only necessary to say, that he was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 21st day of January, 1813. A man of but moderate attainments, but of graceful carriage and smooth address, he became somewhat noted on account of his marriage to Jessie Benton, with whom he was more of a favorite than with her father, the haughty old Senator who for thirty years represented the State of Missouri in the Upper House of the American Congress.

His craving seemed to be rather for notoriety than glory, and he was ever ready to stoop to dangerous measures to satisfy this thirst. He seems utterly wanting in the patient industry which characterizes genius, and thrown upon his own resources, was ever as helpless as a bark without compass or rudder. Seeking rather the applause of the mob than the approbation of the thinking classes, we find him loudly defended by the one and as silently condemned by the other.

That he was cool in danger, bold and determined, all are willing to admit, but he wanted the calm dignity of judgment that intuitively sees the proper method at the proper time, and wanting this, was led into a thousand follies. Had his modesty been equal to his courage, the respect of all men would have been his. Had not his egotism been unbounded, he would have avoided all collision with Kearney, his superior officer, while in California, and his subsequent degradation would not have occurred.

The victim of an "o'erleaping ambition," he fully exemplifies the value of Woolsey's advice to Cromwell, in regard to that dangerous quality; an advice which, if it had been properly appreciated by Fremont, might have prevented his melancholy wreck.

Arriving at the point mentioned, he went in person to General Castro, in charge at that time of California, and sought permission to go to the San Joaquin Valley to recuperate his men and stock

Castro gave a verbal promise, "on the honor of a (Mexican) soldier," that Fremont and his men would not be molested, but the latter had no sooner reached the locality, than Castro sent them word to leave the country under pain of death.

Returning the answer, that he would depart when it suited his convenience, the American entrenched his motley crew on the top of Hank's Peak and raised aloft the stars and stripes. Castro, with all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," came on to the attack with three hundred infantry, cavalry and artillery, but after four days of dashing "up the hill and down again," in all of which he took good care not to get within rifle shot of the Americans, he drew off his forces, satisfied with having issued the bloodiest proclamations and more of them than any man in California in the same length of time.

Not a single corpse on either side lent a reality to this supposititious siege, and Castro withdrew to Monterey. The honors—what of them there were—rested with Fremont, and he now proceeded to Oregon and encamped on Lake Klamath. Here he was overtaken by Lieut. Gillespie, who had left Washington with dispatches, reaching Monterey by U. S. Sloop of War and following Fremont's trail into Oregon. On the same day with the dispatches came a night attack of Indians, in which three of Fremont's Delawares were slain, and this quickened the return to the valley of the Sacramento, where the force encamped at the mouth of Feather River.

Here the setlers flocked to them, and with twelve of these volunteers Mr. Mersite captured the Mexican fort at Sonoma, where they found nine cannon and two hundred and fifty stands of small arms. Here, also, they captured no less a person than Gen. Vallejo, and took him to Sutter's Fort for safe keeping.

The Americans having caught the Mexican fever for pronunciamentos, William B. Ide—who had been left in charge at Sonoma—called on the people to assemble and organize a republican government. The flag of the new republic, which was then thrown to the breeze, was a square of white cotton cloth, on which a very rampant grizzly bear had been painted. This flag is still preserved in the archives of the "Pioneer Society" at San Francisco. Gen. Castro, hearing of these events, swore that the wolves of his native California should fatten upon the corpses of the hated *Gringos*, and Fremont, who was all this time at Sutter's Fort, went with ninety

men to aid Ide, having learned Castro was moving against him with a large force. Reaching Sonoma on the 4th of July, 1846, Fremont was appointed Governor, issued a proclamation of independence, and declared war against Mexico—certainly a sufficiency of



CASTRO'S THREAT.

business for one day. Marching next with one hundred and sixty men to attack Castro at Sutter's, they learned that he was in full retreat to Los Angeles, five hundred miles distant, and they determined to follow.

While these stirring events were transpiring in the interior, Commodore Sloat—while lying with the American frigate Savannah and sloop Preble, in the Mexican port of Mazatlan—heard of the annexation of Texas and the war between Mexico and the United States.



CASTRO'S VOLUNTEERS.

Gen. Zachary Taylor, or as he was fully as well known "Old Rough and Ready," was marching upon the City of Mexico and Matamoras had already been occupied by United States troops. These details were given by the Mexican officials to Admiral Seymour,

Commander of the British man-of-war, Collingwood, who was also with his ship lying in the harbor of Mazatlan.

The Mexicans hoped, that by this information the British would be enabled to seize California before the Americans could do so, but the information they designed to be strictly confidential leaked out in some way, and when the Collingwood moved out to sea, Sloat made ready for a cruise and crowding on all sail, steered for Monterey. Instructions were even then on the way to Sloat, telling him to seize Monterey, Mazatlan, and San Francisco, but without any knowledge of that fact, the spirit of the time had decided him to take that very course.

Once at sea, it was a race as to which should first make Monterey, and thanks to the admirable sailing qualities of our vessels, which then beat those of all the world, but whose glory has now, alas! departed, the Savannah was first to reach port and Sloat learned that the Mexicans were endeavoring to place California in the hands of the English. Thomas O. Larkin, American Consul at the port, gave this information, and the Commodore determined on the bold measure of sending on shore two hundred and fifty marines who hoisted the American flag, saluted it with twenty-one guns and proclaimed California American territory.

The slow-sailing Collingwood, when she entered the harbor, saw the American flag proudly waving in the breeze, and her commander first realized how so unimportant a thing as a carpenter's adze, on the banks of an English river, may assist in hewing out the destinies of a nation, and to feel that the heavy fancy of a naval architect had robbed his country of a territory, whose lands and rivers teemed with a wealth far greater than the golden sands of far-famed Pactolus.

These events happened on the 7th of July; on the 8th, Sloat had the American flag raised over San Francisco and on the 10th the stars and stripes replaced Ide's rampant bear over the fort at Sonoma. Thus was the annexation of California completed, and never before in the history of nations, was so rich a conquest effected at so small a cost. The prophetic Frenchman, DeMofras, was right; the plum was ready to drop and the United States, sending the first man-of-war with its two hundred marines, had reaped the golden harvest.

CHAPTER III.

A RAPID CONQUEST.

STOCKTON IN COMMAND —— GENERAL KEARNEY —— FREMONT SNUBBED —— CHANGE OF OFFICERS——STOCKTON AND FREMONT——CASTRO AND COMPANY——STOCKTON'S ABILITY——CASTRO WEAKENS——INSUBORDINATION ——A POMPOUS LIEUTENANT——TRIMS HIS SAILS——KEARNEY AS GOVERNOR——THE SETTING SUN——A SHORT REIGN——FREMONT IN DISGRACE——COURT-MARTIALED——RUNS FOR PRESIDENT——DEFEATED—— FREMONT'S COURSE CONSIDERED —— DESERVING OF CENSURE —— LENIENTLY TREATED——RESIGNS——GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES——WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN——A DISPUTED QUESTION——A STUBBORN FACT——THE FORGOTTON MAN——ONCE MORE TO THE FRONT——A MELANCHOLY FAILURE——MEXICAN REVOLUTIONS——SPANISH JESUITS——ISAAC GRAHAM, THE CALIFORNIA PIONEER——HIS ADVENTURES——ALVARADO——HOW HE REWARDS GRAHAM —— LONG IMPRISONMENT —— MICHELTORENA —— COMMODORE JONES——CASTRO——IDE'S REPUBLIC——RAPID CHANGES—— POPULATION IN 1848——SAN FRANCISCO IN 1842——FOREIGNERS——THE FIRST NEWSPAPER——THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL——PIONEER EDITORS ——THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

Commodore Stockton replaced Commodore Sloat a week later, (July 15th), but he, as well as General Kearney, who came across from Mew Mexico overland, found the conquest an accomplished fact, though the latter had some severe fighting to do—about all of it, in fact, that was done. Fremont, basking in the sunshine of popularity, had been ordered by Sloat to report to him at Monterey and great was his chagrin, but he obeyed with as good a grace as possible, and was doubtless delighted when, so soon after, ill health compelled the arbitrary naval officer to return to the United States, after formally turning over his command to Commodore Stockton, who immediately appointed himself Military Governor of the State. Stockton made Fremont a Major, and gave him command of a battalion of mounted infantry

Castro, the man of many proclamations, assisted by Governor Pico and Flores, was employed in organizing a strong opposition to the Americans; enlisting, among others, many of the priest-ridden Pueblos, who would make a gaudy show in a parade, but in a fight would prove of as little use as Mexicans or Chinamen. This opposition was finally quieted; in part, no doubt, by the great ability

Commodore Stockton developed in the proclamation line; the following sentence being a mild sample of his efforts in this direction: "Tell Castro he must unconditionally surrender, or experience my vengeance."

Unable to withstand the fulmination of these wordy bomb shells, Flores fled to Mexico, and the others surrendered at discretion to Fremont. The major now, with a degree of impudence that doubtless shocked General Kearney as much as Commodore Stockton, proceeded to make a treaty with the enemy, without consulting, in the slightest particular, either of his superior officers, thus showing the cool audacity of the adventurer, as well as his utter ignorance of, or contempt for all military etiquette and subordination.

In the squabble between Kearney and Stockton, over which outranked the other, this breach of etiquette was overlooked, and Fremont cut the Gordian Knot of the military situation, with his usual cool assumption, by reporting to Stockton, as commanding officer. Of course he was shrewd enough to see that if he reported to Kearney, the major immediately sank to his proper station under the general; while on the other hand, he might reap power and glory from the commodore's gratitude. Reporting to Stockton on the 14th of January, 1847, (for it had taken some months to quiet the proclamating Mexicans,) Fremont was appointed Military Governor two days later and shortly after, Stockton sailed to the coast of Mexico.

Kearney, however, was not the man to submit to an indignity with complacency, and making his way to Monterey, he found there Commodore Shubrick of the frigate Independence, who had been appointed Supervisor of Customs, Naval Inspector, etc. Kearney exhibited his credentials from the United States Government, as Military Governor, and the two, pooling issues, set forth their claims to authority in one of the usual proclamations; Kearney taking good care to forward one of these interesting documents to Fremont, and the latter saw with anguish the star of his destiny once more overclouded and his brief reign as Military Governor of California at an end.

Kearney in turn reigned but a short time; his orders and athority having only been intended to be temporary, and he was superceded by Colonel Mason, who had come from Washington with orders

to "relieve General Kearney, and take military command." General Kearney started back across "the plains," June 19th, 1847, and he compelled Fremont to turn over his matters and follow him. It is said that he would not allow Fremont to camp with him, nor more than a mile from him, on this overland journey.

At Leavenworth, Fremont was arrested, taken to Fortress Monroe and court-martialed for mutiny, unsoldierly conduct, etc. The commission found him guilty and sentenced him to forfeit his rank. James K. Polk—then President of the United States—was obliged to approve of this finding, but he kindly discharged Fremont from arrest and ordered him to report for duty. Fremont, considering himself a greatly abused man, or rather, a great man abused, resigned from the army, and in 1857, headed the republican ticket for president, and was defeated.

A great many have considered Fremont ill treated in this matter, but the truth is, that his course certainly deserved censure, if nothing more. Of what avail the regulations of an army, if they are to be disregarded at the whim of every individual who might fancy himself a great man?

His whole course in California was that of a bold, unscrupulous and unsafe adventurer, and his assumption of the office of Military Governor, in opposition to Kearney, whom he knew to be commissioned as such by his government, most certainly deserved a court-martial and the loss of his commission, if not a more severe punishment. His folly, years after, when entrusted with much more important commands, proved him incompetent, tyrannical and with the aristocratic tendencies of an Eastern satrap, rather than the plain simplicity of a republican Major General.

His disreputable transactions in Paris, France, with regard to certain American railway securities, subjected to arrest and imprisonment Baron Gualdree-Boileau, (who, like Fremont, had also married a daughter of Senator Thomas Benton.) Fremont, at the institution of criminal proceedings, having flown from France to escape a similar fate, has never since dared to revisit that country. Never were more golden and glorious opportunities thrown in the pathway of any man, to be frittered away by incompetence, and a sacrifice of everything to a vain-glorious love of show and notoriety.

As to who was the conqueror of California, about which there has been so much dispute, that point is easily settled, and the honor

should be awarded to Sloat, though it must be confessed that his sole merit consisted in his boldness of determination and celerity of movement. The plain truth of the matter is, that the conquest of California, as has been shown, was no conquest, but an almost bloodless annexation.

What "might have been," had the Collingwood first reached the port of Monterey, is luckily a matter of speculation, though no sensible person can truly deny, that the prompt action of Sloat put it out of the power of England to interfere in the matter and, too, no one will dispute the fact that that interference would have put a vastly different aspect on the acquisition of this territory.

In conclusion, so far as his career in California is concerned, the generally admitted idea that Fremont first hoisted the American flag, in a warlike attitude, in that State, is entirely false, for that honor belongs neither to him nor to Sloat, but to that gallant, old sea-dog, Commodore Jones, who on the 19th day of October, 1842, took possession of California in the name of the United States, and raised the stars and stripes at Monterey. A day later, finding that he had been a little premature, he hauled down his flag, apologized for his action, boarded his vessel and sailed out to sea.

The campaign cry, in 1857, of "Free Soil, Free Men, Fremont," failed to enthuse the masses and the presidential dream of "the Pathfinder" passed away, as had so many others that floated across that impracticable mind, and he solaced himself with gigantic but visionary speculations; at one moment a millionaire, at the next a pauper. In a constant state of impecuniosity, the money necessary for floating these airy schemes was contributed by men whose faith outbalanced their judgment and who, generally, in return for their cash, had to pocket a vast amount of experience of doubtful value

For a long time Fremont had sunk from view as a public personage when, in 1861, the mad passions of the politicians fanned into fierce flames the slumbering embers of sectional discord, and strange and fantastic shapes came to the front, as actors in the coming contest, whose lurid scenes form a grand but melancholy spectacle in the drama of American history.

Amongst others, Fremont, the forgotten man, loomed into temporary prominence as the probable hero and savior of the Union, but his promise ended in naught. A failure as commander of the Department of the South-west, he was transferred to the Valley of

Virginia, where he cut a still sorrier figure as the opponent of Stonewall Jackson, one of the grandest military men developed on either side during the war.

But all this portion of his life forms a part of the history of his country and we shall not attempt to give a detailed account of it. After the war he dabbled, with melancholy effect, in American railway speculations in France, and had to fly the country. Returning to his native land a broken and ruined man, he was provided by his party with the position of territorial governor of Arizona, which office he still holds, one of the most melancholy wrecks that strew the shores of American politics and speculation.

We have seen how easily the *conquest* of California had been effected, and looking back beyond that era, we find an uneventful succession of revolutions, pronunciamentos and other of the political movements peculiar to the descendants of the Spaniards in America. These proclamations were generally bombastic, but harmless and the revolutions more productive of words than blood, still they afforded to the inhabitants a regular, and not dangerous, succession of amusements.

To effect one of these revolutions, it was only necessary to get together a dozen and a half of men, poorly equipped and worse armed, and a leader familiar with all the sonorous, fierce and high-sounding words of the Spanish language, and the thing was accomplished. The pronunciamento was the most formidable weapon employed, and it was dragged into action as often as possible.

First, the Spanish Jesuit dominating the native tribes, then the Spanish Franciscan overturning Jesuit dictation, then the Mexican government pushing out Spanish rule was the order of succession. Next we find Russia obtaining a feeble footing on this golden territory, and as early as 1836 comes the first American intermeddler. His name was Isaac Graham and, as was eminently proper, he was a Tennesseean; an offshoot of the old pioneer stock, who had inherited a love of adventure and danger that had thus early carried him across the Rocky Mountains as a trapper and hunter and made him a fixture in this strange land.

To his cabin in the mountains of Santa Cruz, fled Alvarado, to escape arrest at the hands of his chief, Ramirez. He could not have found a happier refuge, for Graham not only gave him shelter, but, like a true adventurer, formed a plan for overturning the rule of

Ramirez and Mexican authority together and proclaiming California a free State—after the manner of the American States—with Alvarado at its head.

Danger could not deter, nor numbers terrify this pioneer of liberty on the Pacific Slope, and procuring a supply of ammunition from the American vessels on the coast, he placed himself at the head of fifty riflemen and aided by Alvarado and Jose Castro, with about one hundred native Californians, entered Monterey at night,



POT LUCK IN THE PIONEER DAYS OF CALIFORNIA.

sent a four-pound shot crashing through the house of Gutierrez, (acting Governor), as a salute, and captured him and some three hundred soldiers. The thing was accomplished—the revolution effected and only one shot had been fired. The proclamation was then immediately loaded up and touched off.

Graham's idea was carried out, so far as proclaiming California an independent State with Alvarado as civil and Vallejo as military governor. To show the amount of toleration of which the Mexican mind was capable, all religions were interdicted, except the Catholic

Alvarado, not meeting with ready recognition from the masses, was recognized by the Mexican government and in turn, submitted the State again to Mexican rule. Graham's reward for placing this creature in power, as well as for affording him shelter when in distress, was to be arrested and sent to the City of Mexico a prisoner. Here he was held until July, 1842, and only then released at the intercession of the English consul and other foreign officials.

Micheltorena now succeeded Alvarado. It was in the interregnum between the stepping out of Alvarado and the stepping in of his successor that Commodore Jones captured the State and held it for



GUTIERREZ CAPTURED BY GRAHAM.

twenty-four hours. Castro next effected a revolution, appointing Pio Pico civil governor and proclaiming California again an independent State. Castro's republic, as we have already seen, was supplanted by that of the Rampant Bear, and that, a few days later, by absorption into the United States.

Mason, who succeeded Kearney, continued in office two years and on the 13th day of April, 1849, was succeeded by General Riley, who administered affairs until the 9th day of September, 1850, when California was admitted into the Union. To show how much California had been governed from first to last, we need only state

that under Spanish rule—lasting fifty-five years—she had ten governors; under Mexican dominion, a period of twenty-four years, she had thirteen governors and under the four years of American military rule, they numbered six.

Under the beneficent administration of the Americans, every branch of trade, every healthful industry began to flourish, though it is doubtful if anything, save the discovery of gold within her borders, could have added, in fifty years, the population and the commerce which California acquired in four. In 1848 the entire white population of all nations, in California, amounted to not more than fourteen thousand and in San Francisco, in 1842, the population was one hundred and ninety-six, including in the count men, women and children.

The foreigners, in this motley group, were ten Americans, four Sandwich Islanders, four Englishmen, two Irishmen, two Germans, and France, Peru, Scotland and Manilla furnished one each. The first newspaper published in San Francisco was the "California Star;" the first published in California was the "California," established in Monterey, August 15th, 1846. E. P. Jones edited the former; Colton & Semple the latter. In 1848, San Francisco had a population of eight hundred and fifty, and on April 3d, of this year, Thomas Douglass opened the first public school. This year the first steamer entered the harbor of San Francisco, and the first Protestant church was built.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOLD DELIRIUM.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD——MARSHALL'S CUT——SUTTER'S MILL——THE LAND OF PROMISE——ISAAC HUMPHREYS——"PAY DIRT"——ALADIN'S LAMP——BACCHANALIAN ORGIES——A COMMON CENTER——A GOLDEN KEY——SWARMING CHINAMEN——THE MAN FROM PIKE——"JOE BOWERS"——LEECH-LIKE PARASITES——THE POPULATION DOUBLED——BY SEA AND SHORE——THE MARCH TO THE MINES——DESERTED SHIPS——AN ENCHANTED COUNTRY——STAMPEDES——RECKLESS DISSIPATIONS——GAMBLING AND DRINKING BOUTS——"SOILED DOVES"——HARD LUCK——"GOD'S COUNTRY"——SHIPWRECK——DEATHS AT SEA——CUT OFF BY SAVAGES——DEATH BY FAMINE——THE TRAIL OF SKELETONS——FABULOUS PRICES——A SPECULATION IN CARPETING——A SUDDEN FORTUNE.

The year 1848 was a momentous one for California, for this was the date of the discovery of gold in the State. This took place at Sutter's Mill, on the American River, as early as January 19th, 1848, but no news of it reached San Francisco until February, 1849. Then followed a furore, such as the world had never before seen and this was not confined to the limits of California, or the American continent, but sent its thrill into the remotest corners of the earth and caused the hearts of all to beat with feverish excitement. Every eye was turned to California as the land of promise and suddenly all ways seemed to lead to her golden shores.

But let us see how this discovery came about. In 1839 an adventurous native of Switzerland, John A. Sutter—who had lived for some time in Saline County, Missouri—arrived in California and, amongst other enterprises, began in 1847 the erection of a saw-mill, some fifty miles east of Sacramento, at a place called Coloma, on the American River. James W. Marshall, who had contracted to build this mill, cut a race January, 1848, and turned the waters of the river through it, in order the sooner to widen and deepen his cut. When this object had been effected and the water had been turned off, he noticed some yellow particles amongst the sand and picked up a number of them, one of them weighing several pennyweights.

Convinced that it was gold, Marshall showed it to Sutter, who only laughed at him. This ridicule had no effect on Marshall, who in February, 1848, took some of the "stuff" to San Francisco, where it was seen by Isaac Humphrey, an old gold miner from the State of Georgia.

Humphrey promptly pronounced it gold and got ready to start immediately to the gold fields. None of his incredulous companions could be induced to join him in his "wild goose chase," as they termed it, and starting alone, he reached the golden mill-race March 7th, 1848, and began prospecting the next day. He soon succeeded in striking "pay dirt," and the mill hands took the fever.

Work was at a stand-still, but the diggings were paying everywhere from five to fifty dollars to the hand daily. The news began to spread. The mill hands must go to San Francisco to spend a portion of their rapidly accumulating wealth in bacchanalian orgies and low debauches. Their tales were like the stories of the Arabian Nights; every man could make from twenty to a hundred dollars a day; the lucky, from fifty to a thousand.

Their legends were extravagant, but then in their hands and pockets were the visible evidences that their exhuberant fancies had not manufactured the story out of whole cloth. "To the diggings" became the rallying cry of the entire State, and soon lawyer, doctor, preacher and sinner, were *en route* for the mines. Everything was abandoned to join in this mad rush for sudden riches. The trapper from the mountain streams left traps and peltries, and exchanging his rifle for a gold pan, sought the auriferous placers. The vacquero left his herds to wander at their own sweet will and rode as if his life was at stake to reach the new Eldorado. It was not safe for a vessel to touch along this enchanted coast, for once on shore, the sailors deserted by the dozens.

Down from Oregon and the British possessions came sturdy toilers, and from Mexico, Peru and the South came men as eager as those from toward the boreal realms of the North. No one was safe from the infectious fever; the far-off islands of the southern ocean contributed their quota, and even the populous realm of China—that had lain for centuries in an isolation almost as complete as that of death—opened her gates to that golden key, and out of the myriads of her teeming population sent over swarms of her children,

mild of voice, bland of face, but cunning as the shrewdest of their Western brethren.



THE TALE OF GOLD.

Every agency combined to spread the wondrous news. Maids and matrons marveled at its dazzling import; even children caught

the infection, and the school-boy, mounted upon his sturdy pony, stopped on his way from school, to bandy hearsays with brawny men, and pointing toward the setting sun, whose golden glories lighted up the scene, the lad with open eyes sped on the auriferous tale of treasure and boasted of what he would do when he became a man. Ah, child, thank God! that long before you shall have entered the confines of your teens, the fevered magic of that golden delirium will have passed, men shall breathe freely once more, and in their veins the temperate blood shall "healthfully keep time."

The man of the Empire State, the Buckeye, the Carolinian and the Virginian came around by ocean and isthmus to the golden shores; the "Hoosier," the "Sucker" and "the man from Pike," with his inevitable "Joe Bowers," made their way across the inhospitable plains, battling off their savage enemies, and crossing the terrible mountain ranges, descended like an invading host upon the land toward which so many were wending their way.

In the train of these sturdy toilers came ever the leech-like parasites; the gamblers, the desperados and the courtesans. What the one might make by his toil, these others were ever present to take by fraud or force—by the soft word, or the ready knife. Not since the preaching of the Crusades, had such motley swarms ever been seen journeying toward a common point, inspired by a common purpose. No nation or class was without its representative.

From the spring of 1848, when the news first began to spread, up to the first day of January, 1849, the entire population of the State had been more than doubled. Ten millions of dollars had been taken from the placers upon a few rivers, and yet the most improved machinery used, so far, had been the primitive rocker. This fact was proclaimed to the world and had its effect in the rush, which this year descended on California. The sea was dotted with sails, the land with teams, all headed toward the common center.

Industry of all kinds, except mining, was at a discount. The laborer who remained in San Francisco, and who the year before obtained a dollar and a-half a day for his work, now demanded *and got* from twenty to thirty. In July fully five hundred ships lay at anchor in front of the city and more were arriving daily. Thousands of men, of all nations, poured in a stream through the streets of San Francisco and took up their march to the mines. Trades

and professions had been turned topsy-turvy; the lawyer drove team, the butcher washed shirts, the baker turned barber and the doctor sold bacon and supplies.

Still the people poured in. Fifteen thousand had arrived in the first six months of 1849, of which number about two hundred were women. It is asserted as an indisputable fact, that magnificent ships, deserted by their officers and crews, drifted at the mercy of wind and waves in the harbor of the Golden Gate.

More than fifty millions of dollars were taken from the sands of California in 1849. We may be certain that the report of the mining of this vast amount of treasure did not lessen the tide pouring into her borders. The gulches of every part of the State were filled with the tents of prospectors. Every report of new discoveries produced what is known amongst miners and prospectors as a "stampede;" a rush as rapid, as reckless and as unthinking as the panic dashes of a drove of Texas cattle.

Men left placers paying them from ten to twenty dollars a day, to make their way to where the average was reported as fabulous, and returned only to find their claims jumped by men who had heard similar reports of these deserted diggings. No one was satisfied, and change after change, stampede after stampede, was the order of the day.

Some men made fortune after fortune and spent them in the drinking dens at San Francisco, in gambling bouts at faro, or monte, or in the *maisons de joie* amongst faded, but adventurous "soiled doves," whose charms had palled upon the denizens of the Eastern cities, but here commanded the price of fair Godiva's.

To some the goddess of fortune remained steadily obdurate, and at no time in their career did they ever "strike" dirt that overpaid their daily expenses. Some of the prosperous turned their backs upon "God's country," as they had begun to call California, and enjoyed their good luck in cosy homes East of the mountains.

Some of those, who set out with brave hearts and high hopes, were destined never to see the land of gold, but sank in disastrous shipwreck, or perished by hundreds of ship fever, in their crowded floating prisons, for such they might truly be called. Of the travelers by land many fell beneath the balls and arrows of the savages, or perished of thirst and famine in the Great American Desert,

whose trails were marked with the skeletons of men and animals and strewn with the wrecks of carts and wagons, making an unmistakable trace from the rivers to the mountains.

Those who had any thing to sell coined money. Everything brought fabulous prices. An apple or an egg cost from one to five dollars; a wool hat was worth twenty dollars, and a shirt from thirty to fifty. A Down-Easter, not over-scrupulous in weighing Indian gold, realized fifty thousand dollars from two rolls of two-ply carpeting. Cutting it into strips six feet in length, he made *serapes* or *ponchos* of them, which tickled the red man's fancy and beguiled him of his dust.

CHAPTER V.

CALIFORNIA CHARACTERS AND WONDERS.

PREVALENCE OF CRIME——JUDGE LYNCH——PENALTY FOR THEFT——AMERICAN DESPERADOES——SIDNEY DUCKS——VOX POPULI——CONCERT SALOONS——BRAVOS——"BOON HELM'S HOUNDS"——DISASTROUS FIRES——SPECULATION ——THE DELIRIUM ABATES——STRANGE EMPLOYMENTS——A CONFUSION OF TRADES——EDUCATED WAITERS —— ACCOMPLISHED BARBERS —— ADAPTABILITY——TOWNS AND VILLAGES——RAPID GROWTH OF SACRAMENTO——ENORMOUS RENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO——A REACTION——A RATIONAL BASIS ——A PROPHETIC NOVEL——ISLAS CAROLINAS——SIZE OF CALIFORNIA——PRODUCTIONS —— RICHES —— FUTURE——BIG TREES —— THE REDWOOD GROVES——LAKES AND RIVERS——BAYS AND ISLANDS——FALLS OF YOSEMITE ——MINERAL SPRINGS——INCIPIENT VOLCANOES——GEYSERS——THE SUNKEN LAKE——THE TAR SPRINGS——BOILING MUD SPRINGS.

Theft had begun to creep into the mining camps and as there was no time for the holding of regular courts, and no inclination, even if they had had the time, the shorter methods and more certain processes of Judge Lynch came into play. No one was allowed to escape on account of the defective wording of a writ or the quibble concerning a technicality. If the culprit were found guilty of stealing a miner's dust or other property, he was promptly strung up to the nearest tree, thus doing away with all chance of an appeal, or a jail delivery. Some few were ordered, if the proof was doubtful, to "vamos the ranche" without delay and this they generally did, in prompt obedience to the popular voice. They had a wholesome belief in the old adage of "*vox populi, vox Dei*," and not even the fiercest American desperado, nor the most villainous "Sidney Duck," ever disputed the mandate of "the court."

Bar-rooms, concert-saloons and gambling halls flourished in San Francisco, and murder, lust and robbery ran riot in its streets. The desperadoes and bravos—who could be hired, at any time, for acts of perjury or murder—went in regular bands, such as "Boon Helm's hounds," and had their established headquarters.

In the years 1849, 1850 and 1851, San Francisco was burned four times.

Speculation was rife amongst all classes. Mud-flat and sand-hill alike became valuable, and the city increased rapidly.

The miners and prospectors had by this time realized, that to accumulate a fortune in the mines required untiring energy and a good share of luck, and numbers began a weary return to their homes.

Some fell back to San Francisco and here sought for employment, which was easily obtained, owing to the general activity and prosperity.

In the ranks of the hotel and restaurant waiters might be found bald-headed judges and diplomaed doctors; briefless barristers carried on their shoulders saws and bucks as insignia of their new trades. Your barber might be a graduate of Yale or Oxford, who could bore you in seven different languages. Your butcher might have held forth to metropolitan congregations, and your shoemaker, while awkwardly driving pegs into your heavy, mining boots, might quote you Homer or Euripides in the original.

Whatever paid best, that became, for the time, a man's trade or occupation and never was the adaptability of the American character so fully shown as here in this city by the Golden Gate.

As population increased, towns and villages sprang up rapidly all over the State. In January, 1849, the first frame house was built at Sacramento. In the spring of 1850 its population numbered twelve thousand.

Lots in San Francisco went up from sixteen dollars to hundreds of thousands in a year or two—tents and houses rented for fabulous sums: the Parker House, near the plaza, a common, two-story frame, rented for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year; the "Eldorado," a canvass tent, fifteen by twenty-five feet, brought forty thousand dollars yearly rental; small, shabby, one-story houses, with a front of twenty feet, rented for forty thousand dollars.

At this time flour was forty dollars a barrel; mess pork the same; a pair of boots, common at that, brought from forty to seventy-five dollars; a mechanic's wages were ten to twenty dollars a day; laborerss one dollar an hour. Hotel board was eight dollars a day. A seat in the circus cost three to five dollars; a private box from fifty to a hundred.

These enormous prices brought about a reaction by the overstocking of the market, so that boxes and bales of goods were dumped

into the mud-holes, sooner than held in warehouses at the enormous rates charged for storage.

In 1853 the population of the State had increased to two hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred, and in this year the golden harvest amounted to sixty-five millions of dollars. This was the climax of gold production and also the grand year for the establishment of industries; quarries, mills, farms, etc. The people had



SURPRISED BY A CALIFORNIA BED-FELLOW.

begun to see that there were other fortunes in the State besides her mines.

The terrible excitement, during which men lived as in a delirious dream, had passed away and everything had settled down to a rational basis. Legitimate business claimed the attention of the Californians and a new and more lasting era of prosperity dawned upon the "Golden State." Numbers of even the most visionary prospectors, seeing in the trades and arts a prospect of more certain,

if not so large returns, abandoned the pole pick and the gold pan and settled down to less exciting industries.

The disputes in regard to the formation of the name California are numerous; most authorities adhering to *calidus fornus*, a hot oven, as the true derivation. They account for this by saying that it refers to the sweat ovens or sweat baths of the natives. This is ingenious, but unfortunately not borne out by the truth. California was the name given to a fabulous island, told of by the author of a novel, entitled "The Sergas of Esplandian, the son of Amadis, of Gaul," and published in Spain in 1510. Almost prophetically this author speaks of the great plenty of gold upon this island. Owing to Lower California having upon one side the Gulf of California, or "Sea of Cortez," as it was formerly called, and on the other the Pacific Ocean, it was considered an island up to the year 1686, and was known upon the charts as Islas Carolinas.

How long the State would have required to gain a population of its present number, (560,000 in 1870), under Spanish or Mexican rule, can never be known, but when it is estimated that this State—if only as densely populated as Great Britain—could contain fifty-five millions of inhabitants, we can readily see how grand a prize they let slip from their nerveless grasp. Her sea coast fronts the Pacific for more than eight hundred miles and lies midway between Asia and Europe. Her wheat fields produce over twenty millions of bushels, one year with another, and her mineral yield is enormous. Her grapes and olives vie with her other fruits as a source of riches, and her cattle, sheep and horses swell the enormous total of these millions.

Nature seems here to have worked on a gigantic scale and we find the grandest mountains, the loftiest falls and the highest trees on the American continent. Mount Whitney towers fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the mighty trees of Calaveras, Tulare, Tuolumne and Mariposa dwarf into insignificance their puny brothers of Mount Lebanon, Maine and the Baltic, some of them towering into the air for four hundred and thirty-five feet and measuring one hundred and ten feet in circumference at their bases.

Five men worked steadily for twenty-two days to cut down by boring, the only practical way it could be done, one of these giants. The stump, smoothed off and planed, measured in diameter twenty-seven feet and will accommodate a cotillion party of four sets, or

thirty-two people. One of them, which had fallen, showed a diameter of forty feet. These trees are a species of cedar and their ages vary from one to three thousand years.

California is too rich in lakes and rivers to enumerate. Her bays and harbors are large and numerous, and many islands dot her sea coast. In natural wonders, besides her gigantic trees, California is prolific. The Falls of Yosemite dash down from their awful parapet for twenty-six hundred feet before they land in the valley below.

Her volcanic forces exhibit themselves in streams of mud, steam and hot and cold water. From the center of Lake Mono puffs of smoke and steam are expelled at irregular intervals; near the Mattole River are many springs of gas, some of which have strong jets that, when ignited, blaze up fiercely for great distances. In this region flowing springs of petroleum are not infrequent.

Near the central portion of San Diego county, is the bed of a lake which lies below the level of the surface of the ocean. It is near this lake that the boiling mud springs are located, which hiss, sputter and emit heavy puffs of steam with a strong scent of sulphur. From this incipient volcano jets of mud are shot into the air to a considerable distance, these jets being accompanied with loud reports. In Sonoma county are geysers, or spouting springs. Deposits of asphaltum are numerous, and there are many soda and sulphur springs. In Kearn county is the celebrated tar spring, an acre in extent. In the soft matter exuded from it, bird and beasts are said to become entrapped and numbers perish thus.

CHAPTER VI.

A TALE OF TERRORS.

"THE EARTHQUAKE'S SHOCK"——A PANIC FEAR——A NOTED QUAKE——CHANNELS CHANGE——ISLANDS ENGULFED——LAKES FORMED——OTHERS EMPTIED——NEW MADRID——DR. HILDRETH'S ACCOUNT——FRIGHT OF DUMB ANIMALS——HORRIBLE NOISES——FORESTS DISAPPEAR——GIGANTIC FOAM WREATHS——VOLCANIC JETS——FUNEREAL VAPORS——BOATS OVERWHELMED——ACCOUNT OF BRADBURY, THE ENGLISH SCIENTIST——SHOCK AFTER SHOCK——FORMS A LAKE SIXTY MILES LONG——THE PIONEER STEAMBOAT TRIP——DESTRUCTION IN JAVA——AN ISLAND OF ICE——TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE IN ITALY——STROMBOLI——POMPEI AND HERCULANEUM——JORULLA——COTOPAXI——IMMENSE POWER——QUITO DESTROYED——A CHAIN OF VOLCANOES——FLORIDIAN MEADOWS——VESUVIUS——THE LOST ATLANTIS——FORTY VILLAGES SWALLOWED UP——LISBON'S DOOM——SIXTY THOUSAND PEOPLE PERISH——A NAVY ENTOMBED——MASSACHUSETTS AND MARTINIQUE——PORT ROYAL SINKS——ANTIOCH'S THIRD SHOCK——TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND LIVES LOST——CALIFORNIA'S LIST——SAN FRANCISCO SHAKEN——THE INYO SHOCK——RIVERS RUN BACKWARD——TERRIBLE NOISES——APPALLING SIGHTS——MOUNT HOOD'S FIRES LIGHTED.

All of these wonderful regions and, in fact, the whole State, are subject to earthquakes and these are the dread phantoms that, in the midst of the Californian's most enraptured discoursing on his State's grandeur and glory of scenery and of wealth, cause him suddenly to turn pale and lower his tone of braggart utterances to that of awe and dread. It is "the dead man at the feast," over the whole State, and the first rumble of the subterranean noises or the first shudder of "the earth's firm crust" causes the liveliest dread of these mysterious phenomena. And no wonder! Say what we may of the boasted power of science to parallax the most distant stars, measure the bulk of the moon, calculate the distance to the "orb of day," yet all of her speculations concerning volcanic fires and earthquake shocks are but vague guesses which, even if correct, present no theory of escape from their terrific vengeance.

His fright once over, the Californian will hasten to assure you that these shocks are not at all dangerous, on the contrary, they are very beneficial in purifying the air, equalizing the electricity of the atmosphere and averting epidemics. Let us see if history bears out his peculiar theories in regard to the innocence and salubrity of earthquakes.

Probably the most noted that ever occurred in the United States, was that which happened in 1811, and reached from a little below Louisville, on the Ohio, to a considerable distance below New Madrid, on the Mississippi. On the 16th day of December, in this year, the first shock occurred. The channels of the rivers were changed, sand bars were sunk in one place, new ones appeared in another. The banks caved in, large openings appeared in the earth, from some of which issued smoke, burnt, reddish sand, mud and water. Chimneys were shaken down and many houses also.

Reel Foot Lake in Tennessee was formed by the earthquake, while others in Missouri were emptied. A large island in the Mississippi sank with its grand forests into the bed of the stream, never to reappear. The current of the river changed and for over an hour the waters ran up stream. Lightning darted from the bosom of the earth toward the clouds. This continued for over six weeks.

Dr. Hildreth says of this convulsion, or rather series of convulsions: "From an eye-witness, who was then about forty miles below the town, (New Madrid), in a flat-boat, on his way to New Orleans with a load of produce, and who narrated the scene to me, the agitation, which convulsed the earth and the waters of the mighty Mississippi, filled every living creature with horror. * * * In the middle of the night, there was a terrible shock and jarring of the boats, so that the crews were all awakened, and hurried on deck with their weapons of defense in their hands, thinking the Indians were rushing on board. The ducks, geese, swans and various other aquatic birds, whose numberless flocks were quietly resting in the eddies of the river, were thrown into the greatest tumult, and with loud screams expressed their alarm in accents of terror.

"The noise and commotion soon became hushed, and nothing could be discovered to excite apprehension, so that the boatmen concluded that the shock was occasioned by the falling in of a large mass of the bank of the river, near them. As soon as it was light enough to distinguish objects, the crews were all up, making ready to depart. Directly, a loud roaring and hissing was heard, like the escape of steam from a boiler. * * * The sand bars and points of the islands gave way, swallowed up in the tumultuous bosom of the river, carrying down with them the cottonwood trees cracking

and crashing, tossing their arms to and fro, as if sensible of their danger, while they disappeared beneath the flood.

"The water of the river, which the day before was tolerably clear, being rather low, changed to a reddish hue and became thick with mud thrown up from its bottom; while the surface, lashed violently by the agitation of the earth beneath, was covered with foam, which, gathering into masses the size of a barrel, floated along on the trembling waters. The earth on the shores opened in wide fissures, and closing again, threw the water, sand and mud in huge jets, higher than the tops of the trees.

"The atmosphere was filled with a thick vapor or gas, to which the sunlight imparted a purple tinge altogether different in appearance from the autumnal haze of Indian summer, or that of smoke. From the temporary check to the current, by the heaving up of the bottom and the sinking of the banks and sand bars into the bed of the stream, the river rose, in a few minutes, five or six feet, and impatient of the restraint, again rushed forward with redoubled impetuosity, hurrying along the boats now set loose by the horror-struck boatmen, as in less danger on the water than at the shore, where the banks threatened every moment to destroy them by the falling earth, or carry them down in the vortices of the sinking masses.

"Many boats were overwhelmed in this manner, and their crews perished with them. * * * Numerous boats were wrecked on the snags and old trees thrown up from the bottom of the Mississippi, where they had quietly rested for ages, while others were sunk or stranded on the sand bars and islands. * * * New Madrid, which stood on a bluff bank fifteen or twenty feet above the summer floods, sank so low that the next rise covered it to the depth of five feet."

Mr. Bradbury, an English scientific explorer, speaking of this earthquake, says: "It commenced by distant rumbling sounds, succeeded by discharges, as if a thousand pieces of artillery were suddenly exploded, the earth rocked to and fro, vast chasms opened, from whence issued columns of water, sand and coal, accompanied by hissing sounds, caused, perhaps, by the escape of pent up steam, while ever and anon, flashes of electricity gleamed through the troubled clouds of night, rendering the darkness doubly terrible.

"The current of the Mississippi, pending this elemental strife, was driven back upon its source with the greatest velocity for several hours, in consequence of an elevation of its bed. * * * The day that followed this night of terror, brought no solace in its dawn. Shock followed shock; a dense, black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land, through which no struggling sunbeam found its way to cheer the desponding heart of man, who, in silent communion with himself, was compelled to acknowledge his weakness and dependence on the everlasting God. * * *

"Hills disappeared, and lakes were formed in their stead. * * One of the lakes formed on this occasion, is sixty or seventy miles in length, and from three to twenty in breadth. It is in some places very shallow; in others from fifty to one hundred feet in depth, which is much deeper than the Mississippi River in that quarter. In sailing over its surface in the light canoe, the voyager is struck with astonishment at beholding the giant trees of the forest standing partially exposed, amid a waste of waters, branchless and leafless. But the wonder is still further increased, on casting the eye on the dark blue profound, to observe cane-breaks covering its bottom, over which a mammoth species of testudo is seen dragging his slow length along, while countless myriads of fish are sporting through the aquatic thickets."

While these convulsions were causing a universal horror, the first steam boat that ever navigated the western waters, (the "New Orleans,") was making her way out of the Ohio into the Mississippi and down the latter stream, the intention being to run her between Natchez and New Orleans. This pioneer of the steam craft, was destined to have as stormy a time as her human contemporaries, but after a thousand narrow escapes from snag and sawyer, sand bar and earthquake, she arrived at Natchez about January 7th, 1812.

Even as we write, Java is trembling in the awful throes of earthquake shocks, and her coast lashed with destructive tidal waves, that are wrecking whole towns and villages. Vast strips of territory, including high mountains, have disappeared—engulfed in the awful depths of yawning chasms. Thousands of lives have been lost in these terrible convulsions, which still continue without any signs of abatement. At one point, an immense island of floating ice was vomited forth from one of the hissing and smoking

craters. Whether congealed in the dark bosom of some subterranean lake, or formed by some mysterious chemical action, is a matter for speculation. Over seventy-five thousand persons have perished in these awful convulsions.

But a week or two since, Ischia and Casamiccioli, on the island of Ischia, in Italy, were visited by earthquakes. At the latter some three hundred persons were destroyed, while at Ischia more than eight thousand perished in the ruins. The heat of the weather and the decomposition of the corpses, drove off the workers who might otherwise have rescued hundreds, who, still alive, were confined in the ruins unable to extricate themselves. These had to be left to their cruel fate.

Stromboli, the giant safety-vale of the Lipari Isles, has not slumbered for more than two thousand years, and the reader knows, too well to be remnded, of the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum, buried in a day beneath the ashen showers and volcanic lava floods and only brought to light after the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries. So completely had they been buried that not a vestige of them was left to suggest the possibility of there ever having been any such places.

You are right to tremble, oh dweller by the peaceful seas!—but we are not done yet. The mighty mass of Jorullo was uplifted from the level plain by those unseen forces, and Humboldt states that Cotapaxi, in its Titanic wrath, vomited forth solid masses of molten matter fully one hundred tons in weight, projecting them through the shuddering air, a distance of ten miles. Washington City, Philadelphia, Boston and St. Louis have experienced mild shocks.

In 1822, Chili was visited by an earthquake, which elevated to an average height of five feet a territory of one hundred thousand square miles. Figure on the force necessary to perform that feat!

In 1859 the City of Quito was destroyed by an earthquake, and thousands perished.

The beds of the Southern and South Atlantic Oceans are subject to continual change on account of these shocks, and the entire chain of the Sandwich Islands is of volcanic origin.

In Florida immense meadows and forests have sunk into the bowels of the earth, and there is little doubt but that the West Indies were once a part of the American continent.

In 1857 Naples shook, while Vesuvius smoked and thundered, and the next year the City of Mexico was in great danger, her aqueduct

being destroyed and many houses levelled. Chihuahua, Sonora and other parts of Mexico were visited at this time by shocks, destroying houses.

Long before the historic era the lost Atlantis, an island as large as Australia, was swallowed into the bosom of the ocean by a terrible earthquake and no vestige left of animate or inanimate objects.

In 1772 Papandyang, a volcano on the Island of Java, was in full action, when suddenly it sank, carrying with it an area six miles in breadth and fifteen in length. Forty villages, with nearly three thousand inhabitants, were engulfed in this horrible vortex.

Perhaps the most terrible earthquake of all time, with but one exception, was that at Lisbon, in 1755, which in a few minutes levelled the greatest part of its buildings and carried into its voracious maw sixty thousand of the inhabitants. First receding from the shore, the sea returned in an immense wall of water, over fifty feet in height. One thousand people had gathered on the solid marble wharf, confident of its strength, but the oncoming wave smote into eternity people, wharf and stranded shipping: not a single body nor the slightest plank ever floated up to the surface.

At the same time even the mountains above the city crumbled and the shock was felt alike on the coast of Massachusetts and in the German Alps. The medicinal springs at Toplitz disappeared for sometime; chimneys fell in Boston, the Scottish lakes palpitated frightfully, and even grand Ontario, one of our inland seas, felt the mighty force.

Along the coast of Massachusetts the sea foamed and roared like thousands of angry lions, while at Martinique the tide rose twenty feet and the water was black as night.

In 1692 Port Royal, Jamaica, sank into the sea, the engulfing waters covering a space of a thousand acres, and ships were forced by the gigantic waves over this fearful spot.

Antioch, in Syria, has suffered three severe shocks, the first and second sinking into insignificance, when compared with the last. This occurred in the year of our Lord 526, at the time when the festival of the Ascension was being celebrated. From the towns, villages and surrounding country the people flocked to witness the religious ceremonies, and while these were in full progress, the shock occurred, and so swift was the destruction that there was no time for

escape. Of the multitude two hundred and fifty thousand people were swallowed up in a single instant of time.

In California the record of earthquakes begins about the year 1800, though no doubt they were of frequent occurrence prior to that time. During 1808 these shocks were frequent. In 1812 the entire southern part of the State was badly shaken and thirty persons killed. In 1818 a church at Santa Clara was destroyed. In 1851 a severe shock was felt at San Francisco, during which the waters of the bay were greatly agitated. In 1858 San Jose was visited and several of the brick houses badly injured. In 1861 some parts of the State felt a severe shock. In 1865 San Francisco was again visited, many buildings injured and immense damage done to the window glasses. In 1868 San Francisco and Alameda County experienced a frightful shock.

This began gently, but soon so rocked the buildings that they almost turned over, and caused the inhabitants to fly to vacant lots for safety. Some buildings were badly cracked; some partly sank and a few were thrown down. Three persons were killed and for some time it was difficult to persuade families to go back to their homes. The tremor and rocking of the earth produced a horrible feeling, which those who experienced it say seemed like a mixture of sea sickness and acute melancholia, and in consequence of this, as much as from their fears of a violent death, many people are said to have left the State, never to return.

In 1872 occurred the most destructive shock that California has ever experienced. This occurred in Inyo County on March 26th. Lone Pine was instantly destroyed, having been subjected to three hundred successive shocks in a few hours. Twenty-seven of its five hundred inhabitants were killed and many wounded. At Swansea, Independence and Cerro Gordo a few persons were killed, some wounded and many buildings destroyed. These shocks continued for three days. In one part of the county fifty acres of land sank six feet below the general surface level; Kern and Owens Rivers ran backwards for miles and Owens Lake rose five feet.

Some of the dead and wounded were swallowed in chasms which opened in the solid ground. The rumbling of the earth and its appalling tremors were made more horrible by the hissing of its pent up heat and steam and the roar and stench of its escaping vapors. Eye witnesses describe the grand climax as one of sublime horror.

Darting from the mountain crags were immense sheets of electric flames which precipitated thousands of tons of rock into the valleys below, while advancing toward them from the South, could be heard terrific peals of subterranean explosion, as if a hundred tons of giant powder were being set off at once. This sound they describe as being appalling, especially when they heard it advancing slowly upon them and did not know but that the entire surface of the earth was being blown to atoms.

At daylight—for all this horror was increased by the darkness of night—they saw that the air was filled with smoke and impalpable dust. Some springs were dried up, others opened, and the bosom of the valley was rent and fissured with thousands of chasms.

Mount Hood, in Oregon, lighted up its fires in sympathy with these disturbances; Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich group, began to smoke and even far-off Vesuvius, in Italy, belched forth her floods of ashes and lava, smoke and fire as though she, too, had been one of the smoke-stacks of these far-off subterranean fires.

This is a partial list of what earthquake shocks have done in the past, and they show us how justly they are to be feared at present, though let us hope that to our western sister no such ills may ever befall her in the years to come.

How mildly we have shown the terrors of the earthquake, and how strong a picture of its horrors we might have painted, the reader can easily see for himself by consulting any detailed account of the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, or that at Antioch in the sixth century of the Christian era.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEM —— THE POT-HOUSE POLITICIAN —— SATAN IN PARADISE —— STRANGE FAULT-FINDING —— A MODEST IMMIGRANT——CHINESE VIRTUES——IIIS ADAPTABILITY——THE ASIATIC YANKEE——A LOW DEATH RATE——CHEAP LABOR——A PATIENT TOILER—— THE AUTOCRATIC SERVANT GIRL —— TIIE UNPARDONABLE SIN —— A HOUSEHOLD TYRANT —— PAGANS —— BUDDHA AND CON-FUT-SEE —— A PURE MORALITY——A NOBLE HEBREW——-HIS TEACHINGS——A YOUNG PRINCE——HIS HOLY LIFE——A CREED OF CASTES——OVERTHROWN BY BUDDHA —— THE CHILDREN OF GOD —— TO LIVE WELL —— THE FIRST GOLDEN RULE——A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER——AMUSEMENTS——NEW YEAR ——THEATERS——PECULIAR CUSTOMS——NO POLITICS——CHINESE WIDOWS——POLYGAMY——MURDER OF FEMALE CHILDREN——DIET——AN OLD CIVILIZATION —— UNCHANGEABLE——LONG ENJOYED LUXURIES —— COMPARISON WITH OTHER RACES——LEPROSY——FEARS OF ITS SPREAD—— PROSTITUTION——NECESSARY EVILS——THE STRANGE WOMAN——EXPERIENCE OF SOCRATES —— SOLOMON'S WISDOM —— ASPASIA —— THE OMNIPRESENT COURTESAN.

No sketch of California would be complete without some notice of the Chinaman, who, in less than a quarter of a century, has become the chief social and political problem of the Pacific Slope. Without the inoffensive heathen to inveigh against, the occupation of the California pot-house politician would be gone. According to him the race has crept into the State like Satan into Paradise, to embitter all its joys and to ruin its prosperity. Swaying to and fro with true drunken gravity, his brain fired with deep potations of napthaline gin, or vile, unwholesome rum, he will point out the horrors of opium-eating and smoking and show its downward tendencies. He will howl out, as a damning evidence of Chinese iniquity, that "he takes no interest in the country—he never votes."

If anything could cause a thinking American to rise up and call a foreigner blessed, it would be this very modesty of the Chinaman in feeling his ignorance of our institutions too deeply to wish to meddle with them. How great a pity it is that some of our Caucasian immigrants are not gifted with a little of this decent modesty. That he doesn't bring his women with him; that he sends his bones

back to the "flowery kingdom" for burial; that he smokes opium, instead of drinking rum; that he is not brave, and that he *is* economical, are all matters concerning himself solely.

His worst enemies allow to him sobriety, patience and frugality. They admit that he neither meddles with the social, moral, or political affairs of his neighbors. They say that he is adaptable and if he cannot find employment at his regular trade, whatever that may be, he turns his hand to something else—in fact, that he is the American of Asia.

They say that, while inferior in physique to the white man, he is superior in diligence and patient energy. They say that he doesn't get drunk, attends no club, has no elections and parades, belongs to no societies, organizes no strikes, and raises no riots. How they could make out a better character for this much abused heathen we can hardly see.

They speak of his filthy habits, and yet cleanliness is a part of his religion and rigidly practiced. They say that he sleeps in crowded quarters and poisons himself with the foul exhalations from dozens of his fellows, and yet his death rate is lower than any of our other immigrants. They speak of his cheap labor, and yet his washing and his cooking are better paid than those of any other of our domestics.

It is true that his patience and industry enable him to work out fortunes from the "tailings," from which the American has already taken their richest deposits of the precious metals, and in household work the Chinese easily displace our Bridgets and our Lenas, from the fact that they are not inquisitive, demand no "Sundays and afternoons out," attend to their own business, do not pry into that of their employers, and ask but a single question, when seeking employment—"is the pay certain!"

To think of asking the number of children in a family, as if the production of offspring were the unpardonable sin; to dictate as to the management of the household, or any part of it, are things which never enter their minds, and they were welcomed in California (when the servant girl had become the domestic autocrat), as a God-send.

But they are pagans, say these political moralists fresh from the slums of intemperance and the dens of debauchery, who know as much, and only as much, about the noble teachings of Buddha and

Kong-Fut-Se, (Confucius), as they do of the grand principles of American freedom. Can these Chinaphobists tell us where we can find precepts of morality and sobriety that surpass those of the teachers we have mentioned? They may object that immortality is only hinted at in their writings. Did Moses, the noblest Hebrew character, that that race ever produced, even hint at it? Are we to blame them that they are not Christians, when five hundred years before the birth of Christ the religion of Confucius was firmly established amongst them?

About the year sixty, of our Lord, the philosophy and morality of the Chinese sage were also supplemented with the doctrines of Buddha. Now, let us see if this commingled religion is altogether inadequate to the spiritual needs of humanity. Five hundred and fifty-seven years before the Christian era, a son was born to the family of a Hindoo king, named Sakya-Muni, or Gautama and at the age of sixteen was consecrated, by annointing with water, as heir to the throne. As a child he was remarkable for the vigor and balance of his mind and the tenderness of his heart.

So delicate were his perceptions, and so acute his sensibilities, that every effort was made to keep from him all sights and sounds of sorrow, disease and death, but at last he accidentally saw a man stooped with the heavy burden of decrepid age; a young man afflicted with a hideous disease, and the corpse of a maiden.

These caused him to reflect on the evils that wait upon all conditions and estates of man, and turning his back upon his throne, his parents, his wife and his children, he determined to devote his life to the good of suffering humanity. His family name was hidden, first by that of Siddartha, "he that fulfils," and later by that of Buddha, "the enlightened."

Hindostan was then under the dominion of the Brahminical religion; a creed of rigid castes and strict intolerance, but the teachings of Buddha not only overthrew it in his native land, but to-day his is the religion of Japan, Ceylon, Thibet, Corea, China, Cochin-China, Siam and Burmah, as well. He taught that purity of morals, of actions and of thought were alone worthy of humanity and should be the traits that distinguished them from the brute creation. "Do we love our parents?" said he—"so also do the brutes. Do we love our wives and offspring?—the beasts do so likewise. *We* must love, as well, our enemies if we would be accounted better than they. We

must abolish all castes, since we are the children of one God, and are all subject to like joys and ills; to like curses and blessings. We must abstain from evil for the sake of virtue alone; if we live hereafter, it is well; if we perish at death, we have at least lived well."

Confucius, like Buddha, left his wife shortly after the birth of his first child, and devoted himself to contemplation and to promulgating his philosophy. In his writings we first find recorded the golden rule: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." Neither of them taught of a hell, or purgatorial sufferings, and both held that children were born pure and perfect, without the taint of sin. So much for Chinese religion.

In amusements, the Chinese keep rigidly their New Year, their festival lasting with them a week. This celebration does not occur on a certain, fixed date, as our first of January, but is governed by the moon, as is our Easter and falls somewhere between the 21st of January and the 20th of February. They are regular patrons to their theatres, where interminable plays hold the stage for weeks; their dramas being on the plan of our continued stories. Their plays are all tragedies; of comedy they have no idea. Gambling is followed by all classes, it not being accounted by them wrong to spend their own money in any way they choose.

Their peculiarities are many; they smoke cigars and pipes, but never chew tobacco. They never drink cold water. They never walk abreast, but one after the other. They use no animals in their labors. Their carriages are sedan chairs. They have no politics. Widows must wait three years after the death of their husbands before re-marriage, and even then the man who marries a widow is held in contempt. No display is allowed to the widow-bride. White is their badge of mourning. They do no courting, their marriages being arranged by old women, who follow match-making as a profession. In the street the wife must walk at a suitable distance behind her "lord and master," as her husband truly is. In China polygamy is somewhat practiced, and the killing of female children is common, though generally denounced.

The idle stories of their "rice-and-rat eating" propensities are easily disproved by any candid inquirer, who will take the trouble to consult the butcher, patronized by these queer people. Pork and chickens are their favorite meats; peas and potatoes their

preference in vegetables, and they are partial to all kinds of sweetmeats. They use a great deal of fruit, but little bread. Tea is their universal table beverage and this they drink scalding hot and without sugar or milk.

How long these strange beings have maintained their exclusive civilization, within the walls of their unchanging empire, we will never know, but it is certain that thousands of years ago, when the ancestors of the Saxon and the Celt, the Anglo-Norman and the Teutonic races were rude barbarians, clad only in the skins of wild beasts and living by the chase, the progenitor of the California Chinaman of to-day enjoyed his printing press and his tillage, and clad in silken fabrics, was familiar with gun-powder and mechanic arts, some of which are new to us even at the present time. All the mutations of time have failed to change him in character, physiognomy or habits, and while the rest of the world has been revolutionized by the onward rush of the hours and the steady march of progress, this gigantic empire alone has known no change.

McLellan truthfully says of it: "In the material world centuries upon centuries have rolled away—kings, governments and dynasties grown and disappeared—Persia, Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome flourished and faded away—the eternal hills themselves have lifted and lowered their heads in the lapse of time, but the Chinese nation and the Chinese people remain unchanged. No admixture of other races leaves a single line upon their physical mould; nor do the busy changes in science, government, society or religion leave a single imprint upon the stereotyped conditions of these people, whose primeval customs, literature and religion are as active and fresh as they were centuries before the deluge, the dispersion at Babel and the rule of Kublai Khan. The China of to-day is but the Cathay of centuries ago."

Affecting by preference the mining camps of the western territories, we find him making his way as laundryman to all of the larger and many of the smaller cities of the United States. Not able to compete at heavy labor with the brawny members of the Caucasian families, we find him an invaluable servant in all the lighter departments of manual toil.

Years of continued residence in San Francisco have failed to confirm the alleged danger of his spreading amongst the whites the dread disease of leprosy. It is, in fact, probable, that under his

better sanitary conditions and with the more generous food he is able to obtain in this country, this disease will disappear entirely from his race.

As to the female prostitution, so prevalent amongst Chinawomen in California, that is due to the fact that none, save prostitutes, are brought to this country. That courtesans exist in China was certainly to be expected, as the "strange woman" has at all times and ages and in all countries, been regarded as one of the necessary evils of society.

Cultured Greece and martial Rome, as well as their most barbarous foemen, admitted these women to a place in their social economies, and even amongst God's chosen people they were not unknown.

Socrates, the grandest of mortals, has been charmed with the discourses of Aspasia; and even Solomon, the wisest of men, was not indifferent to the scarlet women of his day—how, then, can we expect of the Chinaman, an Asiatic and a Buddhist, a purity not exhibited by Jewish sage, Hellenic philosopher, Roman general, or Christian civilian?

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY TYPES OF CALIFORNIA SOCIETY.

THE EFFECT OF HEREDITY——THE ROUNDHEAD——HARDY AND BRAVE——SOMEWHAT FANATICAL——INGENIOUS, PRACTICAL, CAREFUL——THE SLAVE OF DUTY——A MAN OF IRON——THE CAVALIER——ADVENTUROUS——GRACEFUL——LIBERAL——HOT-BLOODED——TOO RECKLESS——ROMANTIC——A WORSHIPPER OF HONOR——POLISHED STEEL——THE WESTERN MAN——LOVE OF EXCITEMENT——A GLADIATOR——COURAGEOUS——A HARDY HERO——THE OPEN COMBAT——UNBOUNDED FAITH——UNYIELDING BRAVERY——THE CALIFORNIAN OF TO-DAY——"THE MAN OF '49"——A COSMOPOLITE——THE SWARMING NATIONS——CONTINUAL EXCITEMENT——LAVISH PRODIGALITY——WEALTHY CITIZENS——CONDITION OF CALIFORNIA——THE HISTORY OF GOLD——NORTH CAROLINA——A HANDY PIG-PELTER——MEADOW CREEK——GOLD IN THE SOUTH——AUSTRALIA——JAMES BUCHANAN——"OVER THE DUMP"——MINERAL PRODUCTION——BIG NUGGETS——VIRGIN SILVER——PROSPECTORS——GAMBLERS——GREASER GAMBLING——WALL STREET OPERATORS——BUNCO MEN——THE CALIFORNIA "SPORT"——A GAME MAN——BUCKING AGAINST THE INEVITABLE.

In any country, no matter by whom settled, we can see for ages the indelible imprint of its pioneers upon the character and habits, the physiognomy, and even the very minds of the population. Thus we have in New England, the descendant of the "Roundhead," the man who fought with Cromwell and prayed with "Barebones."

Like his progenitor, he is hardy, brave and frugal. Somewhat a fanatic is he in all of his beliefs, intolerant and grasping. Ingenuity is his and a patient industry, that effects wonders in overcoming obstacles. He is a man of shifts and expedients, practical, not romantic. He trusts to no miracle and with all of his dependence on Providence, he does not neglect to keep his powder dry.

His life is hard, his scope narrow, but his mind is keen, and putting duty before the beautiful, will follow it manfully. He will die as quickly to crush out his neighbor's creeds as he will to defend his own. Of the metals he best compares with iron, such is his endurance and his hardness. His gods are the practical and the useful.

In Virginia and the Carolinas, we have the descendant of the Cavaliers who rode into battle under their ill-fated leaders with ruffled shirts and ringleted heads. In their ranks there was more of

swearing and singing of love songs than of prayer and hymn, but there was no hypocricy. They fought and bled for king and cause, as cheerfully as they would "indite a sonnet to their mistress' eyebrows," and whether their king was good, or cause was worthy, they still fought as bravely and as long.

They were of the strain of the Knights Crusaders; the adventurous sire had propagated the daring son. Graceful of manner and comely of person, their speech was a benediction, their smile a caress. Large of heart and broad of view, hospitality was a religious duty, toleration a universal law.

Quick of temper and over-zealous to avenge an insult, they were somewhat too ready to anticipate the law, and human life was held at too cheap a rate. Found always on the weaker side, they hated tyranny, while arrogating to themselves a patriarchial power. Romantic in temperament, they too much lacked patience of toil and frugality of disposition.

Honor was the fetich of their worship and courage the standard of their manhood. Their fiber was that of the Damascus blade, graceful, keen, pliant and beautiful; excellent in some things, but lacking in others.

The man of Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri was the latter type grown more hardy. He was the second son of the second son, joining to a hardier stature, a more intense love of excitement and a stronger contempt for danger. Added yet to this was a fixedness of purpose, somewhat foreign to the sire; a determination to carve out an empire, while fashioning a home. Here was a hero worthy to have sailed with Jason; a warrior fit to have battled with Achilles. Here was the frame of the gladiator thewed and sinewed to struggle in broad arenas for mighty empires, and this was animated with the courage of the demi-god and the hardihood of the Lybian lion.

Not that he was an unthinking wild beast, fierce with a thirst for blood, killing for the sake of slaughter. This does not truly type him, for to courage he added conduct, and to giant strength, a womanly pity. Neither did he disdain stratagem, though he preferred the combat of the open field; and against the skulking wolves, these lions did not disdain to use the cunning of the fox, when swarming numbers seemed an overmatch for god-like courage.

Dashing into the uncertainties of the unequal contest, their faith

never failed them, nor their courage wavered, and whether the closely curtained future held for them glorious victory, or a horrible death, they pushed on bravely against the most terrible odds.

So the Californian of to-day bears the imprint of "the man of '49." The cosmopolitan character of the immigration and the speculative ideas of the era have made the Californian a distinctive type of the American race, with virtues and vices peculiar to himself. In order to understand his character, it will be necessary to take a short survey of the times of the pioneers of '49 and also of the conditions by which they were surrounded.

No city on the globe had so mixed a population as did the metropolis of "the Slope," at this time. Here were gathered adventurers from every nation and every clime. Here was the piratical sailor from the China seas; the Malay with his square face and his deadly crease; the tattoed Polynesian, and the gentle Islander from Honolulu. Side by side with the vivacious Frenchman, was the phlegmatic German, enemies by natural antipathies; the Spaniard and the Yankee, the Southerner and the Scandinavian, the man of Missouri and of Michigan; the hardy Kanuc and the Sidney convict, all swarmed to the Eldorado of the Pacific.

Of their day and nation each of these men was, if not the most scrupulous, at least the most adventurous and speculative. The dishonest were the boldest; the honest the most hardy of their class. Life was one continual excitement day and night, and speculation, gambling and adventure ruled the hours. So we find the Californian of to-day—bold, self-confident, speculative and above all adventurous.

The chambermaid in the hotel, the porter on the street, the stevedore at the wharves and the minister in the pulpit dip into speculative mining, and bull and bear shares upon the call-board like full-fledged stock brokers. The lavish prodigality that characterized the flush times of her early mining days, is reflected in the open hearted generosity of the present.

The pompous display enjoyed by those, into whose laps Fortune cast golden showers, still flares out in the vainglorious show of her bonanza millionaires of to-day, whose wives flaunt in London and in Paris arrays of jewels, that might have purchased the freedom of a dozen captive kings. Their gilded palaces in San Francisco and New

York glitter with meretricious gilding and every where hint of the possession of wealth, but the absence of taste.

So much for the character of her men. Now let us glance at the condition of the State, and in order to do this intelligently, it will first be necessary to see how, in building up these private fortunes her blessings have been of wider scope and with an unselfish benison have blessed humanity and enriched the world. If we seek to inquire into the history of gold, we find it enumerated as one of the sources of wealth as early as the time of Abraham and, in fact, the scriptures mention it in the description of the Garden of Eden. Aaron made a calf of gold for the Hebrews to worship, and in several places in the Bible we are told of the Jews, even at that time a people more tricky than valiant or honest, despoiling their enemies and their own relatives, as well, of the precious metal.

Solomon, in his "song" of somewhat more than doubtful morality, mentions his chariot, whose "bottom is of gold." The land of Ophir teemed with the auriferous metal. Cortez and Pizarro found the Mexicans and Peruvians rich in this species of mineral product and skilled workers in its extraction and fashioning. The Grecians and Romans possessed gold, though their coin was chiefly of silver; so did the Colchians and Africans.

In 1492 America was discovered—at that time all of the precious metals in Europe represented a value of one hundred and seventy-five million dollars. A hundred years after, it had increased to nearly seven hundred millions. In the United States gold was first discovered in North Carolina. A truant boy, named Conrad Read, was fishing and bathing in the clear waters of Meadow Creek, in Cabarrus County, in that State. The day was Sunday, but instead of getting himself drowned as poetic justice, according to Sunday school literature, demanded, he found a lump of gold as large as a small flat-iron and added a new industry to the Atlantic Coast.

Taking it home, his father prized it so highly and estimated its value so correctly, that it was used as a door-weight, and when not in that employ, came handy to throw at vagrant dogs and intrusive porkers. The find occurred in 1799, and in 1802, Read, sr., became suddenly curious about the door-weight and carried it to Fayetteville, where a jeweler tested it; pronounced it gold, and paid the old man over three hundred dollars for it, probably one-fourth of its value.

Meadow Creek now became the scene of an excitement and prospecting for gold was vigorously pushed. The next year one nugget was found that weighed sixteen; another, twenty-eight pounds. Twenty-eight years later a quartz vein was found and now gold mining became a regular business. Gold was also found in South Carolinia, Georgia, Alabama and Virginia. Up to the discovery of gold in California these States had yielded between forty and fifty millions of dollars worth of the precious metal and its production still continues, though but feebly.

In 1851 Australia began turning out immense quantities of gold, and of the four billions now in circulation throughout the world, California and Australia each furnished one billion; or the two together, one half of all the gold in existence and that, too, in the space of twenty years.

Although placer gold had been found in California in 1775, in 1808, in 1828, in 1835, in 1838 and in 1841, at various places, yet the discoverers did not think it amounted to anything, because it did not lie on the surface of the ground by the bucketful. The Thomas O. Larkin already alluded to, as the American consul at Monterey, was the first who placed any great amount of faith in the mineral richness of the Pacific Slope.

In 1846 he wrote to James Buchanan, then Secretary of State, that: "There is no doubt but gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, sulphur and coal mines are to be found all over California." Its "manifest destiny" then became apparent and two months after, Commodore Sloat had planted the American flag-staff in the plaza at Monterey and the stars and stripes waved over these gorgeous deposits of mineral wealth.

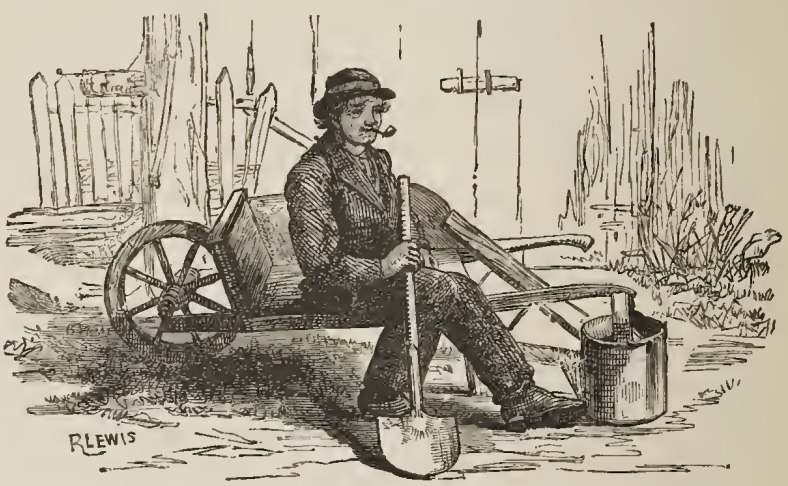
The next step was the discovery of James W. Marshall and the rush that we have already seen. First there was the primitive gold pan, next the rocker, then the long-tom, and as the dirt decreased in richness and the mining increased in depth and difficulty, then came in the flume, the sluice and the hydraulic hose and nozel. Quartz leads, too, began to be discovered, and the arastra, the patio, the stamp mills and the smelter came into play.

Owing to the cost of treatment of quartz ores, all mineral went "over the dump," that did not run, in some districts ten dollars to the ton, in others thirty. How much wealth lies in these abandoned dumps may be guessed at, when it is known that in Austria and

Russia, these ores can be treated at a cost of less than one dollar per ton, and this must eventually be the case in America.

While on this subject let us venture a little out of the limits of California and give a few condensed statistics in regard to mining. The total production of precious metals in Mexico and on the Pacific Slope, since the discovery of America, has been nearly, if not quite, five billions of dollars; this amount includes silver as well as gold. It is calculated that one-third of all the gold that is mined goes into Asia, is made into ornaments and never returns to the channels of trade. Of nuggets we find masscs of gold weighing from a few pennyweights to many pounds.

The Ballarat nugget, in Australia, weighed over one hundred pounds. I have seen a photograph of another Australian nugget, said to be from four to six times as large as the Ballarat.



"SCOTTY"—THE CALIFORNIA PROSPECTOR.

"Don Domingo Asmendi paid duties on a piece of virgin silver, which weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds.

"The King's attorney brought suit for the recovery as a curiosity and, therefore, the property of royalty, of a certain piece of silver weighing two thousand scven hundred pounds.

"This attorney also brought suit for duties on several pieces, which, together, weighed four thousand and thirty-three pounds."

In the train of the prospector and the miner there followed the capitalist, the mining broker and others less reputable. There came the expert gambler, steady of nerve, keen of eye and dexterous of hand. His dress was irreproachable, his manners courtly,

and his courage cool. His trained nerves did not tremble at the gain or loss of thousands and exteriorly he was cool as an iceberg, while excitement was the mistress of his bosom.

He was the incarnation of that feverish passion that, since the beginning of the world, has possessed men and that, until the end of time, will still master them. If one means is denied him of gratifying his longing for the excitement of chance, another will suffice. Take away cards, dice, the roulette wheel, the skying of coppers, chess and checker-boards, yachts, horses, and still the elements will furnish him with material.

In Old Mexico I've seen "the Greasers" try their luck and gratify their gaming mania by depositing a handful of small coins and a cigar, each, upon the ground. Fortune—in the embodiment of a fly—lighted upon one of the cigars and its lucky owner pocketed the pool. In Denver, Binford and Pierce, two honest gamblers of the old school; straightforward, honorable men, tired of cards and dice and wheel, adjourned to a back yard and played at the boyish game of marbles; fifty dollars depending on each and every shot.

The Wall Street operator and the Exchange merchant disdaining the ordinary apparatus, make cotton, corn and sugar, the subjects of their bets, while in the "bucket shops" the youthful clerk imitates their example. The bunco man, with a rare knowledge of humanity, takes in alike the deacon and the poet—Elder Standish, or Oscar Wilde. The California "sporting man," as he terms himself, is the one with whom we have to do, and I once heard him well described by one of his comrades: "Why, sir, Jim's the gamiest man alive! He'll buck right up *agin* the inevitable, and I do believe if you'd offer odds, he'd put up on being able to swallow himself." Generous, betting on any and everything, ready at all times for a bout at faro and poker, or for a duel to the death with bowie or revolver, this was one of the parasites that fattened upon the simple miner.

CHAPTER IX.

CALIFORNIA CRIMINALS AND VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

"THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSE LEECH"——MESSALINA, EMPRESS OF ROME——"THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE"——"THE FAIREST HELEN"——A FIRMLY FIXED FACT——HER MISSION——THE DESCENT OF AVERNUS——THE DOWNWARD PATH——THE FRONTIER DANCE-HOUSE——A HIDEOUS WRECK——A COMPANION PICTURE——THE ORCHESTRA——A FIENDISH REVEL——THE DANCE OF DEATH——THE DESPERADO——HIS ALIASES——GENERAL CHARACTER——PLAYING A SUCKER——A BAD MAN——A WILLING CREDITOR——THE IMITATION, AND THE REAL ARTICLE——BIDS FOR MURDER——THE VIGILANTES——"SHORT SHRIFT"——THE LEGEND——A GOOD THING OVERDONE——A ZEALOT——RABID WRITING——SOWING THE WIND——KILLED BY CASEY——AN UNLAWFUL MOB——THE MAYOR'S SPEECH——CORA AND CASEY MURDERED——SHERMAN COMMISSIONED——RESIGNS——APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT——THE GOVERNOR DEFIED——STATE ARMS STOLEN——THE ATTACK ON TERRY——HIS BRAVERY——HELD A PRISONER——COMMITTEE PARADES AND DISBANDS——TREATMENT OF TERRY.

The "scarlet woman" was another parasite; a regular "daughter of the horse leach, saying, 'give, give';" a creature that in all ages of the world has appeared in the list of "necessary evils," often making no mean figure, either, upon the page of history—as witness the celebrated Aspasia, and Messalina, empress of imperial Rome. Cleopatra, too, the "serpent of old Nile," overturned the plans of Antony, and changed the destinies of the world. "The fairest Helen" precipitated a war between the Greeks and Trojans, that razed the walls and battlements of Illium, wiped out a nation and was the cause of unnumbered ills to the victors.

She was a firmly fixed fact in the God-governed economy of the Jews, and so long as man is base and woman weak, so long will she continue an ineradicable blot upon our boasted civilization, working out some inscrutable plan of the Omniscient and Omnipotent Father of all. That she does fill some ordained place in the body politic, we are led to believe from the fact, that so far, the combined wisdom of the centuries has been unable to banish her from society.

Of all her class, the courtesan of the mining camps is the most hopelessly degraded. Her progress thus far has been a terrible one, and even yet she must sink lower. She has "left hope behind,"

and for her footsteps there is no return from the paths of vice, from the mire of degradation. Hounded by the fatality of a Salathiel, her course leads on and on, until at last she is carted to the Potter's field to fill a pauper's grave. From the palatial mansion of some city procuress, where for a short space she may have reigned a queen of the *demi monde*, she goes down, and down, and down, (for vice has its grades and Horace truly says: "No one becomes suddenly thoroughly base)," and at last we behold her in some frontier dance-house, her eyes bleared with horrible dissipation; her breath reeking with the fumes of the vilest whisky; every trace of her former freshness and beauty gone; her death-like face covered with a grimy mask of white lead and rouge; her form wasted and her voice husky, dancing with some drunken miner or with some companion wretch of the male species, bankrupt in honor, honesty and decency, as utter a wreck as herself, sharing her paltry gains and a mere libel on the name of man.

A fiddle, a cornet and a banjo, make the music for the orgie, and with ribald oath and jest and laugh the dance goes madly on. To the sober spectator it almost seems a revel of death, as though plague-stricken maniacs, in the last stages of delirium and disease, were wearing out their little remnant of life to the dolorous strains that arise from the discordant orchestra. The dance over, the miserable creature fires up with the liquid damnation that frenzies her, and if in the abodes of the accursed, there are scenes more hideous, they must be terrible indeed.

Do no visions of her once pure girlhood ever float over her mind? Does her mother's soft voice never plead to her, nor a father's gray hairs, brought in sorrow to the grave, never cause her to wish to turn from this death in life and flee? No! for she has banished thought along with hope. No! for one such remembrance would madden her, and so, with this Lethean fire of hell, she drowns all reflection and plunges on in one unceasing Bacchanalian revel, whose continuance is frenzy and whose end is death.

This is a not overdrawn picture of another of the gold-seekers' leeches, whose saddest robbery of her victim is not his loss of money.

The desperado is another in the list of harpies that prey upon the miner, and they are not always satisfied with a tribute of gold. Life too often is demanded to satisfy their thirst for blood and notoriety.

The desperado, gun-fighter, bad man, or killer, for he is known by all of these titles, is generally a compound of gambler, thief, bravo and pandar. His consort is usually one of the poor creatures just described, and when the cards have been unlucky, plunder unobtainable and theft impossible, he does not hesitate to live upon the proceeds of her sin and shame.

In his combats he ever wishes "the drop;" failing in this he will bide his time, knowing how, with proper show of bluster, to back down when his opponent has an equal chance. When necessity presses, he screws his courage to the sticking point and with sandbag, or bludgeon, assails some solitary footman, generally choosing one too drunk to give him any trouble. His "best hold," however, to use a Westernism, is bluffing the verdant pilgrim just freshly arrived from the East.

Pulling his heavy revolvers around to the front, so that their handles may show, he ruffles his hair, and approaching his victim with fierce glances and horrible oaths, some such colloquy as this begins (Desperado, yawning and stretching):

"Seen yer before, young feller! Can't call yer name. Oh yes, Jones. Lemme tell you, Jones, this here bad place; heap er bad men; bad man myself; saved yer life other night. Don't tell me I lie! (reaching for pistol) Saved yer life. Lend me a fiver. Ugh-h-h! Ain't slept for a week; been drunk a month; would jest as leave kill 'er a man as eat. Ugh-h-h!"

The game generally succeeds, the speech being accompanied by significant motions towards his pistols and by terrible glances and a running volley of fierce oaths. The pilgrim, as the greenhorn was known on the plains; or the tenderfoot, as he is dubbed in the mountains, anxious to escape from the society of so dangerous a person, readily hands over the first bill he comes to, and if it should happen to be a ten, instead of a five, he insists that no change shall be offered, and thanking his *preserver*, makes a hurried departure from the scene.

To these alleged desperadoes might be added the real article; men more dangerous than the thugs of India; human wild beasts who having, like the man-eating tiger, once shed human blood, feel a necessity for continual slaughter. Of these, California had her share, in fact, so fierce were they and so bold that they openly banded together for the commission of deeds of blood and let their

services to the highest bidder as Spanish bravos upon the night-darkened plazas at Madrid or Seville. Others of them roamed the streets day and night, solitary and alone, scorning pay, but killing for the pure love of murder.

Boon Helm and his gang, called "Boon Helm's Hounds," rioted in the streets of San Francisco and no man was safe from their vengeance; no woman from their brutality. They defied the laws. They defied public sentiment and they defied Omnipotence, but finally they tried too far the patience of the people. In self-defense the citizens at last rose up and determined that murder and arson and riot should be banished from the land.

They banded together against the desperadoes; alike those who killed in bands or, single-handed, made murder a profession and a pastime. The worst were hung, the more moderate banished, those who aided them warned. If any refused to go when ordered, they were promptly hanged. For a while this worked well. Judge Lynch administered law for the *Vigilantes* without cost or delay. The intended victim was ordered to leave the city within twenty-four hours, sometimes in a shorter time. Some swore that they would not go, and a committee next sought them, arresting them wherever found, whether at play or at prayer, in church or in bed.

They were next taken before the judge of the "short shrift and the long rope," their crimes and misdemeanors recited, their defense heard and a tall tree with accessible limbs selected. A rope was now thrown across a branch and at one end a noose was formed. The victim's neck was encircled with this, his hands tied behind his back, five minutes granted him to make his peace with Heaven, and then unhesitating hands seized the other end of the rope and with a strong pull swung the poor wretch into the air. The name of the man and his crimes were written on a piece of paper supplemented by the words, "the penalty whereof is death," and signed, "By order of the committee, 406," or some other cabalistic number. Sometimes this legend read, "Hung for contempt of court," sometimes, "for stealing dust," etc. This was pinned to the tree and the body left swinging to the limb.

At last the dangers which might have been forseen, arose from this lawless administration of law; the vigilance committee became an instrument of private vengeance. If a member had a personal enemy he trumped up some charge against him and had him warned

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THE CALIFORNIA VIGILANTES EXECUTING THE ORDERS OF JUDGE LYNCH.

by the committee. Conscious of his innocence, the accused would not go and of course had to suffer for his contumacy. To such an extent was this carried, that the citizens, seeing no safety for any one outside of the ranks of the committee, began to devise some means of putting a stop to its high-handed course.

The action taken by the citizens, aided by the press, caused a cessation of the meetings of the vigilantes and it was supposed that it had entirely passed out of existence, when in 1855 the thug, the thief and the confidence men again began to infest the city. A panic had stricken San Francisco and financial distress had rendered men desperate. There were also hints of mismanagement of the public funds, of corruption in office, of ballot-box stuffing and grave crimes and misdemeanors. At this time, when wise men counselled an appeal to the law, and were doing all they could to pour "oil on the troubled waters," a rash, hot-headed zealot, named King, began to edit the "Evening Bulletin."

He was a fearless man, honest in intention and in act, so far as is known, but he lacked judgment. Applying the lash right and left, he dealt in the harshest personalities and counselled mob violence. Presuming that a man named Cora, accused of murder, was insufficiently guarded, he advised as follows: "If Mr. Sheriff Scannell does not remove Billy Mulligan from his present post, as keeper of the county jail, and Mulligan lets Cora escape, hang Billy Mulligan; if necessary to get rid of the sheriff, hang him—hang the sheriff!"

Like all industrious sowers of the wind, he reaped the whirlwind. In an attack of a similar intemperate tone upon a member of the Board of Supervisors, (Casey,) he alluded to him as an ex-convict from Sing-Sing. A few hours after the article appeared, Casey shot King down in the street. Casey was promptly arrested and the military ordered out to protect the jail from the old vigilante spirit of the mob, which was rapidly gathering.

The mayor attempted to disperse the infuriated crowds, but they had scented blood. They were assured that Casey had been promptly arrested, was now securely confined and would be dealt with according to the law of the land. They were entreated, as good citizens, to disperse quietly to their homes, that justice would be dealt to all fairly and without favor.

This speech was drowned in yells; the mob wanted blood, not words. The books of the vigilance committee were now opened,

and immense numbers of names enrolled. The press, with one exception, counselled moderation; that one denounced the illegal organization. Before the death of King, the mob mounted a brass field piece before the jail, demanded and obtained Casey and Cora and carried them to the committee headquarters, where they were held under strong guard. King died the next day, and a day later his corpse was followed to the grave by an immense crowd, which, on its return, was greeted by the sight of the corpses of Cora and Casey swinging from the second-story windows of the committee's rooms.

This hasty action was followed by warning some of the most notorious characters and the moral atmosphere was greatly purified. Every good citizen now hoped that the committee would disband, and the press and pulpit began to oppose its longer continuance, but either charmed with the possession of power, or from some other cause, its meetings steadily continued. Seeing that it was obstructing the process of the law and setting a dangerous example, Governor Johnson, on the 3rd day of June, 1856, declared the city of San Francisco in a state of insurrection.

Wm. T. Sherman was commissioned as a Major-General of State troops; all militia companies and all persons subject to military duty were ordered to report to him, and the vigilantes warned to disband. This was certainly the duty of the Governor and it was equally the duty of all law-abiding citizens to obey his commands, but the *vigilantes* began to enroll additional members, fortified their rooms and made every arrangement to oppose by force the behests of their Governor.

The latter now appealed to the President for aid, but the President declined to interfere. Sherman added to the difficulties of Johnson's situation by resigning. His resignation was promptly accepted and Volney E. Howard appointed in his place. A shipment of State arms to Major Howard was seized by the vigilance committee. This shipment was in charge of Reuben Maloney. Another schooner had left Sacramento at the same time, ostensibly loaded with brick, but removing a few layers of these, the *vigilantes* discovered a second cargo of arms for Howard's troops.

Both installments were taken to the arsenal of the Vigilance Committee, thus adding to their defiance of the law, theft of State arms.

So infatuated had the rioters now become with their power and success, that they ordered Maloney to appear and explain his connection with convoying these arms. Maloney, instead of complying with this insolent command, took refuge in the office of Dr. H. P. Ashe, United States Naval agent at that port.

One Hopkins, of the committee's alleged police, was detailed to bring him at once. When he arrived, he found Maloney, Ashe and Judge David S. Terry, of the California Supreme Court. Astounded at the impudence of Hopkins, these gentlemen informed him that no such illegal arrest could be made there, upon which Hopkins returned to headquarters for a reinforcement.

After his departure, Judge Terry and Dr. Ashe, not knowing how far the mob might carry their defiance of the law, armed themselves and started with Maloney to the post of the State troops, on Dupont street. Being seen by Hopkins and his gang, they were followed and set upon in the street, and in the endeavor to defend themselves from this infamous outrage, Terry wounded Hopkins seriously in the neck with a knife he had drawn. Hopkins fell, greatly frightened, and the others disappeared rapidly. The three men now made their way to the Dupont street armory.

An immense mob of *vigilantes* soon surrounded this building and awed its few defenders into giving up Terry and Maloney, together with all of their arms. Ashe they feared to molest, as he was a United States official. The mob next marched to the smaller posts of the State troops and seized all of their arms, carrying off, also, all of the most prominent men who favored a return to law and order. These, with Terry and Maloney, they locked up in cells at their headquarters. Terry was held a close prisoner for seven weeks. In the meantime Hopkins recovered and Terry was tried and set at liberty. It is said that at his trial one hundred and fifty witnesses were examined. While thus illegally held, the Legislature of Texas, Terry's former home, petitioned the General Government to interfere in the matter.

On the 18th day of August the committee made a final parade; on the 1st of September they disbanded and on the 3rd of November they returned to the Governor the arms belonging to the State, and thus ended the longest reign of mob law and of riot ever witnessed in the United States.

Although some excuse may be found for the first assembling of the *vigilantes*, yet the second was by no means justified by the circumstances, and after the hanging of Cora and Casey, the commit-



"LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD"—AN INCIDENT OF PIONEER DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

tee was neither more nor less than a vicious mob, defying the constituted authorities and subverting all law and order. Their treatment of Terry, a member of their Supreme Bench, was infamous.

CHAPTER X.

CALIFORNIA DUELS.

A FAVORITE METHOD OF SETTLING QUARRELS——PUBLIC SENTIMENT——ORIGIN OF THE DUEL——KNIGHTLY DUTY——PENALTY OF COWARDICE——WHO HAVE PARTICIPATED IN SUCH COMBATS——A SINGULAR DUEL——THE BRUTE CHAMPION——SIR WALTER SCOTT——BOON COMPANIONS——THE BRUTAL MURDER——THE FAITHFUL DOG——THE ACCUSATION——PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMBAT——JUSTICE VINDICATED——THE FALSE COMRADE SENTENCED ——THE FIRST CALIFORNIA DUEL——WANT OF INTEREST——WALKER AND GRAHAM——CAUSE OF THIS AFFAIR——GRAHAM'S DECLARATION——THE HALT——PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHT——WALKER WOUNDED——DISADVANTAGE OF A SHORT VEST——FATE OF GRAHAM——WITH WALKER IN NICARAGUA.

A sketch of California, with no allusion to California duels, would somewhat resemble the play of Hamlet, as once produced by the veteran actor, Sol Smith, in Memphis, with the character of Hamlet left out. The rendezvous of the most reckless adventurers of that day, it is no wonder that the appeal to the duello became a very common and favorite method of settling disputes and quarrels. Public sentiment did not then frown upon the appeal to "the code" as it now does, and it was looked upon as the correct thing to "call out" your enemy and wing him, or be winged by him, in the old chivalric style.

Formerly a method of trial of the justice of a cause, it was looked upon as a knightly duty to give and accept the gage of battle, and he who was so cowardly as to refuse it, was looked upon not only as lacking in physical bravery, but also as a doubter of the justice of Providence. The golden spurs were hacked from the heels of the recreant knight guilty of this skepticism, his sword was broken and he was degraded to the rank of a common hind.

If we look back over the records of history, we find that not only knights and squires, but also princes, kings and emperors have entered the lists and done battle nobly for country or for cause. The page of the novelist glows with the knightly deeds of its heroes, as witness the description given by Sir Walter Scott of the duel

between the Disinherited Knight and the gigantic Front De Boeuf, in which we can almost hear the ring of the steel mace and lance-head upon the chain and plate armor of the combatants.

The account of the duel between the Templar and the noble mastiff, that appears in one of the tales of the Crusaders—told by the "Wizard of the North"—is almost universally supposed to have not even the slightest foundation in fact, but to be only a conceit of his fanciful brain. This is not the case. It is founded on an actual occurrence, which we shall give in brief. It is as follows:

Macaire, an officer of the body-guard of Charles V., King of France, hated most violently a fellow officer, named Montdidier. Coming upon him in the forest of Bondis, near Paris, Macaire treacherously murdered him and buried his body in a ditch. No one was present when the murder was committed; Montdidier being accompanied only by a favorite grey-hound, and the assassin being entirely alone. According to all human calculation here was a crime that would never come to light, since its sole witness was a dumb brute.

Macaire having effaced all signs of his fell deed, returned to the court, but the faithful hound stretched himself upon his master's grave and gave way to the deepest grief. Continuing his lonely vigil until forced by famine to seek for food, the dog made his way to the kitchen of a friend of Montdidier's, and being abundantly fed, returned to his post. This was frequently repeated, and Montdidier's absence being noted, it was determined to set a watch upon his hound, in order to try and discover his whereabouts. This was done, and when the dog stretched himself upon the ground—which plainly showed traces of having been disturbed—and began his piteous howling, the universal opinion was that his master had been murdered and buried there.

Montdidier's friend, being informed of this fact, ordered a search to be made, and this ended in the discovery of the body, which was removed to Paris and interred in one of the cemeteries there. The dog, after the removal of his master's corpse, attached himself to the person of Montdidier's friend and was continually with him. It was noticed that the hound never met Macaire without springing at him and in every way showing its hatred for him. This was so singular in a dog of this breed—all of which are usually very gentle

and affectionate—that it excited great comment, and finally the suspicion arose that Macaire had murdered his brother guardsman.

This being made known to the king, he felt certain that the dog recognized, in the object of his hatred, the murderer of his master. So firm was he in this belief that he ordered Macaire and the dog to be brought before him. Here the beast, which with every one else was playful and gentle, had no sooner seen the treacherous Macaire admitted, than he leaped at him fiercely and had he not been restrained, would have torn him in pieces. Believing himself now fully justified in such a course, the king ordered the two to the trial by combat—the wager of battle, as it was called.

This duel took place on the Isle of Notre-Dame in the presence of the entire court. It was intended to place the combatants upon as equal terms as possible, hence the man was allowed a good, strong club, while to the dog was allotted a kennel, to which, when too severely pushed, he could retreat. Placed in the lists, the dog seemed to understand what was expected of him and acted as if determined to do his duty to his dead master by exposing his traitorous friend.

Every one supposed that a strong and active man, armed with a heavy club, would experience no difficulty in beating off and destroying so puny a foe as a grey-hound, but contrary to all expectation, when Macaire had taken his stand and the dog had been loosed, the latter, evading the blows of the club with a marvelous agility, sprang fiercely at the throat of the guardsman and fastened upon it with a grip of steel.

After frenzied efforts to dislodge the hound, Macaire begged for mercy, and when the dog was taken from him, he confessed that he had murdered his friend. A few weeks afterward he expiated his guilt at the hands of the law and thus justified the wisdom of the old saw, that "murder will out."

But to return to California duels and duelists. The first occurred between a young New Yorker—a graduate of the naval academy—and a young man from the South, in which some blood was drawn, but no serious wounds given. This affair grew out of a sectional quarrel, excited but little attention—as neither party was well known—and was soon forgotton. The row between Weller and Gray—in which the former was shot through the leg—can hardly be

dignified by the name of a duel, and hence we shall pass it by without further notice.

The first duel of note, which occurred, was that betweenWilliam S. Walker, "the gray-eyed man of destiny," and a young man from Philadelphia, named Graham. Walker, after a somewhat varied career—which began at the quiet little city of his nativity, Nashville—had reached the golden shores of California and become one of the editors of the "San Francisco Herald." Educated as a physician, but disliking the practice of the profession, Walker had become connected with the press in New Orleans, and with his varied talents, found no difficulty in obtaining an editorial position in the California metropolis.

Some exceedingly severe comments of his upon the County Court, of which Judge Morrison was Chief, called forth a response from young Graham, who was a *protege* of the Judge. Graham's letter to Walker was exceedingly abusive and the result was a prompt challenge from the incipient filibuster. Graham, under "the code," had the choice of weapons, and named revolvers. Eight paces was the distance designated and it was agreed that, after the first fire at the word, they could advance upon each other and keep up their fusilade until one or both were *hors du combat*.

The sanguinary terms of the proposed meeting and the celebrity of the combatants made this affair the town talk and a great excitement was created. It was a well-known fact that Walker would fight, but Graham's nerve had never been tested, and no one knew how he would act. All sorts of bets were made as to the outcome of the affair, and even the street gamins and "gutter snipe" wagered small stakes on the result. From the blood-thirsty nature of Graham's terms, some argued favorably for his skill and conduct; while others considered it as a "bluff," intended to frighten his opponent.

Walker's second was an officer of the regular army, named Folsom, and the second of Graham was also a military man. On the way to the place of meeting, Graham told his second that he was a dead shot, and that he intended to kill Walker at the first fire. His second, a man of the strictest honor, looked on this declaration as but little short of an announcement that his principal intended to commit murder, and he straightway stopped the carriage, and told Graham that if he were the dead shot he claimed to be, it would be a foul murder to carry out his expressed intention, and further, that

if he did not agree merely to wing his man, he would immediately find himself under the necessity of choosing another second.

After considerable talk, this was agreed to, and the ride to the field was resumed. The duel was to take place at nine o'clock in



CONTRA COSTA—SCENE OF WALKER'S DUEL.

the morning, and when Graham reached the spot, he found Walker already there. The day was Sunday and a crowd of at least five thousand people had collected; amongst whom were all of the principal citizens of San Francisco. Graham's second won in the toss

for position, and when the men were placed at their posts,the usual formula was gone through with. "Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire; one—two—three, halt!"

The men had been placed back to back, and at the word, both wheeled and fired. Neither was touched and a second shot from each resulted similarly. Calling a halt, the seconds endeavored to adjust matters, but without success; Walker saying that he came there to kill or be killed. Again the men were placed in position and the word given. Both pistols rang out on the air, and Walker was seen to stagger, whirl half-way round and fall into the arms of his second.

Graham on this occasion was dressed entirely in black, no sign of any other color showing; while Walker wore a blue, swallow-tail coat, buff vest and black breeches. Beneath the edge of his vest, which after the fashion of that day, was cut very short, a slight band of white was visible and it was at this that Graham had aimed when he dropped his man.

When Walker's vest and shirt had been torn open, the wound where the ball had entered and that from which it had made its exit, were plainly visible, and it was supposed that he had been shot squarely through the abdomen. A careful investigation—by a surgeon—showed, however, that the ball had, from some cause, entered, buried itself beneath the skin and glanced around the body, coming out at the back, just opposite to its point of entrance. It had not penetrated the abdominal cavity. At this lucky but narrow escape of Walker, his friends were immensely delighted.

After this meeting, the two men became firm friends and when Walker prepared to carry out his alluring dream of conquest and empire, Graham accompanied him to Nicaragua and fell in one of the desperate combats of the filibusters against their mongrel enemies.

CHAPTER XI.

JUDGE TERRY, BRODERICK, AND OTHERS.

WOODLIEF AND KEWEN——A FIGHT WITH RIFLES——CONTRA COSTA——THE BETTING——TWENTY THOUSAND SPECTATORS——RUMORS ON THE FIELD ——AN INTERFERENCE——WOODLIEF'S WIFE——THE FIGHT PROCEEDS—— QUICK SHOTS —— GAME MEN —— DEATH OF WOODLIEF —— KEWEN NOT TOUCHED —— KILLED IN NICARAGUA —— NUMEROUS OTHER DUELS ——TERRY AND BRODERICK——CAUSE OF THE DUEL——MAUDLIN SYMPATHY——MISREPRESENTATIONS——APOLOGY TENDERED——A SHOULDER-HITTER——HIS FEAR OF DEATH——TOO LATE TO APOLOGIZE——OFFERS OF SETTLEMENT——FALSE FRIENDS——THE FIGHT——BRODERICK FALLS ——DR. GWIN ——IN CONGRESS —— A WONDERFUL CAREER —— GOES TO CALIFORNIA —— POLITICAL PREDICTION —— A PROPHECY VERIFIED —— ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR——ON FORTUNE'S FLOOD——RE-ELECTED——COURSE DURING THE CIVIL WAR——DUKE OF SONORA——LAST DAYS OF GWIN.

Another noted duel was that between Colonel Woodlief and Achilles Kewen, of St. Louis. Woodlief was from Texas and was a gambler of great notoriety. Kewen was an unknown man, who had lately arrived in California. The quarrel, which led to the challenge, occurred when both men had been drinking, and the insults that passed drew forth a challenge from Woodlief. Mutual friends endeavored to settle the difficulty, but Woodlief refused to accept the apology which Kewen—who was in the wrong—offered to make. Woodlief had been with the American army in Mexico and was known to be dead game; while it was a freely expressed opinion that Kewen would show the white feather. Contrary to these prophecies, the challenge was promptly accepted, and rifles, at seventy yards, named as the weapons and distance.

The fight was to take place at Contra Costa, across the bay, and the affair was made the occasion of as grand a turn-out as ever thronged to witness a bull fight or a bear baiting. All of the steamers, resplendent with flags and streamers, and equipped with brass bands discoursing lively music, ran on regular excursions to the ground selected, and it is calculated that there were at least twenty thousand spectators present when the fight occurred. The

sheriff of the county and his posse came to put a stop to the hostile meeting, but the crowd mildly, yet firmly, told them that the fight must go on and they remained, as interested spectators as any of the others.

The betting was two to one in favor of Woodlief, and so certain was Woodlief himself, of victory, that he brought his wife with him in the carriage that conveyed him to the meeting. It was whispered around amongst the crowd that the St. Louisan had backed out and a hundred rumors began to gain circulation. Some said that he had fainted and that it would be impossible to bring him to the scratch. Others alleged that his seconds, in trying to stimulate him to a show of courage, had dosed him so heavily with whisky that he was now dead drunk. Some did not hesitate to say that he had fled in terror from the field, and that it was this fact that occasioned the inevitable delay, incident to the settling of the preliminaries.

In due time, however, both men appeared and took their positions; Kewen having remained quietly in his carriage until this time, while Woodlief had shown himself in various portions of the field. Those who had prophesied defeat for Kewen saw, in his cool, collected demeanor, that if he died he would at least die game, and some of the gamblers began to hedge their bets.

Facing his opponent unflinchingly, Kewen looked him square in the eye, and at the word a simultaneous report from the two rifles was heard. The bullet of the Texan cut a lock of hair from Kewen's head, but at the same moment Woodlief fell dead, with a bullet through his heart. Again the wise ones had been disappointed and their prophecies had come to naught. Kewen's fate was similar to that of Graham. Attracted by the personal magnetism of Walker, he attached himself to the fortunes of the fillibuster and perished in one of the many battles fought by that hero in Nicaragua.

After this, dueling became so common that the report of one would attract no more attention than the announcement of a cocking main or a dog fight, until at last the most famous of all California "affairs of honor" occurred. This was the duel between Judge David S. Terry and Senator David C. Broderick. Perhaps no similar affair—not even excepting the world-famous duel between

Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton—has been the occasion for such an overflow of maudlin sympathy and such utter bosh as the killing of Broderick by Judge Terry.

It has become the fashion to give to Broderick the most fulsome praise and to Terry the most unlimited blame, neither of which is deserved. Broderick, a child of the gutter and an associate of thugs and bullies in New York, was imported to California *as a*



WIDOW OF COLONEL WOODLIEF.

fighting man, to oppose the political party then in power in that State. In the course of a debate on a political subject, he gave way to his bullying propensities and shamefully abused Judge Terry, during the absence of the latter. Being told that Terry would certainly demand satisfaction, he is alleged to have said, that that would suit him; that he came to the State to fight, and that he intended to do so.

As he had been warned, Terry sent him a challenge and now, when it was too late, Broderick realized that he had made a fatal mistake. He offered to make an apology and attempted to speak to Judge Terry at a hotel table, in order to have the challenge withdrawn, but was told that the matter—as was usual in such cases—was then in the hands of the seconds and must be left with them for settlement.

One chance was given Broderick to escape the duel; it was to make a public recantation and apology, or publish a letter of apology in the San Francisco papers. This, even if willing himself, his political friends would not allow him to do, and these friends, who had incited him to make this false accusation and who prevented a public apology, are responsible for Broderick's fate, and not Terry, who acted only as every gentleman and man of courage of that day would have acted.

As a fistic combatant in the brutal rough-and-tumble fights in metropolitan slums, Broderick may have been a brave man, but when it came to facing probable death in a single-handed encounter with weapons, his nerve weakened and he fell dead beneath the unerring aim of Terry, the victim of selfish friends and the righteous wrath of a slandered and justly exasperated man.

But one of California's politicians of note, of the pioneer days of the State, escaped being in some manner embroiled in these so-called "affairs of honor." It is believed that Dr. William M. K. Gwin escaped all participation in such affrays. So remarkable was the career of this man, that a brief sketch will be here given: Gwin was born in Sumner County, Tennessee, on the 9th day of October, 1805. Removing from his native State to Mississippi, after reaching his majority, he engaged actively in politics and was elected to the House of Representatives. Serving one term, his restless spirit induced him to remove to New Orleans, and about this time came the conquest of California.

He at once determined to locate in this Eldorado and crossing the Isthmus of Panama, he reached the Golden State in 1848. It is said that at this time Gwin was so reduced in circumstances that he was obliged to beg his way to San Francisco, and was given a passage on a government transport, by the generous army officer in charge.

On the voyage the impecunious, but daring and adventurous doctor made no secret of his intention in seeking his new residence. It

was to aid in fashioning the destinies of the New State, and he solicited and obtained the promise of assistance in his schemes, from all of the passengers of any note. This they readily pledged, as none of them had the slightest idea of ever being called on to fulfill the promise.

The career of Gwin, on "the Slope," shows what a man of talent and determination can do. With popular manners and a smooth flow of eloquence, he so won upon those with whom he came in contact, that in 1850, he was elected United States Senator. He had taken Fortune at her flood and his after career was brilliant and success-



THE DUKE OF SONORA.

ful. In 1861 he was again elected to the Senate of the United States. Sympathizing with his section during the civil war, he was a warm secessionist. Our space forbids a longer sketch of his adventures and it only remains to mention that Gwin was one of the few Americans who ever gained a title. He was, during the French invasion of Mexico, appointed by the Emperor Maximilian, as Duke of Sonora. The overthrow and death of the gallant Austrian, annulled the title and its precarious honor and emoluments and the last days of Gwin were passed in California.



A SOLE PAST SAVING—THE PIONEER COBBLER AND HIS CUSTOMER.

CHAPTER XII.

COLONEL JOHN COFFEE HAYS.

THE TEXAN RANGER——BIRTH AND DISPOSITION——SERVICES IN TEXAS——HIS POPULARITY——IN MEXICO——AT MONTEREY——COMPLIMENT TO HAYS——ANECDOTE OF THE TEXAS TROOPS IN MEXICO——THEIR BRAVERY——THEIR BILLET IN THE CITY——THE LEPERO QUARTER——ASSASSINATION——A BOY HERO —— THE MEXICAN DESPERADO —— HIS ASSAULT —— DEATH —— THE LEPEROS SUBDUED——HAYS GOES TO CALIFORNIA——"THE PEOPLE'S PARTY" ——ELECTED SHERIFF——A VALUABLE MAN——INCIDENT AT THE POLLS—— SPLENDID HORSEMANSHIP —— HAYS' CHARACTER —— ANECDOTE —— THE NEGRO DESPERADOES——THEIR THREATS——HAYS SENT FOR——DOES HIS DUTY —— COWED BRAVOS —— DEFIES THE VIGILANTES —— UNPARALELLED BRAVERY——AN INDIAN WAR——WHITES DEFEATED——HAYS TO THE RESCUE ——FOUNDS OAKLAND——A TEXAN INCIDENT——SURROUNDED BY INDIANS ——DEFEATS THEM——THE COWARDLY VOLUNTEER——HAYS' ADVICE—— HAYS IN BATTLE——STORMING OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE——DEATH OF HAYS ——REMINISCENCES.

This gallant hero, better known as "*the* Texan Ranger," Jaek Hays, and "Colonel Jaek," was born in Wilson county, Tennessee, in the year 1817. Being of a brave, adventurous disposition, he left home, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, and went to Texas, at that time the goal for all of the restless and heroie spirits. When he arrived in the Lone Star State, he immediately sought serviee under General Houston, then in command of the Texan army. Here by his coolness and courage he soon rose to the eommand of a regiment. He was a small man but of great strength and aetivity, and with the courage of a lion.

So gallant were his exploits while Texas was fighting for her liberty that, when she beeame independent, he was given command first of her volunteer and then of her regular army, both of which positions he filled with the greatest judgment. It was thus that he earned his title of "Texan Ranger." When the war between the United States and Mexico began, Colonel Hays was plaeed by his State in command of the corps of Texan troops serving against their old enemies, the Mexicans. Throughout the entire war he served with distinguished gallantry.

At Monterey, where they fought under the eye of General Taylor, the Texas troops bore the brunt of the battle and every man of them fought like tigers. Hays added fresh laurels to those he had won on other fields and when Santa Anna surrendered to General Winfield Scott, he was, as a compliment to Hays' noble conduct, placed in his charge. To mention his gallant actions, either in this war or that of Texas when struggling to throw off the yoke of Mexican tyranny would be to recount a list of battles which fill the history of our country, and which would occupy more space than can be given to a biographical sketch of one of the many actors in these important dramas.

It may be well to show the style of the Texan troops who fought in both of these wars and whom Hays found no difficulty in keeping in proper subjection by no harsher means than the respect they had for his gallantry and his kindness. In speaking of these men, an old army officer said that they were of all ages and sizes. Some were beardless boys of sixteen, many even younger; some were grizzled veterans of sixty, but all of them were warriors tried and true. When they came from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, they had seen hard service scouting for the army and fighting the gaudily uniformed lancers of the enemy, whom they invariably put to flight in every encounter.

They were ragged and dirty, their horses were gaunt and sore, and many of them so lame that they limped painfully along on three legs. Jack Falstaff's recruits would have made a creditable figure beside them, but every man in that tattered corps was worthy to combat for thrones or empires. Reporting to the officer who had the billeting of the troops, Hays was told that they had just the place for him.

It seems that a certain quarter of the city was inhabited chiefly by low desperados, called "*leperos*," and these scoundrels had already assassinated several of the American troops, who had, under the influence of the fiery native *pulque*, or *aquardiente*, wandered too far abroad at night. In the morning they would be found stark and stiff, with a terrible gash across the throat, or stabbed to the heart.

On the entrace of the Texans into the city, the billeting officer had seen a little incident that convinced him he had found the right men to adjust this trouble. As the Rangers entered the city they

passed slowly along, their broken down steeds unable to assume an air of gayety even for a moment and moving along as if to a solemn, dead march. In the rear, several yards behind the hindmost, came one of the rangers, a mere boy, his horse lamer than any of the others, and unable to keep up.

With one leg crossed over the pummel of his saddle, he rode nonchalantly along, as if the capture of such a city was an every-day matter to him and not calculated to stir up a single emotion. As his horse hobbled slowly onward, one of the "*leperos*" passed with a basket of oranges on his head. Reaching over, the boy helped himself and laughed at the idea of the fellow demanding pay. The *carambas* and *carajos* of the desperado became fiercer and fiercer, but the boy continued to eat and laugh. At last worked up to a perfect fury, the "*lepero*" stooped down, gathered a large rock and hurled it at the head of the Texan.

A fierce light now shone in the eyes of the latter, but quickly dodging the rock, he reached over, drew a pistol from his holster and with a quick aim, and without moving his leg from across his saddle, shot the Mexican through the head. Coolly replacing his pistol in its holster, the boy began eating his orange as if nothing had happened, never bestowing a second glance upon the dead desperado or the affrighted crowd.

The billeting officer assigned them to the *lepero* quarter and after a dozen or so of these latter had been killed, there was no further trouble, and that became as safe as any other quarter of the city.

In 1849, Hays, amongst other adventurous spirits, attracted by the golden reports of California treasure, crossed the plains to that State. Here his reputation had preceded him and he was warmly welcomed by the Americans who had already reached the Eldorado. The People's Party, in San Francisco, saw in the gallant young ranger the qualities which might enable them to cope successfully with the thugs and thieves, who from every part of the world had flocked to California to gather the golden harvest that industry might reap. Here was a man who to their knavery would oppose a sterling integrity, and to their desperation a hero's courage.

At the polls, owing to lies and money of unscrupulous parties, Hays' friends found that he was beginning to lose votes. One of them thought of an expedient that might stem the current going so



HAYS AND HOUSTON DISCUSSING THE PLAN OF THE SAN ANTONIO CAMPAIGN.

heavily against their candidate, and bringing out a fierce black stallion, they mounted Hays upon it and sent him careering about the city from one precinct to another. The bravery, dash and gallant horsemanship of the ranger recalled his many services to his country, and the tide turning, he went into office on the very crest of the wave of popular admiration. All felt that a hero was before them and breaking the bands of party servitude, Hays was elected by a large majority.

Of mild manners and social qualities, he made almost every one, with whom he came in contact, his personal friend. Unaggressive and modest on all occasions, when duty called on him for action he knew no fear, and regardless of numbers or circumstanees always carried his point. In 1850 a negro slave had been abdueted from his master by some desperate negroes who held him, strongly guarded, in a house in Sacramento.

His master discovered his whereabouts and appealed to the offieers to carry out the law. Several essayed to do so, but all were driven off by the determined and thoroughly desperate negroes. Finally it occurred to some one that Hays could and would take the man. He was aecordingly detailed to arrest the fugitive and refusing all offers of a posse, went single-handed and alone to the guarded house.

The negroes had sworn that they would kill every man that approached, whether it was one or twenty, and when Hays eame they warned him to keep off. To most men the determined port of the negroes and the guns looking ominously through the shutters, would have been sufficient to deter them. Not so with Hays.

His duty ealled upon him to enter and enter he would, or at least make the attempt, if every desperado in California had been entrenched there. When the negroes warned him off, he did not answer by word or motion and without quickening his gait, he firmly marched through the yard into the door and from the very midst of the raving and blustering negroes took away his man.

Had his courage, when he came to California, needed any proof, a single deed there would most firmly have established it. While Sheriff of San Francisco, the omnipotent vigilance committee—the same which held in durance for seven weeks Judge Terry for defending himself against an unwarranted attack—held at its headquarters on Battery street, two men who had by it been accused of

murder and senteneed to be hung. Hays determined to make the banded mob respect the law and marching to the rooms, took from thence the two men, Whittaker and MeKenzie, and earried them to the eity jail.

The eowards, who feared Hays as a floek of sheep would a lion, submitted amongst mueh bluster and threatening, and the next day with five hundred men, went to the jail during Hays' absence and reeaptured the men. Fearing that, upon his return, the plueky little hero would again cheat them of their prey, they made all haste to string up their vietims. No greater eompliment eould be paid to the courage and prowess of a single man than this ineident shows.

During the rising of the hostile Indians, in 1860, when the tribes had elosely beleaguered Virginia City and held its inhabitants in a state of siege, an expedition went up from Saeramento to succor them. Major Ormsby was in eommand of the volunteers and made a gallant attempt to relieve the imperilled eitizens, but was repulsed with the slaughter of sixty-four of his best men, and in the rout that followed, the rest of the expedition made their way baek as rapidly as possible. The faet eould not be disguised that they had met with a terrible disaster.

In their distress the Californians called for the man who had never failed them in their hour of need and in command of another party of volunteers, Colonel Hays attaeked the Indians and gave them a terrible drubbing, seattering them through the mountains and so breaking their spirits that they never again attempted hostilities. This was known as the "Washoe War." Unlike Ormsby, Hays had showed eool judgment as well as indomitable courage and by superior generalship, had overcome a force of savages five times greater in numerieal superiority.

In 1852 Colonel Hays, in conneetion with Caperton and others, purchased the site upon which Oakland now stands. In his real estate speculations he was very lucky, and the eity of Oakland stands a monument to the eorrectness of his judgment in locating that town. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pieree Surveyor-General of California and filled the office to the satisfaction of all.

Once, during his residence in Texas, while out in the interior of the State, he was surrounded by the hostile Comanches. Hays was entirely alone and the Indians, eertain of their victim, eame rapidly toward him. Looking hurriedly around, Hays saw a crevice in

some rocks near at hand and lost no time in inserting his body into it. In order to reach him, the Commanches were obliged to come squarely up to him and this they bravely attempted to do.

Two of them bit the dust at the first charge and the rest retired. This gave Hays a chance to reload his rifle and the pistol he had fired and when the Indians again returned to the charge he killed two more of them. Finding the task not so easy as they had anticipated, and not caring to lose any more men for the sake of a single scalp, they withdrew. Had they but known it, Hays had left only the single charge remaining in his second pistol; all of his powder having escaped from his flask.

During his battling for the freedom of Texas, a young man joined his command and in the heat of action, displayed the greatest fear. Not wishing to see the young fellow exposed to such torture as Hays knew he must endure, he dismissed him to the rear on some errand that would keep him there during the remainder of the fight and after it was over, not caring to expose him to the ridicule of his comrades, he kindly took him to one side and told him that, unfortunately constituted as he was, his home was the best place for him and advised him never to return to the army and to cross his stock, if he ever married, with such noble blood as that of the Bowies, that his descendants might be more manly.

In the action at Monterey, Worth's division of the American army was advancing upon the town, Hays' command having been deployed as skirmishers. Colonel Duncan had masked his battery behind a dense chapparal, which, while it perfectly concealed the artillery, would not in the slightest affect its efficiency, even if it became necessary to fire through it upon the advancing Mexican cavalry, which was bearing down in superior force. As they came thundering on, Duncan who had charged his pieces heavily with grape and canister, motioned for Hays' men to dismount and lie down. This they did and when the lancers were in point blank range, the artillery was turned loose and created terrible slaughter in the Mexican ranks.

Hays' men now quickly mounted and completed the route, repelling also the infantry hastening to the support of the lancers. At the storming of the Bishop's Palace in the city proper, on the morning of the 21st day of September, 1846, Hays and his Texans crawled on their hands and knees silently through a corn field and captured

the outposts of the enemy. This occurred before daylight, and so quickly and efficiently was it performed that not the slightest alarm was given and this greatly facilitated the capture, by storm, of the enemy's chief position.

In April, 1883, John Coffee Hays passed peacefully away at his home in the foothills of Alameda County, California. The latter years of his life had been devoted chiefly to the management of his large properties, though the writer met him in St. Louis at the convention which nominated Tilden as candidate for President of the United States.

Those who knew him best respected him most highly, and it is safe to say that, except amongst the criminal classes, Jack Hays did not have an enemy in the State. He was determined and fearlessly brave, but everyone speaks of him as one of the most amiable, social and hospitable of men.

Everywhere his word was as good as his bond. He was the soul of honor, the tongue of truth. Owing his life on frequent occasions solely to his almost superhuman nerve and courage, there was nothing of the braggart about him. Using neither whisky, profanity, or tobacco, he was as modest in mien and as quiet in conversation as a girl, but no more heroic soul ever inhabited a human body than that of "the Texan Ranger," whose deeds are interwoven with the history of Texas and California and form a large part of the annals of the two States.

CHAPTER XIII.

KIT CARSON.

BORN IN KENTUCKY——REMOVES TO MISSOURI——APPRENTICED TO A SADDLER ——CROSSES THE PLAINS——ACTS AS SURGEON——COOL NERVE——RETURNS HOME——IN NEW MEXICO——GOES TO CHIHUAHUA AS INTERPRETER—— SERVES AS TEAMSTER——JOINS EWING YOUNG'S PARTY OF TRAPPERS—— INDIAN FIGHT——ENTERS CALIFORNIA——TRAPPING——AIDS THE PADRES ——INDIAN SLAVES——CARSON DEFEATS INDIANS——MOUNTAIN HORSE-THIEVES——CARSON ATTACKS AND ROUTS THEM——STOCK RECOVERED—— THE RETURN TO NEW MEXICO——DRINKING AND QUARRELING——IN CAMP ON THE GILA——IN DANGER——CARSON'S CONDUCT——DISPERSES ROBBERS ——ANOTHER INDIAN FIGHT——CACHE THEIR FURS——GO TO SANTA FE—— MEXICAN OFFICIALS OUTWITTED——CARSON'S SPREE——SWEARS OFF—— WITH FITZPATRICK——ROBBED BY THE CROWS——INDIANS FORTIFIED—— ATTACKED BY TRAPPERS——HORSES RETAKEN——BRAVERY OF A FRIENDLY INDIAN——THIEVISH TRAPPERS—— PURSUED —— DISAPPEAR —— CARSON A "FREE TRAPPER"——GREAT SUCCESS——WITH CAPTAIN LEE——ON GREEN RIVER——HORSES STOLEN——PURSUIT OF THIEF——OVERTAKEN AND KILLED BY CARSON——THE GRIZZLY BEAR——BRIDGER'S CAMP——IN THE BLACK-FOOT COUNTRY——DESPERATE BATTLE——CARSON DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED ——THE REVEREND SAMUEL PARKER——THE FRENCH BULLY——HIS CHAL-LENGE——ACCEPTED BY CARSON——THE DUEL——CARSON TRIUMPHANT—— ON THE YELLOWSTONE——THE PACIFIC SLOPE——A STRONG PARTY——FON-TENELLE——A HEAVY BATTLE——TRAPPERS RETREAT——REINFORCED—— FLIGHT OF INDIANS——THE NAVAJOS.

This hero and plains pioneer was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on the 24th day of December, 1809, and removed to Boone's Lick, Missouri, when but a year old, and thus many of his biographers have been led to suppose him a native of Missouri. A few years ago, the house in which his boyhood days were spent, was still standing in Howard County, Missouri and may be at the present time. At the age of fifteen years Kit was apprenticed to a saddler named Workman, but unable to bear the confinement of the shop after his life spent mostly in the woods, gun in hand, he abandoned the bench and in November, 1826, crossed the plains to Santa Fe with a train. This decided his destiny by giving him a taste for wild adventure, that was never thoroughly satiated.

They had no encounters with the savages, but a teamster had one of his arms so injured by an accidental shot that it was decided to amputate it to save his life. Kit officiated at this operation, having

splendid nerve, and the man, for a wonder, recovered from the effects of his wound and the rude surgery. At Santa Fe, Kit left the traders with whom he had crossed the plains and went to Taos and stayed some time. Here he rapidly acquired the Spanish language.

In the spring of 1827 he went to Missouri, but returned to New Mexico that fall, and from Santa Fe went as a teamster to El Paso. Returning again to Santa Fe and Taos, he spent the winter as cook



HOME OF KIT CARSON IN HOWARD COUNTY, MISSOURI.

for Ewing Young, the celebrated trapper and Indian fighter. In the spring he went with a trader, named Trammell, again to El Paso and Chihuahua, but the monotonous life of an interpreter not suiting him, he resigned his position and accepted the less dignified, but more exciting duties of a teamster, going in that capacity to the copper mines on the Gila River and from there to Taos. Here he found Young outfitting a party of trappers and was accepted as a member of the company.

Soon after setting out for the trapping grounds, they met a large number of Indians on Salt River, a tributary of the Gila, and in the fight which ensued, killed fifteen warriors without loosing a man. They spent some time on Salt and San Francisco Rivers and starting across the desert to the Colorado, they met, when nearly perished, some friendly Mohaves and were supplied with food by them. They struck the Colorado near the Grand Cañon, a terrible desert plateau, deep in whose bowels pours along the rapid waters of this stream. For three hundred and seventeen miles the bed of the river is sixty-three hundred feet below the top of its cañon walls.

From here they went to the San Gabriel Mission in California, and from there to that of San Fernando, and thence to the Sacramento Valley. Here they trapped some weeks, and Carson expressed himself as delighted with the country. Next moving to the San Joachin Valley, they met on that river a party of trappers belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. They returned after a short time to the Sacramento and while here, were applied to by some of the Mission padres or priests, to aid them to recover some of their converts, who had been persuaded off by hostile Indians.

As they used their converts as slaves, they felt the loss more in their pockets than in their hearts, and begged the trappers to recover them from the heretical savages. Carson took a party of the trappers and finding the hostile village, attacked it furiously, causing a loss to the Indians of one-third of their warriors and compelling the surrender of the converts. While at this place, Young sold his furs and bought a drove of horses.

On the third night after the purchase, the mountain Indians made a descent and stole sixty of the drove. Carson with twelve men pursued them and overtook them in the mountains, fully a hundred miles distant. These savages use horses only as food, and when Carson came upon them they had killed six of the drove and were having a big feast. A swift charge and a deadly volley killed eight of the twenty Indians and scattered the others, when Carson collected the stock and returned to Young's camp.

In 1829 the trappers started on their return to New Mexico, visiting Los Angelos on their way out of the State of California. Here some of the trappers drank to excess and in quarrels between them and the natives, blood was shed and one of the latter killed. Young started Carson on ahead with what men were sober, and stayed

behind to collect the rest, fearing greater trouble. In a short time after leaving Los Angelos the trappers reached the Colorado River and here Carson, while in camp with a few men, was surrounded by several hundred Indians, some of whom intruded themselves into the camp, with arms in their hands. When ordered out, they acted very insolently, but Carson having found out that they understood the Spanish language, plainly told them that he would not be robbed nor imposed on and that if they didn't go at once, he would fire on them, even if he had every one of his men killed. Seeing Carson's determination they departed sullenly.

While at this camp, which was situated near the trail the raiding Indians took when coming out of Arizona and California, Kit with his men one day overtook a band of them driving off a herd of cattle. Dashing at them without a moment's hesitation, the trappers put them to flight, killing and wounding several of them and capturing all of the cattle.

About a week after this brush, another marauding band passed by the camp with one hundred head of horses they had just stolen in Arizona. As the trappers were needing horses, they determined to attack these Indians though they were in heavy force, and following slowly, they charged them soon after they went into camp and succeeded in capturing every animal in the drove. Ten of the savages were killed.

Taking the horses back to their camp they selected the finest and turned the others lose, to make their way back to the ranches in Arizona, or to become wild roamers of the plains. After a few weeks spent at this place, they went down the Colorado and then up the Gila to the point nearest to the copper mines, and then crossed over. Here they left their furs and went on to Santa Fe.

This was done to obtain a license to trade with the Indians, as the Mexican Government allowed no Americans to trap in its waters, and Young, having obtained the license, returned to the mines and securing his furs took them to Santa Fe, thus causing the officials to suppose that they had been purchased from the savages. These were sold at enormous profit and the men were well supplied with money.

In imitation of his comrades who, like sailors, went on a spree at every return from a trip, Carson drank freely and spent his money lavishly. At the end of a short time he came to the bottom of his purse, and disgusted with the life he had been leading for a week or

two, made some good resolves which, unlike the generality of repentant drunkards, he ever after kept. In his long and useful life this was his last spree. In the autumn Kit joined a party of trappers under Fitzpatrick and went to the Platte River. After a short stay here, they pushed on to the Salmon River and wintered with the friendly Nez Perces and when spring opened, made their way to Bear River, where Carson left the party to go to New Park, on the head of the Arkansas, somewhere in the vicinity of the present site of Leadville. The Tennessee Park of to-day is probably the locality mentioned.

On the way to this point a party of sixty Crow Indians robbed the trappers at night, driving off their horses. With twelve of his best men Carson started in pursuit and found the Indians encamped in a rude log fort, the trappers' horses tied within ten feet of the breastworks. Posting his men to cover him to the best advantage, Kit dashed boldly up to the horses, cut them loose and secured them all.

He now determined to punish the Crows for the theft, and in the fierce attack which followed, five of their bravest warriors were killed. An Indian with the trappers, encouraged by their example, rushed up to the fort where a warrior's body lay across the logs, boldly dragged it outside and secured the scalp.

The next theft was committed by two of their own party, who deserted, robbed a *cache* and started on toward the East. They were pursued at once, but were never again heard of and it is probable that they fell a prey to the Indians. Going on to the Arkansas, Carson fell in with Gaunt's men and they were subjected to many dangers. Their encounters with Indians were of daily occurrence. One day, when out with a single comrade, Kit only saved his life by the fleetness with which he fled from the fifty savages in pursuit.

Time had flown rapidly; it was now the spring of 1832, and Gaunt's men had been very unsuccessful. Carson, thinking he could do better, trapping on his own account, took two men and leaving the party, went higher up into the mountains, thus avoiding Indian troubles and securing numbers of beavers.

His success was very great and carrying his furs to Taos, he sold out to the traders there and joined Captain Lee, who was an officer in the army of the United States and also was now a partner of Bent and St. Vrain. With his party Carson went to Green River,

where they met another party of trappers. An Indian—who had been with the latter company for some time—had, the night before the arrival of Lee, stolen six of their best horses and fled. Having obtained Lee's permission to go in pursuit, Carson got a young Ute



KIT CARSON.

warrior to accompany him and the two set off on the trail of the horse-thief. He had a good start and was making his way rapidly toward California. After going about a hundred miles, the horse of the young brave became sick and Carson pushed on alone, overtaking the Indian about thirty miles from the point where he left the Ute.

As soon as the Indian saw Carson, he dismounted and sought the cover of some rocks near at hand. Knowing the reputation the savage had as a rifle shot, Carson determined to risk a fire while dashing toward him at full speed, and by good luck his ball pierced the Indian's heart. The stock was collected and taken back to camp, which the Ute had already reached. Learning that Bridger and Fitzpatrick were camped fifteen miles below them, Lee moved camp to that point and sold his goods to them, taking his pay in furs. He now returned to New Mexico and Carson, with three comrades, started on a trapping expedition, during which they met with fine success. It was during this expedition that one or more of Kit's biographers tell of his being treed by two grizzly bears, which he beat off with a club as fast as they climbed up to him.

It is a well known fact, at least to all hunters and trappers, that the grizzly bear is not a climber and it is also another well known fact to every man who has ever been in the Green River country, that any club Kit could have cut, in any tree growing in that region, would have but slight effect in beating off any grizzly that could force an experienced hunter to climb a tree. Returning to Bridger's camp, Carson joined his party and that fall went to the Blackfoot country on the mountain waters of the Missouri River. Here they were so harassed by these savages that they were forced to retreat and going into camp on the plain below, their horses were one night stolen.

The trappers got on the trail and followed the thieves closely, at last overtaking them. Here a parley ensued in which the Blackfeet said they thought, when they took the stock, that it belonged to the Crows. "In that case," said Carson, "bring in the stock and turn it over to us." To this there was considerable demurrer, but at last they brought in five of the poorest horses. Carson now saw that further parley was useless and gave the word to his men to fire. He and a man named Markland were slightly in advance of their comrades and were the first to discharge their pieces. Each had covered a savage, but Kit saw another Indian behind a tree about to fire on Markland, and with a quick aim he fired, killing his man.

His devotion to his friend came near proving fatal to himself, for the Indian at whom he had first aimed, now fired and Kit fell with a broken shoulder and remained upon the ground while the fight was raging around him. Several of the Indians were killed and one

other white man wounded when both parties ceased firing and drew off. The trappers saw that they were too few in number to effect their purpose and returned to camp with their wounded comrades. Bridger with thirty men now went in pursuit, but failed to overtake the Indians.

The trappers spent the time, until summer, on Green and Big Snake Rivers and then proceeded to the summer rendezvous. Carson's shoulder was entirely well and gave him no trouble at this time. At this rendezvous the Reverend Samuel Parker spent some days. He was on his way to do missionary work on the Pacific Coast, and was one of the pioneers of Protestanism on "the slope." It will be seen, by a comparison of dates, that he had crossed the plains long before Brigham Young, the apostle of lust and murder, had started to build up his beastly establishment at Salt Lake.

At this general rendezvous were gathered all the trappers from hundreds of miles around and amongst them were men of every grade and nationality. Here were men who, like Carson, Bridger and Fitzpatrick, ennobled their profession, but there were others who, in the slums of cities, would have become thugs and assassins, and here were bullies and thieves.

Amongst the latter class was a gigantic French trapper, named Shuman, or as some accounts have it, Shunar, who made himself especially obnoxious. The Americans seemed to be his particular detestation, and mounting his horse one day, rifle in hand, he issued a challenge to any of that nation to fight him. "I want to kill an American," he shouted; "any American, I don't care who. Come out and fight me."

Carson, who was a pigmy in comparison with the Frenchman, was standing near and he said quietly: "I am an American—the most inconsiderable one amongst them, but if you wish to die, I will accept your challenge." With a grin of delight the Frenchman rode off a short distance to give Carson a chance to mount his horse, and then the two came thundering toward each other. Shuman had his rifle, Kit only a single-barrel pistol, and as their horses' heads passed each other, both fired. The ball from Shuman's rifle cut a slight gash in Kit's scalp, while the pistol bullet tore through the Frenchman's hand, cut a furrow along his arm and fractured his elbow. Shuman fell from his horse, roaring with fright and pain and begged for his life. Carson paid no attention to the coward,

but turned off and rejoined his comrades. It is safe to say that Shuman issued no more challenges to Americans.

Starting from the rendezvous, Carson went over to the Yellowstone River, where he met McCoy, of the Hudson Bay Company, and with him crossed over to the Humboldt River. Separating on this stream, with the understanding that they were to meet at Fort Hall, Carson's way lay through a desert, where his men nearly perished of famine. At the sink of the Humboldt they luckily met a party of friendly Snake Indians, from whom they purchased a fat horse, and soon afterward came to some plains where were a great many buffalos. Here, while waiting for McCoy, the Blackfeet stole every one of their horses and being unable to pursue the mounted robbers, they had to wait until McCoy came up. From him they obtained stock and returned to their former rendezvous on Green River.

At this place a party of one hundred men was organized to penetrate the Blackfoot country. It was their object to put fifty of these men to trapping and hunting, while the other fifty were to act as a guard. The men were under command of Carson and Fontenelle. When they reached the vicinity of the Blackfeet they learned that they were suffering terribly with small-pox, and they camped on the plain at the foot of the mountain. Near them was a camp of friendly Crows. When spring came they began their work on the Yellowstone and head waters of the Missouri, and here they found out that the epidemic amongst the Indians had been less fatal than they had hoped.

Finding a village Carson, with fifty-three men, made an attack upon it, killing ten savages at the first fire and wounding many more. The Indians now began a retreat, followed by the victorious trappers for three hours. All this time the flying savages were falling beneath the constant fire of the white men, but at last the ammunition of the latter ran low and the Indians seeing the state of affairs, halted and made a charge. This was repelled by the trappers with their pistols, but the Indians coming again to the charge, the trappers were forced to retreat. While retreating, a horse of one of the whites was killed and fell upon its rider, injuring him severely. To save him, Carson planted himself before him and rallied his men. At this point five savages were killed around the wounded man, who was borne back by his comrades. Again

the Indians press forward and beat back the trappers, but in a short time the fortunes of the day once more change.

In their rear the trappers heard the loud cheers of their comrades and made a brave effort to hold their ground. The others, under Fontenelle, having arrived, the trappers once more fly to the charge and after a stubborn conflict, the day is theirs. In this series of combats the trappers lost three men killed and had several wounded, while the loss of the Indians was nearly one hundred killed and fully that many wounded. The trappers were not again molested by these Indians during that season. From here they went to Mud River, and learning that some traders were camped on that stream, they went down to trade, and having disposed of their furs the party broke up and Carson, with seven companions, went on a visit to the Navajos. These Indians are very superior to the surrounding tribes, in fact to any of the North American savages, and are doubtless a remnant of the civilized Aztecs.

CHAPTER XIV.

STIRRING ADVENTURES OF KIT CARSON.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NAVAJOS——BROWN'S HOLE——POST HUNTER——GOES TO THE YELLOWSTONE——A DESPERATE BATTLE——CARSON BUILDS FORTIFICATIONS——A DARING CHARGE——REPULSED——A FIELD OF SLAUGHTER——CONTINUAL ANNOYANCE——TRAPPERS GO TO SALMON RIVER——TRY THE BLACKFEET AGAIN——ATTACKED——FIGHT FROM A THICKET——INDIANS REPULSED——RETREAT OF THE TRAPPERS——VISIT THE FLATHEADS——HUNTS FOR BENT'S FORT——TAKES AN INDIAN WIFE——MEETS FREMONT——ACTS AS GUIDE——CARSON MARRIES IN NEW MEXICO——FREMONT'S SECOND EXPEDITION——VOYAGE ON SALT LAKE——SHORT RATIONS——ARRIVAL OF FITZPATRICK——JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC——TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS——JOINS FREMONT'S THIRD EXPEDITION——IN OREGON——LAJEUNESSE KILLED——CARSON'S REVENGE——CAPTURES SPIES——DISPATCHED TO WASHINGTON——STOPS AT TAOS——APPOINTED LIEUTENANT——THE SLEEPY SENTINEL CURED——FIGHT ON VIRGIN RIVER——WINTERS AT TEJON PASS——OLD BILL WILLIAMS——LAROUX——DESPERATE ADVENTURES——CARSON RESCUES TRADERS——SURROUNDED BY CHEYENNES——A MAN OF RESOURCES——VISITS HIS DAUGHTER——LAST TRAPPING EXPEDITION——DRIVES SHEEP TO CALIFORNIA——A BRIGADIER-GENERAL——DEATH OF CARSON.

The Navajos possess large flocks of sheep and droves of horses, the latter highly improved from the Mustang. They weave blankets, upon their small hand looms, which are unequalled for texture and harmonious colors by any in the world. Some of these webs are so compactly woven that they will turn rain and water may be carried in them. From these friendly Indians Carson went to Brown's Hole, a narrow valley of the Colorado River and there wintered. He employed his time hunting for the fort located there, and in the spring went with Bridger and Owen on a trapping expedition and then visited the rendezvous on Wind River, where they disposed of their furs. A party of forty men, of whom Carson was one, determined to go to the Yellowstone, though the Blackfeet were there in force. Their entrance into that country was signalized by a heavy battle with some hundreds of the Indians, from which, about sundown, both sides drew off and that night the Blackfeet retired. Something in their actions convinced Carson that they would return with reinforcements and renew the fight, and he had his men to go to work and build a strong fortification. Some of them laughed at

his excessive caution, but it was justified by the arrival, in three days, of a war party of over one thousand Blackfeet. So confident were the savages of victory, that they held their dances in full view of the fortified trappers. Carson knew that a charge would succeed to these dances and he warned his men to be prepared and to hold their fire until the Indians were so close that not a shot should miss.

Hardly had his instructions been delivered than, with a series of the most terrible yells, the Indians dashed forward to the charge. Not a sound was heard from the fort until the savages were within twenty yards, when the trappers poured in a volley from their rifles and drawing their pistols, began to pick off the wavering Blackfeet, who now turned in headlong flight, leaving seventy-five dead and dying men under the walls of the little fort. Dismayed at such tremendous execution, the Indians, without attempting another assault, drew off and left the trappers masters of the field. So great was the annoyance they caused the trappers, however, by destroying their traps, that they were obliged to leave the Yellowstone and crossed over to Salmon River. Here they spent some days and then went to the Big Snake River; at both of which camps they had good luck. The furs taken were sold at Fort Hall and again joining Bridger, Carson went over to the Blackfoot country, thinking beaver must be plenty there. The war-like Blackfeet had just driven out a trapping party and they attempted to serve Bridger and Carson in the same way. They came on to the attack in overwhelming numbers, but Carson made a lucky selection of a small thicket in which to hide his men and around this the battle raged for some time. Charging boldly up to the chapparal, with their men falling on every side, the Indians made several gallant attempts to fire the thicket and drive out their enemy, when they would have speedily annihilated them, but the bushes proved too green to burn, and at every onset the warriors were beaten back with heavy loss.

It now became evident to the trappers that they would be subject to continual annoyance and attack, and that they would eventually be killed in detail by these determined savages, and joining forces with the party that had preceded them, they all went to the North Fork of the Missouri, the country of the Flatheads, a friendly tribe celebrated for their fine horses. After this expedition Carson, who was now tired of the life of a trapper—which he had followed for

eight years—determined to quit it, and engaged with Bent and St. Vrain as hunter for their fort on the Arkansas. Here his bravery and honesty gained for him the friendship of the Utes, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Comanches and other tribes, and as a proof of this, the Sioux and Comanches, who were at war with each other, agreed to submit their differences to his arbitration; the justice of which satisfied both nations.

It was while acting as hunter for this fort that Carson took an Indian wife. By her he had one daughter. His wife dying while the little girl was yet a baby, Carson took her to St. Louis to be raised and educated, and while on this trip met Fremont, who was waiting for Dripps, a celebrated guide, to arrive. Concluding that Carson would do fully as well, Fremont engaged him and having completed his party, set out for the Pacific Coast. This part of Carson's life is well known, so we shall merely allude to its incidents, which have been given to the world in hundreds of periodicals and in biographies, not only of himself, but also of Fremont. In the swift waters of the Platte he narrowly escaped being drowned, but making the miss that, according to the proverb, "is as good as a mile," they journeyed on and reached Fort Laramie. Here they learned of a combination of the Sioux, Cheyenne and Gros Ventre nations into one grand confederacy, that had for its object the extermination of the whites and the closing of the plains to their excursions, and Carson was naturally uneasy at the prospect.

Fremont broadly insinuates that Carson was scared, but all who knew the man, knew that he was a stranger to that sensation and would venture where Fremont would never dare to follow. Fremont also speaks of "his favorite man, Lajeunesse," and in every way attempts to snub the man to whom to-day he owes his fame and of whom he was ever jealous. On the return of the party, Carson left it at Laramie and went to New Mexico. Here, in 1843, he married a Spanish woman and was often employed at Bent's Fort; Bent and St. Vrain always displaying the warmest friendship for the brave trapper.

While in New Mexico, Carson heard that Fremont was again making an expedition (his second,) and desiring once more to see the man, to whom he had taught the trackless paths of the plains, and having already forgotton, if he had ever noticed, the slights of Fremont, he made a long journey to see him. Fremont, while

unwilling to admit it, was overjoyed to see Carson and straightway offered him employment, which the latter as promptly accepted. It was upon this expedition that they visited the Great Salt Lake and made a voyage upon the salty inland sea. They visited one of its barren islands and ascended a peak that rose eight hundred feet above the level of the lake. Upon the shores of this lake they were joined by Fitzpatrick with much needed supplies; being reduced to a diet of horse flesh.

Their journey to the Pacific and their subsequent terrible sufferings amongst the snow clad mountains, are known to the world, as is also Fremont's folly in attempting their passage at this season. It was while here that Carson rescued Fremont from a death by drowning in an icy torrent. So terrible was the fatigue, famine and cold, that one of the men, Dcrosier, became deranged and all narrowly escaped death. After this expedition, Carson returned to Taos, in New Mexico, and wintered with his family. Here, in the spring of 1845, he began farming and was busily engaged in this occupation when he received a message from Fremont, asking him to join his third expedition to the sources of the great rivers of both slopes. With the party were his old friends, Walker and Maxwell, both noted mountaineers. Afterr a trip of no unusual interest, they reached Sutter's Fort and were warmly welcomed by this pioneer.

After leaving the hospitable Sutter, Carson, by his watchfulness, saved the party from massacre by the Indians. Soon after this, Licutenant Gillespie, with dispatches from Washington, overtook Frcmont, while the latter was encamped on a lake in Oregon. The night of Gillespie's arrival, the Klamath Indians made an attack, killing Fremont's favorite Lajeunesse, Crane and one of the Delaware Indians. Carson, to avenge these murders, set out on the Indian trail with a few men, and sighting an Indian village charged furiously into it, killing ten of its warriors and routing the others. The village, too, was burned and the party set out on their return. On their way they were intercepted by a small party, whom they soon put to flight, with the exception of a brave old chief, who boldly stood his ground and as Carson and Godey came up, saluted them with a perfect shower of steel pointed arrows.

It was only by death that he could be removed from their path, and Carson with a quick aim fired and the fierce old fellow fell dead. Carson was now sent to Washington with dispatches, but

meeting Kearney on the Rio Grande, the message was entrusted to Fitzpatrick, and Carson, at Kearney's command, turned back with him to California. On the borders of California, Carson captured two Mexican spies who were carrying important dispatches and who were able to give valuable information of the movement of the enemy. A few days later, in an attack on a Mexican outpost, Carson's horse fell with him, breaking his gun stock, and before he could get up, a whole company of dragoons had ridden over him.

Not being badly hurt, he caught his horse, took the gun of a dead soldier and galloped into the thickest of the fight. After a short skirmish the Mexicans retreated. Following them rapidly, Kearney fell upon the main body of the enemy and a fierce battle ensued, in which the Americans suffered heavily from the hot fire and immense numbers of the enemy.

Kearney desired to send for reinforcements and Carson and Lieutenant Beale undertook, at night, to make their way through the Mexican lines, in order to reach Commodore Stockton at Monterey. By crawling for over two miles over a plain covered with cactus and prickly pear, the two men, after innumerable dangers and hardships, got beyond the Mexican pickets, but so great had been their sufferings that Beale was for some time deranged. Before they were able to return, Kearney had, after some obstinate fighting, been able to drive the defeated and disheartened enemy before him, and reaching Fremont, they surrendered to him, thus cheating Kearney out of the laurels he had so bravely won, and turning over to Fremont—who had never struck a blow—the glory of the achievement.

Carson was again dispatched to Washington with messages for the government, detailing the conquest, and then returned to California. Again, in 1847, he was sent in company with Lieutenant Beale overland to Washington City, with important dispatches and on this trip was attacked one night, during a violent storm, while camped on the Gila. Luckily no one of the party was killed. At Taos, Carson stopped one day with his family and here he learned that President Polk had appointed him to a Lieutenantcy in the regular army. With fifty men he was ordered to again cross the plains, and at the Point of Rocks had a battle with Indians, killing several of the latter and recapturing a large herd of cattle they were driving off. Finding one of his sentinels asleep on guard, Carson made

him wear a woman's dress for one day. No more of his men were ever caught napping on duty.

At Santa Fe he met his family and spent a few days with them. Soon after leaving Santa Fe he came across three hundred Indians, who disputed his passage. Having only sixteen men with him, Carson had but little hope of escaping, but he knew that if he turned to fly every man would be killed, and giving the word he fired, bringing down the chief of the band. Sixteen other Indians fell and the whites drawing their pistols, the others fled. This fight occurred on Virgin River, and here they were obliged to kill two of their mules for food.

On Carson's arrival at Monterey, he was detailed with twenty-five men to go to Tejon Pass to look after the Indian depredators, who made this their roadway through the mountains. Here he wintered, having several encounters with the savages, and in the spring again went with dispatches to Washington, stopping on the way a few days at Taos with his family. On this trip he encountered hundreds of Indians, but was not once attacked. At Santa Fe he learned that his appointment as Lieutenant had not been confirmed by the Senate and many of his friends, thinking this a great injustice, advised him to go no further. Determined, however, to do his duty, he pushed bravely on, although he had heard that there were hundreds of Comanches on the war path along the Santa Fe trail.

Taking with him only ten picked men, he crossed the desert divide to the Platte and going by the way of Fort Kearney, reached Leavenworth. From here he went alone to Washington and then returned by way of Leavenworth to Taos and, with his old friend Maxwell, made a settlement near that place. Fremont was at this time making another expedition, the blame of whose terrible disasters he endeavors to throw upon the shoulders of old Bill Williams, though Leroux rather plainly intimates that they were caused by the egotism and obstinacy of Fremont. While at his settlement Carson went with a party to rescue a Mrs. White, who had been taken by the Apaches. Leroux was appointed leader and Carson's advice disregarded, and in consequence Mrs. White was sacrificed by the Indians.

Soon after this, twenty Apaches stole seven horses from the settlers and Carson, with ten men pursued them. Coming up with the thieves, Carson attacked them, killing five warriors and recovering

all of the horses. His next venture was taking a drove of horses and mules to Laramie. These he sold at a good price and hiring a Mexican there to accompany him back, they made the trip in safety. They travelled mostly by night; staking their horses out in the day and sleeping in the trees and crevices of the rocks.

While resting from his trip, he learned that a party of desperadoes had joined two traders going back to St. Louis. Their object in hiring out to the traders was to rob them of a large sum of money they were conveying back to the States. Fearing that he might be too late to prevent this outrage, Carson set out at once with a single companion and rode day and night. Fortunately, the day he overtook the party, he came across a troop of soldiers who turned back with him. No overt act having been committed, all Carson could do was to warn the traders, disperse the desperadoes and take their leader, Fox, back to Taos where he was imprisoned for a few months. On their return from St. Louis, the traders presented Carson with a magnificent pair of pistols; the finest they could have made for him.

Before Carson reached Santa Fe on his return from this trip, he found his way blocked by a large war party of Cheyennes who, during his long absence in California, had entirely forgotten him. Going boldly into their council he heard all of their plans, they evidently thinking him ignorant of their language. When they had concluded, however, he arose and after telling them who he was, informed them that it would be a danger, accompanied by but little spoil, if he was attacked, for that he would sell his life as dearly as possible. For the time the danger was over, but as he moved the Indians enveloped him and when he camped for the night, they again went into council.

Carson now took a Spanish boy whom he had raised and advising him of the peril and just how to act, started him off three hundred miles for succor. He told the hardy youth that he must travel fast if he would save his own life or that of any of the little party. In the council the Indians voted to attack the next day, but when dawn came, Carson called their attention to the tracks of the horse, upon which he had sent off his messenger, and told them that the boy would bring up troops to aid them, if living; to avenge them, if dead. He told them that he had particularly instructed the boy



PIONEER PLEASURES—WINTER STAGE TRAVEL BY NIGHT.

to name the tribe and the chiefs engaged and to hurry up the soldiers as rapidly as possible.

Fearing the vengeance that they felt sure would follow the death of such a man as Carson, the Cheyennes prudently withdrew and in a few days a body of troops, whom the boy had luckily met, appeared on the scene, and the Indians were convinced that they had acted wisely in delaying their vengeance. Returning to Taos after a visit to his daughter, who had married in St. Louis, Carson and Maxwell determined, after a rest of eighteen years from trapping, to make an expedition to the South Platte, and accordingly they collected sixteen men and started. Going into camp on that stream, these men, all of whom were old trappers and mountaineers, had a successful season and at its close realized handsomely from their furs.

Still longing for excitement, Carson and Maxwell bought several thousand sheep from the Navajos, and going by the way of Laramie and Salt Lake, crossed into California, where they disposed of the sheep at enormous prices. In San Francisco, now a metropolitan city, (this was in 1853), Carson found many old friends, but after a short sojourn, he again set out for New Mexico.

In 1861 he espoused the cause of the Union, and was made a Colonel, and brevetted Brigadier-General. In 1864 he fought the battle of the Cañon de Chelly with the Navajos; after which that tribe came in and surrendered. In 1868, the busy life of the old trapper and mountain man came to a close. On the 23d day of May, in that year, his death was occasioned by the rupture of an aneurism of one of the arteries of the neck. The rifle, with which he had won so many victories over savage foes, now hangs in Montezuma Lodge (Masonic) in Santa Fe, of which Carson was a member.

CHAPTER XV.

UNPARALLELED HORROR—THE CAMP OF DEATH.

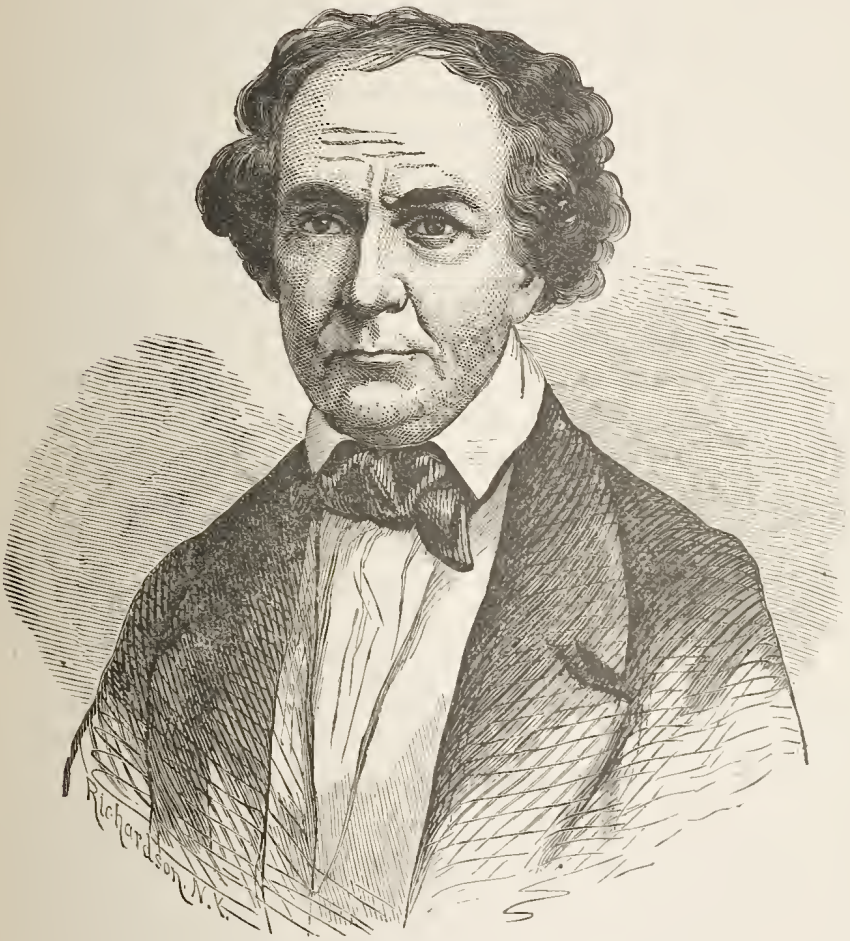
THE DONNER PARTY——A GOOD BEGINNING——THE FIENDISH HASTINGS——A NEW ROUTE——FORTY MILES IN THIRTY DAYS——THE FIRST DEATH——OMINOUS STORMS——ENTER THE DESERT——HOSTILE INDIANS——LOOSE THIRTY-SIX CATTLE——WAGONS BREAK DOWN——THE SNOW STORM——INDIANS STEAL CATTLE——SWARMS OF SAVAGES——THEIR MALICE——TWENTY CATTLE KILLED BY INDIANS——OUT OF FOOD——FROWNING FORTUNE——A SCENE OF DESOLATION——THE BEASTLY BRIN——PRECIOUS WATER——CATTLE KILLED BY INDIANS——A NOBLE FELLOW——THE INDIAN VACQUEROS ATTEMPT TO CROSS MOUNTAINS——THE HEROIC EDDY——A TERRIBLE——SNOW STORM——STARVATION——EDDY STARTS FOR RELIEF——MRS. EDDY'S NOTE——NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

In all the annals of adventure we find nothing so horrible as the sufferings of this party at their Mountain Camp in the Sierras; not even excepting the infamous Mormon massacre at the "Mountain Meadows." Toward the close of the summer of 1846, a party of immigrants, bound for California, crossed the great plains of the West, and after the loss of nearly half of their number, amidst circumstances of the greatest suffering and horror, the survivors succeeded in reaching their destination.

The party were well outfitted with teams, cattle, provisions, etc., and had every prospect before them of a safe and pleasant voyage. They had met with neither accident nor delay until their arrival in camp on Sweetwater River, on the eastern side of the mountains. Here they were induced by an infamous wretch, Lansford W. Hastings to take a new route to California. What his object was in leading the party on to anguish and death, can only be conjectured, but he pretended to be thoroughly acquainted with a new route by which they could save a long detour and speedily reach their destination.

Almost at their outset they encountered great difficulty, but continually deceived by the specious lies of Hastings, they proceeded on his route, instead (as Eddy and several of the party suggested,)

of retracing their way and taking the old trail. Before they reached the Utah Valley their trouble increased; over one portion of the route they had to cut out a road, consuming thirty days in traveling forty miles. On the 1st day of September, at which time they should have been on their way through the Sierras, they struck the valley south of the Great Salt Lake, and here were detained some time by the breakage of a wagon, and the death of Mr. Hallerin.



WILLIAM EDDY—THE HERO OF THE DONNER PARTY.

Ominous storms to the west added to the baleful augurries of death and accident, and the immigrants hastened forward. Pushing on, the train encountered a stretch of country where, for two days, they were without grass or water. Here many of their cattle perished and a deep gloom began to settle upon the deceived immigrants. They had now come too far to retreat; their only course was to

press on through the barren desert, to whose dangers was now added that of hostile Indians. Moving slowly forward with their exhausted teams, they lost thirty-six head of cattle the next drive and the remainder of the poor animals were scarcely able to move. Here Mr. Reed cached two of his wagons and their contents. George Donner and Kiesburg also lost a wagon each. The wood in the wagons, owing to the heat and the dryness of the air, shrank terribly and there was but small chance of any of them getting through.

On the 16th they made six miles and encountered a severe snow storm. In the afternoon Elliot and Graves, who had been sent ahead to find some stray cattle, met them with the welcome information that near at hand was a large spring. Beyond this another dry drive of forty miles began. They reached water and grass on the 18th, with their teams terribly exhausted, some of their cattle having died on the drive. At this place most of the property of the immigrants was cached. Some of the teams were here doubled up, and they stayed all of this day in camp to recruit. The journey was continued under somewhat more favorable circumstances, until the 1st of October, when the Indians stole a yoke of Graves' cattle. The savages now hung in swarms about them, shooting their cattle, committing other depredations and terrifying the women. On the morning of the 12th the immigrants again started, the most of their cattle having been killed by the Indians. During this day one of Eddy's oxen gave out and had to be left. They reached the sinks of Ogden River by a night drive and camped there at midnight. The next morning they drove their cattle out to graze and the guard, having left them for a short time, the Indians killed twenty-one of them, leaving Eddy and Wolfinger with a single ox each. Wolfinger wanted to cache his goods here, and the train refusing to wait on him, he with his friends Rinehard and Spitzer stopped. The two assistants overtook the train at Truckee River three days later and reported that the Indians had come down out of the hills, killed Wolfinger and rifled and burned the wagons. They had been permitted to escape.

At this camp Eddy cached everything but the clothes his family had on, eating the last of their provisions that morning. From the adjacent hills the fiendish savages glared upon them, laughing gleefully at their terrible sufferings and distress. Eddy felt tempted to attack them, but having broken the lock of his rifle some days

before, was without a weapon. Carrying from this camp his ammunition and three pounds of loaf sugar, Eddy, by all odds the bravest and most heroic of the immigrants, as will be seen hereafter, took his little boy in his arms and began the dreary march. His wife, a noble woman, fit mate for such a man, carried their infant through this land of desolation. They had now reached the mountains, which were thickly clad in their winter garb of snow. Their clothing was thin and worn, their shoes had been replaced with moccasins, which were in tatters. Every fate seemed to frown upon them, but still they struggled on. On the morning of the 14th they came to a spouting geyser, which threw upward a column of boiling water to a height of twenty feet. All around was a scene of desert barrenness sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. They had reached the seat of extinct volcanic action and the ground was rent into awful chasms and frowning precipices. Not a bush or herb was visible upon its surface of ashen lava. Here even the cactus and the sage bush had vanished. It was a spot accursed by God. Desolation reigned supreme.

At the geyser Eddy borrowed some coffee from Mrs. Donner and boiled it for his wife and children, refusing to taste it himself; it was so small a nourishment he feared to deprive his dear ones of a drop of it. Leaving the boiling spring, they traveled until sunset. Eddy's children were perishing for water and he asked Patrick Brin for a half pint to give them. Brin denied having any, but Eddy knew this to be false, having filled a ten-gallon cask for him. Telling him of his falsehood, Eddy again asked for water, Brin admitting that he had it, but was afraid it wouldn't last. Rendered desperate by the sufferings of the children, Eddy told him that he'd have the water or Brin's life, and then helped himself.

They camped at sunset at the base of a line of sand-hills and crossed them on the morning of the 15th, losing three yoke of cattle from thirst and fatigue. Death now seemed inevitable. Neither Eddy nor his wife had tasted food for two days and the only nourishment the children had, in that time, was the sugar he had taken along. He tried to get from Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Brin a small piece of meat for his wife and children, but both refused. They remained all that day in camp to rest the cattle, some of which were killed in the afternoon by the Indians. Eddy hearing some geese near by, borrowed a gun and killed nine. Mrs. Brin and Mrs.

Graves expressed great admiration at their fatness and asked what he would do with so many. The noble fellow invited them to take what they wanted of them and each of them took two. Kiesburg got one of them.

On the 16th they again set out, driving along the Truckee River. On the 19th they met C. F. Stanton, who had started on ahead and who was now in company with two Indian *vacqueros*, named Salvadore and Lewis. They were seeking lost cattle when they met Stanton. They had turned over to Stanton a little flour and dried meat they had with them. On this day William Pike was accidently shot through the back by William Foster and killed. Compared with some of the others, his was a happy fate. On the 22nd day of October they made their forty-ninth and last crossing of the Truckee River and encamped—as it was near sunset—on a hill. Here an Indian shot nineteen arrows into as many cattle, but did not kill them. Eddy caught him when about to shoot another and firing at him as he fled, the ball struck him between the shoulders and came out through his breast. Uttering his death whoop, the savage fell dead and rolled into a bunch of willows growing some distance down the bank.

The 1st of November found them utterly dispirited; the last ray of hope having vanished from their hearts. On the 12th of November the heroic Eddy headed a party to make an attempt, (the second,) to cross the mountains and get relief for those left in camp. Forced by the elements to again retire, Eddy, the good genius of the immigrants, killed a grizzly bear and some other game, but this proved only a temporary relief. On the 21st of November still another attempt was made to obtain relief. A party of sixteen men and six women started over the pass, amongst the number being Stanton, the two Indians and Eddy, who was the leader. They reached the western side of the range, but Stanton, in spite of Eddy's appeals, refused to push ahead because he would have to leave behind seven mules belonging to Sutter.

A terrible snow storm now began and their sufferings were extreme. The women with the party bore the hardships with great fortitude. The storm lasted until the 5th day of December and when it ceased, the ground was covered to the depth of eight feet. On the 11th the snow again began to fall. On the 14th Bayliss Williams died of starvation. All were exceedingly weak. On the 16th

a party consisting of William Eddy, William and Sarah Foster, William and Mary Graves, Jay and Sarah Fosdick, C. F. Stanton, Lewis and Salvadore (the Indians), Antoine, Dolan, William and Lemuel Murphy, Burger, Harriet Pike and Mrs. McCutcheon again started on snow shoes for relief. The parting between those noble souls—Eddy and his wife—was agonizing. Each realized that they might never meet again and their parting was as that of friends who are about to be separated by death. At the outset of this journey, Burger and William Murphy were compelled by weakness to turn back to the cabin camp, the others went slowly and mournfully forward, reaching the west side of the mountain on the third day. Three days later they had consumed all of their supplies. On the seventh day, in lightening his bag of every useless article, Eddy found about half a pound of bear's meat and a note in which his wife expressed the hope that it might, if the worst came, as she feared it would, be the means of saving his precious life. The note was full of tenderness beyond the power of words to express, and now, more than ever, did the fond husband realize the value of the treasure he was about to lose.

CHAPTER XVI.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF THE DONNER PARTY.

STANTON DIES OF STARVATION——CANNIBALISM PROPOSED——VOTED DOWN——THREE OTHERS DIE——A HORRIBLE FEAST——EDDY ABSTAINS FROM CANNIBALISM—— NOBLE WOMEN —— DEER KILLED —— FOSDICK DIES —— "THE CAMP OF DEATH"——REACH INDIAN VILLAGE——RELIEF PARTIES——GLOVER AND EDDY REACH IMMIGRANTS——SNOWED UNDER——THE DEAD AND DYING——MRS. REED AND THE BRINS——EDDY'S WIFE AND CHILDREN DEAD——AWFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS——APPALLING HORRORS——MRS. DONNER'S DEVOTION——A PATHETIC SIGHT——THE APPEAL TO MASONRY——ANOTHER PARTY TO THE RESCUE——THE BEASTLY KIESBURG ——GHOULISH FEASTS——"STARVED CAMP"——HIDEOUS SIGHTS——SATISFIED CANNIBALS ——CLARK, THE INFAMOUS SHOEMAKER——EDDY'S STEADFAST NOBILITY——CONCEALED HORRORS.

Soon after the provisions failed, Stanton fell to the rear and died of starvation. The 25th day of December came, and we have every reason to suppose that their's was the most desolate Christmas ever spent. This day a council was held to determine whether they should go on or return to their companions in the terrible mountain camp. Eddy was the only man who voted to go through; the others refused. Every one of the women voted with Eddy. There was in all the party one soul superior to fate, and their intuition divined it. Now came a proposition that might have been expected sooner. It was proposed to sacrifice one person that the others might have food. The opposition to this measure was so great that it failed and they staggered on a few miles and camped, unable to make a fire on account of the high wind.

That night Dolan, Graves and Antoine perished and Lemuel Murphy became deranged. Eddy only, of all the party, had any thought for the safety of others. He at last succeeded in building a fire and when a horrible feast upon the body of Dolan began, his constant soul sustained him in his heroic forbearance and he alone abstained from the cannibal banquet. Murphy next died. The "Camp of Death," as this was called, abounded in horrors. To the fortitude of the six women Eddy pays tribute. On the 29th the survivors left the fatal spot and again moved forward. The Indians now

owned that they had lost their way. January 4th came, and not a mouthful of food. Eddy now declared that he would start out on a hunt. The women begged him not to leave them and Mary Graves resolutely followed him. That night a deer was killed and the two supped on its entrails, and the next day relieved the rest of the party, Fosdick having died the night before.

Strenghtened by this food, the party again pushed on. The two Indians, who had been threatened with death by the cannibals, had deserted the party some days before. The women were now left in charge of Eddy and Foster, the latter very weak and partially insane. After they had exhausted the flesh of the deer, the party came across the trail of Lewis and Salvadore and Foster overtook and killed them, cutting the flesh from their bones and drying it. On the 10th of January they came to an Indian village, where they were kindly welcomed and supplied with food. The Indians then took them to the ranche of Colonel M. D. Ritchie, at which place Eddy was obliged to go to bed, so utter was his exhaustion.

Notified of the distress of the immigrants, the government of California fitted out two expeditions to go to their relief, but both failed, owing to the depth of the snow. Finally a party of seven men under charge of Aquilla Glover, accompanied by Eddy, succeeded in making their way across the range to the mountain camp. As they reached the site of the cabins they were not to be seen, nor was there any sign of a human being to be discovered. As far as the eye could reach the snow covered the earth like a winding-sheet. To break the stillness of this horrible desolation, some of the party gave a loud shout. The effect was instantaneous. Up from burrows in the snow, which had covered the cabins, crawled hideous specters, ghastly, gaunt and horrible. They were nothing but skin and bone, and their eyes glittered with the fires of insanity.

Of their number, so they informed the rescuing party, fourteen were already dead and others so far gone from exhaustion that succor had come too late. Their sufferings were almost beyond belief. For weeks they had lived upon the hides of bullocks and as these had nearly given out, they contemplated digging up the bodies of their companions and eating them. Mrs. Reed—who was sharing Brin's cabin—had for some time supported herself and children by cracking and boiling the bones which the Brins had scraped clean. The wife and children of the heroic Eddy had perished. In this

accursed camp they found some of the immigrants praying, while some were cursing the infamous Hastings, the author of their misfortunes, and others blasphemed and railed out against the sacred majesty of their Maker.

Sympathy, kindness and even decency had been banished from their hearts by the demoralizing effects of their sufferings. Unable to carry the dead from the cabins, they had fastened ropes around their necks and dragged them forth as they would the polluted carcasses of dogs or wild beasts. Honesty, too, had departed along with the other moral qualities, and it was necessary to keep a constant guard over the supplies that had been brought. The poor wretches actually stole and ate with avidity the rawhide strings that formed the net-work of the snow-shoes of the rescuers. When the party ventured down into the cabins beneath the level snow-field, the sights they witnessed are beyond belief, and so great was the accumulated horror of the awful scene that they were forced to retire appalled to the inhospitable but not revolting surface of the frozen snow.

On the 20th of February three of the rescuers, Rhodes, Mootrey and Tucker, went to George Donner's camp, some eight miles distant. This party they found with but a single beef's hide remaining. They would soon have been reduced to cannibalism. Donner was perfectly helpless, dying in fact, but no entreaties, not even those of her husband, could induce his wife to leave him and seek safety with Glover's party. She knew that she would perish if she remained, but knowing this, so great was her devotion that she resolved to stay, thus proving the strength of woman's love; a treasure beyond all price.

Seven persons from this camp returned with Glover's men and at noon of the 21st this party, after leaving all of the provisions they could spare from their own necessities, set out on the return, accompanied by twenty-three of the immigrants, mostly women and children. It was agreed that nothing was to be told of the disastrous voyage of the outward party under Eddy and Foster, for fear they might be deterred from attempting the journey. One child of Mrs. Kiesburg's and one of Mrs. Pike's were carried by the men of the party. Two of Mrs. Reed's children gave out after going some two miles, and it was necessary for them to return.

The mother, when informed that these two children must return to the camp, at first refused to go on, desiring to return with them and suffer the others to go on to their father. At last, after finding out that Glover was a mason and exacting a promise from him on his honor as a member of that fraternity, to return from Bear River Valley for her two children, Mrs. Reed agreed to go on. The parting was heart-rending. One of the two children, a little heroine of eight years, said to her mother: "Well, kiss me good bye. I shall never see you again, but I shall die willingly, if I can believe you will live to see papa. Tell him good bye for his poor Patty."

Dissolved in tears, mother and children clung to each other until torn apart, and the sad journey began. When Glover and Mootrey



LOUIS KIESBURG—THE CANNIBAL.

took the children back to Brin's cabin he was furious, and would not permit them to enter until Glover had sworn that he would return immediately upon conveying the others to a place of safety. They concealed the behavior of the Brins from Mrs. Reed, as they knew she would return to them, if she thought them exposed to any chance of ill treatment.

On the return of Glover's party, they met with great privations, one of the *caches* of provisions having been found and eaten by a mountain lion. Luckily two men had come up from the settlements with provisions, fearing there might be a scarcity, and thus the immigrants were enabled to reach a place of safety. The next relieving party was conducted by Reed and McCutcheon. Happily Reed found little Patty and her brother alive, though subjected to

terrible sufferings. Bad as were the scenes at the mountain camp, on the visit of the first party of rescuers, it was now ten-fold worse. The starving immigrants had became confirmed cannibals and on every hand were to be seen the traces of horrid feasts upon human flesh.

The beastly German, Kiesburg, revelled in these ghoulish banquets and had eaten the body of one of Eddy's children, when there was an abundance of deer meat in the camp. It was with great difficulty that the father was prevented from killing the miserable brute. Kiesburg on this and the subsequent expedition refused to leave camp. His object in remaining could only have been to continue his horrid feasts, or to carry off the money and property of the other immigrants. This party met with hardships almost as great as that which first went out with Eddy and Foster. Getting out of food, Reed sent three men ahead to get supplies where they had been cached. Pressing slowly and painfully forward, the rest of the party crossed the Sierras and camped near the head of the Yuba River. A storm now set in and continued for three nights and two days. It became terribly cold and all were in danger of freezing. It was almost impossible to secure wood enough to keep up the fire and the thinly clad women and children suffered agonies. For two days they had been without food. When the storm cleared away, none of them were able to travel, except those of the rescuing party, Solomon Hook and Patrick Brin and family. The latter refused to move a step, and Reed and his two children, Miller, Hook and the Californians set out to reach the cached supplies. Little Patty Reed proved herself a heroine on the toilsome march. That night Reed's party was joined by two men from the mountain camp, Cady and Stone. The next day Reed found some provisions that had been left by the three men who had been sent ahead. This was their first food in four days. Strengthened by this, they pushed on and soon reached the settlements.

Eddy and Foster now set out to relieve those left by Reed, at the "Starved Camp," on his way out. Here they were destined to behold a spectacle of more revolting horror than any which had greeted them in the awful confines of the mountain camp. Patrick Brin and his wife were found lolling in the sun, perfectly satisfied with their condition. They had entirely devoured the bodies of Jacob Donner's two children. As all of their own children were alive, it

was conjectured that Donner's had been killed to furnish these loathsome cannibals with food. Lying beside them was the body of Mrs. Graves, nearly all of the flesh having been cut from her arms and legs, and in a vessel then boiling over the fire, were found her heart, liver and breasts. Beside her mangled body sat her little child crying bitterly. Horror was here at its acme. Human brutality and degradation could go no further.

Leaving three men to convey these miserable beings to the settlements, Eddy and Foster pressed forward rapidly to the awful mountain camp. Here they found five children; one of Mrs. Murphy's, one of Jacob Donner's and three of George Donner's. They found



THE INFAMOUS CLARK—THE SHOEMAKER.

here a man named Clark, a shoemaker by trade, who had gone out with Reed, ostensibly for the purpose of aiding the immigrants, but really, as was afterwards seen, to rob them. When discovered he had a pack of goods weighing about fifty pounds and two guns, and this he carried away, leaving a little child to perish.

Eddy carried Georgiana Donner, aged six, and Hiram Miller bore from the camp Eliza Donner, aged four; Thompson carried Fanny Donner, aged eight; Foster carried Simon Murphy, aged eight; the infamous Clark left one of the little Donners to a certain death and carried off the stolen plunder.

After much suffering this party reached the settlements. Of the immigrants thirty-six had succumbed to their awful privations, while forty-four lived through them and were rescued. The fortitude of woman was never more fully tested than at these camps of horror and death, and it did not prove wanting.

With the exception of the heroic Eddy, not a man in all that band of sufferers displayed as great endurance or as active and undaunted courage as did the women attached to the ill-fated expedition. Of its horrors no tongue or pen has ever told the half, and it is well that the awful depths to which human nature, under these degrading circumstances, can sink, should forever remain hidden from those who did not participate in their demoralization.

To Hastings, to whose agency the immigrants owed all of their sufferings and misfortunes, various motives have been attributed. Some say that he was an egotistical idiot, who fancied himself a guide and really believed that he knew a shorter route to California than that usually pursued by the trains. Others say that he desired to lead this party into difficulties for the purpose of robbing it, having accomplices ready to aid him. These suppose that, through some miscalculation, his band failed to come to his assistance and his scheme had to be abandoned. Others believe Hastings to have been a Mormon tool, who did the work appointed for him by the leaders of that church. As it will probably never be known which of the three suppositions is correct, all have been placed before the reader.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEN. WM. S. WALKER—THE PIONEER FILIBUSTER.

THE GOLDEN TOCSIN —— THE "GREY-EYED MAN OF DESTINY" —— DREAMS OF EMPIRE —— WALKER'S BIRTH AND EDUCATION —— IN CALIFORNIA —— DESCRIPTION OF WALKER——HIS COURAGE——HIS MAGNETISM——HEROIC WARFARE——THE MONOPOLIST, VANDERBILT——ODDS AGAINST THE FILIBUSTER——WALKER'S LOSSES——RESOURCES OF NICARAGUA——SAN JUAN DEL NORTE——PRODUCTIONS OF CENTRAL AMERICA——IN RUINS——RICH MINES——CLIMATE——INSTABILITY OF AFFAIRS——BEAUTIFUL SCENERY——DENSE FORESTS —— BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS —— LAKES——THE NATIVES——NATURAL GAMBLERS——FANDANGOES——GAMES OF CHANCE——COCK FIGHTING——SUNDAY PASTIMES.

Amongst the many adventurers, who flocked to the land of the setting sun, when the golden toesin rang out its fascinating chime, none were destined to fill a greater space in the annals of their day than "Walker, the Filibuster," that "grey-eyed man of destiny," whose unbounded ambition dreamed of conquest and whose indomitable courage and high talents almost carved out for him an empire amongst the Isthmian States of America, laved by the waters of two mighty oceans.

Born in Nashville, Tennessee, on May 8th, in the year 1832, he received a European education and studied medicine, which profession he seems not to have greatly fancied, for we find that he very early abandoned it and was for some years an editor in New Orleans. In California he also studied law and for a time practiced that profession in Maryville, in that State. Alluding to his versatility, some Englishman, quoting the old Latin poet, said of him, with an ill-natured sneer:

"*Augur, Schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit,*" which may be rather freely translated: "A Jack of all trades; good at none."

In size he was not above medium height, nor heavily built; his hair was brownish and his eyes large and of a clear blueish grey. They were his strongest feature, wonderfully piercing and magnetic, and when lit up with the fire of battle, fairly blazed with excitement. In disposition he was rather secretive, impassive and silent. He had

the courage of the pioneer and the grace of the dwellers in cities. His language, when excited, was terse, forcible and ready, though he could hardly be called eloquent. His sayings were epigrammatic



GENERAL WILLIAM S. WALKER.

and for all of his imperturbility, his soldiers fairly worshipped him and he possessed that talent of the born commander that could carry his men into the most desperate situations and hold them there to

conquer or to die, but never to give way to coward flight. Maintaining a rigid discipline, he did not lose the affection of his men, for he held himself bound to the same strict code as that which he enforced with them. They knew no danger that he did not share; they felt no hardship from which he shrank.

His warfare was heroic. It was always the battle of the few against the many; the forlorn hope, that must win, if win it did, by a bravery that feared no odds and felt no diminution. It is true they were giants battling against pigmies—Anglo-Normans combatting the degenerate scions of that Latin race, that makes cruelty take the place of courage and with numbers and treachery opposes bravery and conduct—but the pigmies had the aid of British hatred and the treachery of that despicable American monopolist, Vanderbilt. They had, too, the advantage of constant reinforcements, while Walker must battle not only with his human foes, but also with the climate of the country and its diseases; and with the United States making every endeavor to enforce the neutrallity laws and the British men-of-war continually on guard, he could hope for but few reinforcements. Still, in every combat, could be seen the superior prowess of the Americans and in spite of numbers they won, until from their very victories they had become almost annihilated.

As Napoleon taught to the combined nations of Europe the science of war and at last fell beneath their immense combinations from want of fresh material, so Walker with his handful of hardy Americans fought first against his insurgent Nicaraguans and finally against the five States of Central America, loosing in each battle some of those followers he could not hope to replace, while his foes had a multitude from which to recruit. The population of Nicaragua, at that time, was 260,000, of which 26,000 were pure whites (Spanish), one-half Spanish-Indians, 80,000 pure Indians and 15,000 negroes. This State was the natural roadway between the oceans; its lake Nicaragua being ninety miles long and fifty miles broad, reached, at its western extremity, within twelve miles of the Pacific and at its eastern end within one hundred and fifty miles of the Atlantic, with which it is connected by the river San Juan. At the mouth of this river lies Greytown, or as the natives call it, San Juan del Norte, from which the steamers started on

their western voyage. Like all tropical countries, this State is subject to long rainy seasons, lasting five months and during which all sorts of malarial and other fevers prevail. Visitations of the cholera and yellow fever are also common. In this season, except upon made roads, locomotion by beast or vehicle is impossible.



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM S. WALKER, AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The constitution of Nicaragua was that of all Spanish-American republics—theoretically democratic, really despotic; the president usually constituting a one-man power, somewhat similar to that of Russia. The Central American Confederacy; consisting of Honduras, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala and Nicaragua, was

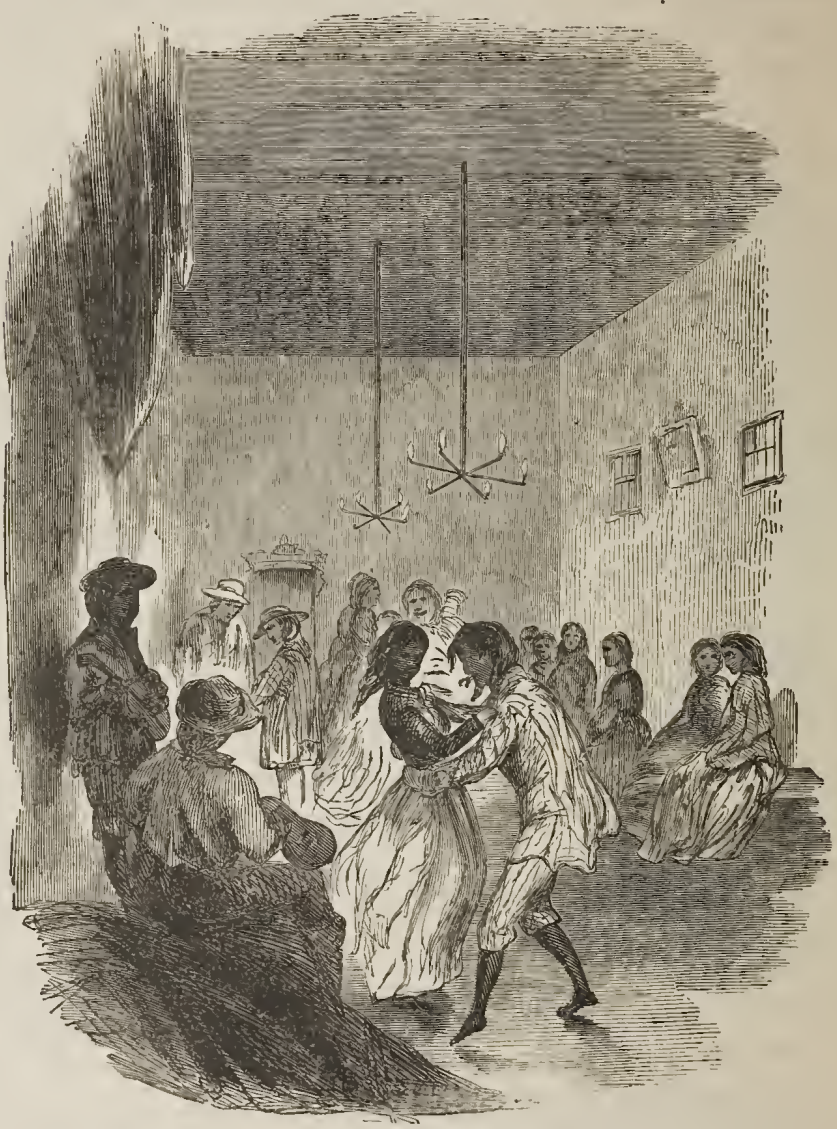
dissolved in 1831, and from that time until the advent of the American filibusters on the scene, the last named State had been subjected to continual revolutions, which destroyed the commerce and paralyzed the industries of the country; since there was no stability to insure rewards for energy and industry. Indigo, chocolate, rice, sugar, coffee, tobacco and cotton were the natural products of the soil, but everywhere pillage, arson and forced contributions had kept the fertile haciendas in crumbling ruins; the disheartened proprietors raising barely a sufficiency of Indian corn and plantains to eke out their existences, made miserable by the cruelty and rapacity of the revolutionists. Each of the inhabitants did raise sufficient tobacco for his own consumption, and everybody in Nicaragua smokes, not excepting the children, but of the Rivas chocolate—the finest in the world—not an ounce was exported and her cotton, almost equal to that of the Sea Islands, was produced in but trivial quantities. Their sole exports were the hides of cattle and the skins of deer.

Her rich mines of gold and silver were either entirely neglected, or worked in such a manner as to make them of little or no profit. Her high *mesas*, or table lands, of Matagalpa and Segovia, pleasant of climate, salubrious and where almost every Northern grain and fruit could be grown, were given over to desolation. Her forests of rosewood, mahogany and other fine woods were untouched by the axe of the lumberman, and here, as well as in court, field and mart reigned the universal apathy engendered by spoliation and distrust.

No man labored, when he knew that he might never reap the benefits of his industry, and the enforced idleness eat into the very life-blood of the people; depriving them of energy, ambition and hope. Over everything hung the universal gloom of ruin and despair.

The scenery was beautiful; in every direction loomed up the cone-shaped summit of some extinct volcano, whose fiery heart had long since spent its life in Titanic throes. Amongst these the giant Ometepe towered in solitary grandeur far above his lesser brothers, his summit capped in snow, his sides seared with the flow of the scoriac rivers, that in the early dawn of creation had deluged the neighboring plain. In the distance it looms up against the brilliant sky a perfect cone with fleecy veils of clouds hanging about its sides. The forests are tangled masses of glorious flowers of every gorgeous

hue; the lakes produce a thousand forms of lillies; some tiny as the oyster's smallest pearl, some spreading out wide-lipped and leafed, as the queenly cereus that opens her faithful bosom only to the moon and breathes her life out on the silent night. Gay birds, nat-



A SPANISH-AMERICAN FANDANGO.

ure's living rainbows, flash in and out amongst the foliage and make the air a blaze of crimson green and gold.

The natives are meek in manner, graceful in movement, without ambition, loving their homes, peaceful, polite and good-natured.

They give way to but two excitements; all are devoted to dancing and equally slaves to the passion for gambling. At their fandangos tiny children and tottering octogenarians give rein to their love of music and motion and trip the "light fantastic" with grace and agility. The guitar is the universal musical instrument, and to its strains bare-legged men and swarthy signoritas whirl with a wild and untaught grace that shames the apathetic posturings of more Northern nations.

The Central-American will gamble on anything, but prefers above all other species of gaming the cock-fight, and this may be called the great national sport; its spice of cruelty rendering it peculiarly grateful to his Spanish blood. Upon all days he is ready to make a main, but Sunday is the day generally set apart for indulgence in this pastime, and on the Sabbath, which we devote to worship or to rest, full many a cock, gallant of crest and high of courage, must bleed to make a Spanish holiday.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF NICARAGUA AND ITS AFFAIRS.

PRINCIPAL CITIES——STYLE OF BUILDINGS——THE PLAZA——REVOLUTIONS——WALKER APPEARS ON THE SCENE——LEGITIMISTS AND DEMOCRATS——THE MARCH ON REALEJO——CHAMORRO DEFEATED——GRENADA ATTACKED——A YEAR'S SIEGE——RIVAS TAKEN——CONFISCATION——AMERICAN RECRUITS——DESPERATE MEN——THEIR DEXTERITY WITH ARMS——CASTILLON DECLARED PRESIDENT——LEGITIMIST SUCCESSES——BYRON COLE——TALES OF WALKER——HIS FILIBUSTERING IN SONORA——STARVED HEROES——A DESPERATE FIGHT——TRIED IN SAN FRANCISCO——SOLICITED TO JOIN CASTILLON——WALKER'S FIRST BATTLE——NATIVES DESERT——THE RETREAT——TWO DESPERADOES——TREATMENT BY WALKER——A FILIBUSTER VICTORY.

The principal cities of Nicaragua are Granada, on the North shore of Lake Nicaragua, and Leon, one hundred and fifty miles north of it and near the Pacific Coast. Both are built in the style peculiar to Spanish-American towns. In the center is a large plaza, into which all of the streets run and the houses are massive, built of adobes and one story in height. This story is generally very high, often fifteen to twenty feet between floor and ceiling. The population of Granada is fifteen thousand; that of Leon about twenty thousand. Between these two cities the rivalry has always been very bitter, each striving to hold the seat of government and it is to this rivalry that the numerous revolutions are mostly due. The one which brought "the grey-eyed man of destiny" upon the scene, happened in 1854, and was brought about as follows: In the election of 1850, Fruto Chamorro was elected by the Granada party and began his term by banishing Francisco Castillon, his opponent, and other men of mark amongst the Leonese faction. His term expiring in May, 1854, he felt himself so firmly fixed in power that he declared an extension of his term for an additional four years.

At this tyrannical assumption of power, Castillon organized a party to resist the usurper, issued his proclamation duly and named his following Democrats, just as Chamorro called his forces Legitimists. The former, being out of power, made great promises of liberality in government, firm adherence to the constitution and the other

flourishes common to those who desire to attract adherents. Though somewhat too ready with his proclamations, as indeed are all of his countrymen, Castillon did not let the grass grow under his feet, but with a few men marched on Realejo, a small port on the Pacific, and surprised and captured it. He next fell upon Chiandaya, a place of considerable size, and having also captured it, marched to Leon,



DON FRANCISCO CASTILLON.

thirty miles distant, where he was received with open arms, and where he established his headquarters, having defeated Chamorro in its vicinity. This battle or skirmish was a mere bagatelle and settled nothing; the Legitimists retiring to Granada, the Democrats occupying Leon.

Here Castillon rested and recruited for some time before marching on Granada. His recruiting was of the simplest kind. Small squads of men were sent out in all instructions, with directions to drive up, with their bayonets, every able-bodied man whom they could find. Into the hands of these men was clapped a gun or machette—a long heavy knife—and behold a recruit! In battle these men were put into the front ranks and driven on by those who had volunteered. In their revolutions it was a difficult task to guess who would run first, the front or rear rank or the officers, but if anybody was killed it was sure to be some of those who were driven by their comrades like sheep to the slaughter.

With his volunteers and recruits Castillon now moved on Granada, which Chamorro had fortified. These cities are easily fortified as follows: All of the streets leading out of the plaza are heavily barricaded and these barricades, with the walls of the houses surrounding the square, form a very snug fort when the assailants are Spanish-Americans. Having some four cannons each, twelve and twenty-four pounders, the two parties peppered away for almost a year and nearly destroyed the city, without damaging each other. Castillon detached a party during this time to take Rivas and this was done without bloodshed, most of the citizens, being adherents of Chamorro, having fled. The goods of these were seized, advertised and sold. Of those Legitimists who remained, forced loans were demanded and obtained. This style of contribution worked badly for the giver, as his party, when they obtained possession again, would demand of him double the amount his enemies had forced him to disgorge, as a punishment for aiding the traitors.

At San Juan del Sur and Virgin Bay, the Democrats had noticed the men of the North, "bearded like pards, swearing strange oaths" and swaggering fearlessly amongst their puny countrymen, and they determined, if possible, to enlist some of them in their cause to go up against Granada. Offering one hundred dollars a month and commissions as captains and colonels, they secured some dozen or fifteen of these sturdy men from Mississippi, Kentucky and Missouri, some of whom had fought with Taylor, "the rough and ready," at Buena Vista and all of whom were ready at any time to assert their ability to "whip their weight in wild cats."

These Nicaragua colonels and captains, on their arrival at Granada, soon convinced the Legitimists that it was unsafe to expose

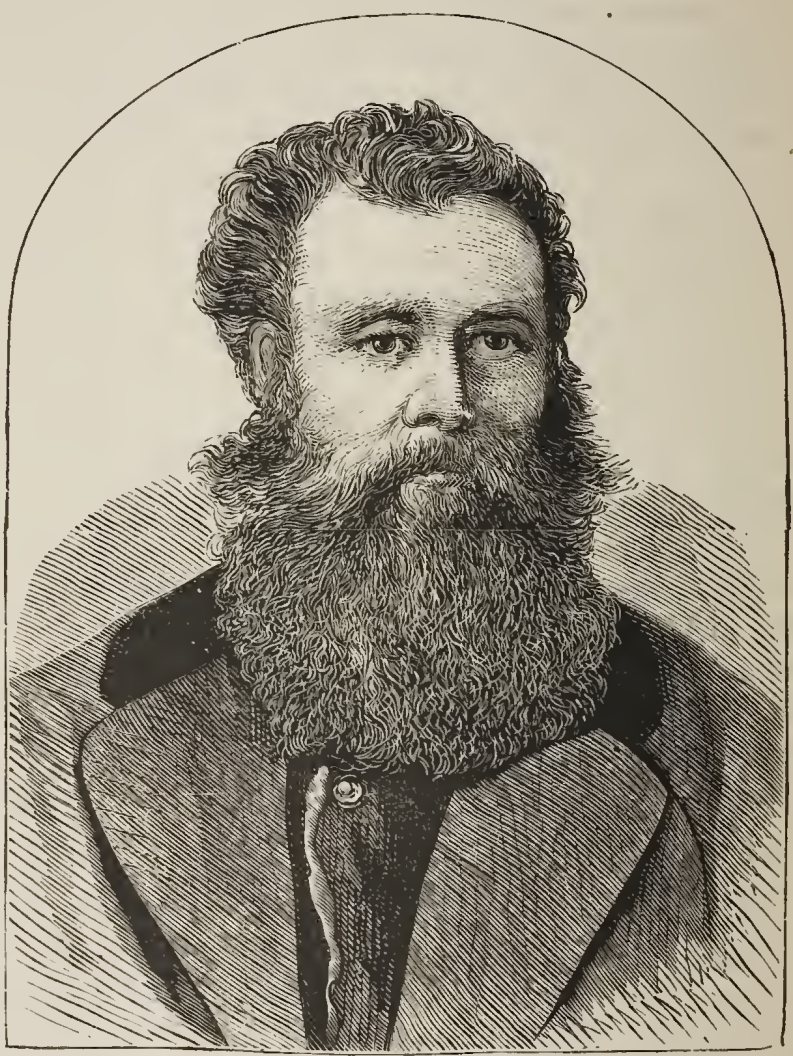
themselves as they had heretofore done, for with their trusty rifles they began picking off their enemies with as little compunction as if they had been squirrels or wolves. Recklessly clambering over house tops or boldly dashing up to the barricades, these hardy Americans taunted the Legitimists with their cowardice in not coming out to fight like men, and as soon as one exposed the slightest part of his person, a ball was planted in it and amidst the volley, which would be poured upon him, the American would proceed coolly to reload. A few other Americans, picked up along the Transit Route, aided the Democrats in the capture of San Carlos, a town situated at the point where Lake Nicaragua debouches in the river San Juan, and also Castillo Viejo, a strong post.

In view of his successes, Castillon was next declared president and Leon was made the seat of government. Other State officers were appointed and matters looked decidedly blue for the Legitimists cooped up in Granada, until by a vigorous move they retook San Carlos and were thus enabled to obtain a supply of ammunition from Jamaica. The siege of Granada was raised, though the Democrats had fully fifteen hundred men, while the adherents of Chamorro numbered about one thousand. On the retreat, the former were attacked at Masaya and part of them taking refuge in a church, a desperate fight ensued, in which three hundred men were killed. This much by way of preface.

While the Democrats held the Transit Route firmly they had opened negotiations with Walker, then residing in San Francisco, and had made him liberal offers in the way of land grants for his services and those of any Americans he might be able to bring to their aid. They had first heard of Walker while enlisting Americans for the siege of Granada. A mining expert, named Byron Cole, was traveling through Central America looking for mines for an American company. He had known Walker in San Francisco and knew of his desperate attempt to filibuster Lower California and Sonora in the autumn of 1853.

He had heard Walker talk of the golden empire he intended to found in some of the Spanish-American States and had himself become an enthusiast on the subject. He had heard of Walker's heroic attempt already alluded to and felt that he was destined to achieve a glorious name and this, he thought, would be an opportune opening for him. The raid on Sonora had failed, it was true, but

that was inevitable from the first. Leaving San Francisco in a light schooner, with some fifty followers, Walker landed at a small port on the Pacific Coast of Lower California. Here he met with a feeble resistance and marching into the interior, he invaded Sonora and presented the singular spectacle of an invasion failing for the want of foes.



COLONEL BYRON COLE.

Pressing on through sparsely settled valleys and inhospitable deserts, he was conquered by the desolation everywhere prevalent. Without supplies of food and unable to find subsistence in the country, his followers soon become a ragged and worn out lot of half-starved specters who had easily brushed away every one of their

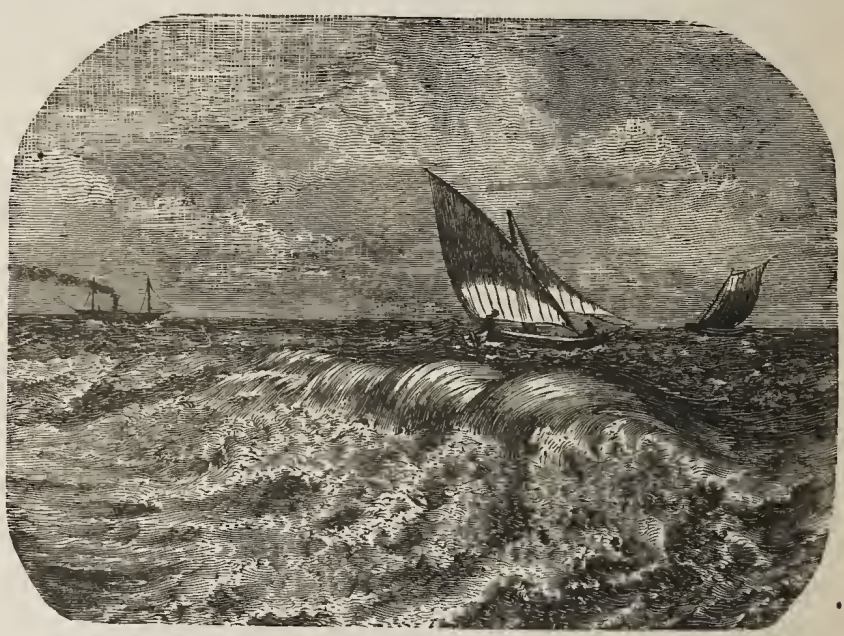
outnumbering foes, but were unable to contend against the thirst and famine of the desert and at last, with starved and wasted forms, shoeless and nearly naked, their feet lacerated with the sharp rocks and their hands mangled with thorns and cacti, they staggered across the frontier of Sonora into the golden State, sweeping from their pathway at one wild, reckless charge three hundred Mexican cavalry who had been sent to intercept them. They were ragged, worn, starved, parched with tropic heat and burning fever, but they had the courage of their pioneer sires that never wavered, and staggering onward against the fresh troops of the Mexicans, six times their number, they stood once more upon American soil, while their scattered enemies fled in panic-stricken rout. Arrested in San Francisco for violation of the neutrality laws of the United States, he defended his own cause and was triumphantly acquitted.

This was the man to whom the Democratic party in Nicaragua offered, in lieu of money—which they did not have to give—fifty-two thousand acres of land, if he should lead them on to victory. Confident of his ability, in the then existing state of public feeling, to escape the penalties for infringing the neutrality laws, he openly solicited recruits and with fifty-six men set sail at night to avoid arrest by the United States authorities. By good luck he escaped the officials, and some time in May landed at Realejo and marched to Leon, the Legitimists being terribly frightened by the arrival of this *diabolo Americano*.

At the siege of Granada, they had felt the difference between the reckless daring and steady aim of these Western adventurers, and the enervated conduct of their native foes, and they were in a state of panic almost pitiable. In order to relieve their overburdened feelings they issued several wordy pronunciamentos, calling on the yeomanry to "rise in their wrath and drive the American invader from the sacred soil of Nicaragua." Fearing that the Americans would do fully one-half of the driving, the yeomanry very wisely forbore to rise, and Walker remained at Leon long enough to obtain an intelligent idea of the situation. Seeing the strength of Rivas as a strategetic point, he determined to retake it, about the last of June. Leaving Realejo in three small vessels, Walker landed his Americans and two hundred native troops at San Juan del Sur and marched thence upon Rivas, some twenty-five miles distant. The people of Rivas had been told by Chamorro that the Americans would kill and

eat all of them if they surrendered, and knowing that no worse fate could befall them, if taken in arms, they prepared for a vigorous reception.

In this first battle upon the soil of Nicaragua, Walker was made acquainted with the cowardly and treacherous disposition of his native troops, for, on leading a furious charge upon the works, he found himself supported only by his Americans; the two hundred natives having fled at the first fire. Within the fortifications were some four or five hundred Legitimists, but nothing daunted the Filibusters sprang steadily forward and took possession of a house which commanded the fort. Here they fought fiercely, their steady



WALKER'S FLEET LEAVING REALEJO.

aim making frightful havoc among the Legitimists. The fight continued until the Filibusters ran short of ammunition, when the Legitimists set fire to the house and forced them to retreat. Sullenly falling back to San Juan del Sur they were not followed by their antagonists, who feared to risk a fight without the protection of their fortifications. At this point the Filibusters found a schooner and embarked for Realejo. In the action Walker had but six men killed; the Legitimists, seventy. All of the latter were shot in the head. While lying at San Juan del Sur, two American desperados, not belonging to Walker's party, set fire to a large wooden building, hoping to burn the town, so that they might rob it. Coming on

board the schooner, they boasted of their act, thinking that the Filibusters would join with them. Of these men Walker determined to make an example, and there being no civil authorities to whom he could hand them over, he tried them by a court-martial and sentenced them to be shot.

They were desperados of the worst type; halting at neither arson nor murder to accomplish their purposes, but they were desperately brave and though they knew the men who had doomed them, yet they determined to escape. Rushing to a small boat that hung at the schooner's side, one of them cut it loose and springing into it, pulled hurriedly for the shore.



PLAZA WHERE CORRAL AND SALAZAR WERE EXECTTED.

Waiting until he had passed from the long shadows of the vessel into the bright moonlight, the guard fired and with a yell half agony and half defiance, he leaped into the air and sank beneath the still waters. The other, nothing daunted at the ill success of his comrade, waited until taken ashore and then, breaking from the guard, dashed into a dense thicket and escaped.

Shortly before this, Chamorro had died and Corral was now at the head of the Legitimist faction. Like his predecessor he seemed inclined to make no offensive movements and Walker, having recruited his force to seventy-five Americans and two hundred native troops, again landed at San Juan del Sur and marched on Virgin

Bay; at which point he was attacked by a vastly superior force under General Guardiola, one of Corral's lieutenants. The battle raged for hours; the Filibusters making charge after charge, cutting down their foes with swords and even Bowie-knives, so fiercely did they press them. Had they not run short of ammunition early in the action, it would have been more speedily decided; as it was, after three hours of incessant charging upon the partly intrenched natives, the Americans drove them from the town with terrible loss. On the part of the Filibusters two Americans and six natives were killed and many wounded. Here brave Bob Sweeny, afterwards so noted as a Missouri guerilla, lost his arm.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUCCESS OF THE FILIBUSTERS.

RECRUITS FOR WALKER——CAPTURES GRANADA——THE RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA——OFFERED THE PRESIDENCY——REFUSES——COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF——A CONSOLIDATED GOVERNMENT——A DIVISION OF OFFICES——CORRAL'S TREACHERY——PRESIDENT RIVAS——THE FIRST NEWSPAPER——A BONUS TO IMMIGRANTS——COSTA RICA——BRITISH INTRIGUES——VANDERBILT, THE CORMORANT——COSTA RICAN BRUTALITY——MOVEMENT ON RIVAS——DESPERATE FIGHTING——RECOGNIZED BY THE UNITED STATES——STEAMERS SEIZED——PLOT AGAINST WALKER——A NEW ELECTION——WALKER PRESIDENT——SALAZAR FLIES TO SAN SALVADOR——CAPTURED ON THE BAY OF FONSECA——DELIVERED TO WALKER——TRIED AT GRANADA——FOUND GUILTY——EXECUTED.

After the combat at Virgin Bay, Walker returned to San Juan and obtained some recruits from the stream of passengers who were continually crossing the isthmus. In addition to these he obtained some reinforcements from San Francisco, and by the 15th of October he had a force of two hundred Americans and two hundred and fifty natives. Could he at this time have obtained as many as one thousand Americans, all of his after-difficulties would have been avoided, since he would have been enabled to have crushed out any opposition before it had time to make head. As it was he did not despair, but making a feint, as if he intended to march on Rivas, and taking one of the Transit Company's steamers at Virgin Bay, he steamed rapidly to within two miles of Granada and hurriedly disembarking, marched on that city. As he anticipated, Corral, deceived by his movements, had sent most of his forces to Rivas, and with fierce cheers his men rushed up to and over the fortifications, the Legitimists making but a feeble defence, and the Filibusters were in possession of the city. Instead of the scenes of outrage, murder and pillage, which the inhabitants had been taught to expect, if the Americans captured the city, all was order and quiet. Holding his followers with an iron hand, Walker permitted no license and at once issued a proclamation inviting all citizens to return to their homes and promising protection to life and property.

In July and August the cholera had raged in Nicaragua, and San Juan del Sur, Virginia Bay and Masaya were almost depopulated. The last place had lost fully one-third of its ten thousand inhabitants. Amongst the victims was Castillon, upon whose demise the Presidency had been offered to Walker and by him had been very wisely refused. His place was at the head of the army and he



WALKER'S PARTING FROM HIS MOTHER.

knew it. Corral still remained at Rivas, but Walker could at any time capture the city. He preferred, however, to treat with him for an adjustment of all difficulties, and since he was the victorious party, he could afford to make overtures to that effect. Accordingly he prevailed on Colonel Wheeler, American Minister in Nicaragua, to proceed to Rivas for that purpose. On his arrival he was held a close

prisoner by the foolish Corral, and not until Walker sent a sloop with a few pieces of artillery and fired upon the town, did he come to his senses. He then agreed to treat and visited Walker in Granada.

On parting from his mother when but a youth, Walker had told her that he would some day found a State and his prophecy was now fulfilled. Rivas was nominally President of Nicaragua, but as Walker's arm had rescued the State from anarchy, so his brain shaped its destinies and moulded its polity.

A consolidation of the two governments was now agreed upon, and here Walker showed that his statesmanship was equal to his military genius, for instead of taking advantage of his power and ousting the Legitimists, he divided the offices fairly between the two factions, himself retaining command of the army. The following were the heads of the departments: Don Patricio Rivas, President; General William Walker, Commander-in-Chief; General Maximo Xeres, Minister of State; General Ponciano Corral, Minister of War; Colonel Parker H. French, Minister of Hacienda; Don Fermin Ferrer, Minister of Public Credit.

At the very outset of his attempts at pacification, Walker again met with a specimen of Spanish falsehood and treachery. Corral, in a few days after the treaty was concluded and the officers of the new government installed, was detected in a treasonable correspondence with dissatisfied Legitimists and as his offence was flagrant and the proof ample, the Filibuster determined to make an example of him and after a fair and open trial by court-martial, he was shot on the plaza of Granada in the presence of the whole army.

The new government had been promptly acknowledged by Col. Wheeler, and the captain of a United States sloop-of-war then lying in the harbor of San Juan del Sur, paid a visit to President Rivas. Like a true newspaper man and American citizen, Walker now started a newspaper, "El Nicaraguense," (The Nicaraguan), one half of which was printed in English, the other in Spanish. This was issued weekly and was quite a creditable affair. Rivas was advised by Walker to offer a bonus of land to American immigrants and accordingly advertisements were sent out offering to single immigrants two hundred and fifty acres of land each, and to heads of families three hundred and fifty acres.

When approached for recognition of the new government, the action of the States of the former Confederation was as follows: Guatemala parleyed and hesitated; San Salvador did likewise; Honduras promptly recognized it and Costa Rica refused to do so.



CASTILLO VIEJO.

Costa Rica even determined to raise an army to expel the Americans from the territory of Nicaragua, though what right that State had to interfere in the affairs of its neighbor, a careful reading of international law fails to inform us. It is more than likely that the British,

who in 1848 had endeavored to obtain some footing on the Isthmus and had failed, were jealous of the success of the Americans and determined to overwhelm them by secret intrigues.

Another inimical influence should be here explained. This was the Transit Company already referred to. When the rush to California began, the Isthmian route was soon ascertained to be the shortest, and the right to convey passengers and goods over this route was leased to Vanderbilt and Company for the term of ninety years. For this privilege the Company was to pay ten thousand dollars down and ten per cent. yearly of their profits. Once established in the route, these cormorants paid neither bonus nor per centage, though their extortionate charges fell but little if anything short of robbery. With this infamous corporation Walker was destined soon to come in fatal conflict.

When the Costa Ricans began their war-like preparations, Walker detached some three hundred men under Colonel Schlessinger, who had operated with Kossuth in Hungary. This was an unfortunate selection for, on meeting an overwhelming force of Costa Ricans near Guanacaste, Schlessinger was first to suggest flight, while his hardy Americans were preparing for a charge. Disheartened by the cowardice of their commander, the Filibusters were overpowered and forced to retreat, loosing nineteen prisoners, seventeen of whom the cowardly Costa Ricans butchered in cold blood after the battle. Flushed with success, the Costa Ricans endeavored to take possession of the Transit Route, but by swift marches, Walker threw garrisons into the two most important posts, Castillo Viejo and Hibb's Point, and returned to Virgin Bay, intending to wait developments. Finding the enemy fortified there and also at Rivas and San Juan del Sur, he returned to Granada and after a short rest, moved against Rivas, on the 11th of April, where he found the Costa Ricans strongly entrenched and in greatly superior numbers. Here, after a series of assaults characterized by desperate valor, and in which the impassive Walker always led the van, they were finally beaten off with a loss of one hundred and fifty men. In their assaults, the Filibusters charged up to the works of the Costa Ricans and across the ditch fought like tigers, but all attempts to scale the works were unavailing, so thick were the bristling bayonets and machettes of their foes as to form a solid line of steel through which no living thing could pass. Standing just outside of the

ditch, the Filibusters poured rifle and pistol balls with unerring aim into the thick masses of the natives, but as fast as one fell another was driven up to his place. All the while the little band was



A COSTA RICAN CAVALRYMAN.

exposed to a perfect storm of bullets. In this action the Costa Ricans lost over four hundred men, about three times as many as the Filibusters, and so terrified were they for fear that Walker

might return with reinforcements, that they hastily abandoned the town before the Filibusters had got five miles on their retreat.

Quite a number of reinforcements for Walker began to arrive, and in May his government was recognized by the Government of the United States, Franklin Pierce occupying the presidential chair. At this time the Transit Company was indebted to the State of Nicaragua, in the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and showing no evidences of an intention to pay this debt, Walker seized their steamers and sold their privilege to a new company for the sum of four hundred thousand dollars. This made him an



BIRTHPLACE OF SCHLESSINGER.

implacable enemy. Vanderbilt was a niggardly miser: he would deny money to charity, to suffering, to religion and to want, but he could relinquish even the beloved dollar in behalf of revenge.

Salazar, seemingly a firm friend of Walker, had been appointed Minister of War when Corral was shot, but giving way to his natural treachery, and no doubt instigated by British influence and probably by that of Vanderbilt, he, in conjunction with Rivas, now determined to throw Walker over and seize the reins of government themselves. With this purpose in view, they stole away to Leon and declared the seat of government moved thither. If they thought that this move would disconcert the fearless Filibuster,

they reckoned without their host, for Walker immediately proclaimed them traitors and ordered a new election, which resulted in his being made president.

Salazar now hastened toward San Salvador for the purpose of stirring up the people of that State against the Americans, but being captured while on that errand by a Filibustering schooner on the Bay of Fonseca, he was taken to Granada and delivered to Walker. He was at once tried for his treason to the State in inciting armed bodies of men to invade it, and being found guilty, he was taken on the plaza and shot; a fate which he richly merited for his ingratitude toward his friend, as well as his treason to the State.

CHAPTER XX.

WALKER BATTLES AGAINST DESPERATE ODDS.

A STRONG COMBINATION——LEON OCCUPIED——THE BRAVE M'DONALD——AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS——COLONEL COLE——A HOPELESS COMBAT——DEATH OF COLE——ALLIES ATTACKED——FURIOUS CHARGE——UNWELCOME NEWS——FILIBUSTERS WITHDRAW——AT GRANADA——SWARMING ALLIES——DRIVEN BY WALKER——NUMBER OF THE ALLIES——A BRUTAL SOLDIERY——MURDER OF NON-COMBATANTS——OTHER BATTLES——A FILIBUSTER FAILURE——OVERWHELMING NUMBERS——THE TORCH——LEONESE OUTRAGES——THE GALLANT HENNINGSEN——A FORLORN HOPE——A BAND OF HEROES——SURVIVORS BUTCHERED——PURSUIT OF HENNINGSEN——CUT OFF——SEIZES A CHURCH——STERN MUSIC——AN UNPARALLELED DEFENSE——THE DEADLY BOWIE-KNIFE——THE FLAG OF TRUCE——A MONTH'S SIEGE——FILIBUSTER SALLIES——ALLIES RETREAT——RIVAS TAKEN.

Fearing that if Walker were left in undisturbed possession of Nicaragua, an American occupation of the entire Isthmus might eventually come about, all of the other States of the former Confederation now combined against the Filibusters. The allies crossed the Bay of Fonseca and occupied Leon about the last of July and there remained for two months, fearing to advance on the inferior forces of the Americans. About this time a handfull of Filibusters under McDonald, attacked on the 5th of September a large force of Costa Ricans who were fortified in the Rancho San Jacinto. Dashing bravely up against the thick walls of the adobe building, they thrust their guns and pistols through the port-holes and dozens of its defenders fell. While these men drove the natives from the ports, their comrades endeavored to beat in the heavy doors. These had been nailed up, secured with chains and the deep embrasures piled full of bales of bullock hides, so that the battering rams made no impression upon them.

Forced to withdraw from the hopeless contest, they were reinforced by a larger party, under command of Colonel Byron Cole, but were still in vastly inferior numbers to their foes. On the 16th day of September they again attacked the Rancho, which had been greatly strengthened in the meantime. It was but a renewal of the

same hopeless combat, characterized on the part of the Filibusters by desperate courage and reckless exposure. But the courage of the demi-gods could not avail against this adobe building, which ten Americans could have held against the combined Confederation, and at last the Filibusters withdrew, having lost, amongst others, the gallant Cole, one of Walker's most trusted officers. Directing the movements of his men, he was shot while endeavoring to force the door of the Rancho.

Seeing that he would be obliged to concentrate his small forces, if he did not wish to be cut to pieces in detail, Walker removed his garrisons from Managua, falling back on Masaya and from here retreating a few miles, hoping to draw after him the masses of the enemy, so that he might give them battle in the open field. Out-



A NICARAGUAN MANSION.

numbering him four to one, the allies halted at Masaya and Walker seeing that if he would bring about a battle at all, he must attack them in the fortifications at that place, turned about and with not over five hundred men advanced to the assault. Every advantage of position and numbers was in favor of the allies, but Walker dislodging them from the suburbs, drove them swiftly through the town, his rifles doing terrible execution in their flying ranks.

Determined to expose his few men as little as possible, he made one furious charge upon their works and finding them too strong to be taken by assault, he began to run a mine under the fort and his efforts were just about to be crowned with success, when an express came with the news that a large body of the allies were at Granada and its little garrison of one hundred and fifty men were unable to

withstand so large a force much longer. Another day would have given him success; the fort taken at a great loss to the allies, they would have been willing to treat and Walker's success would have been assured, but the delay was too dangerous and with a heavy heart he drew off his men and by a swift march reached Granada.

Here he realized that he had not arrived a moment too soon. He found all of the city, except the plaza, in possession of the swarming masses of the enemy. On the top of the high hill above the church of Jalteba he found a part of them fortified. Rushing fiercely up to the frowning parapet he succeeded, after repeated charges, in driving the enemy pell-mell down the hill and into the city. Here they united with their main body, but all were hurled in confusion from the streets of Granada by the impetuous Filibusters. It was the first time they had met in anything like an open field, and the Americans had brushed them from their way as a boy would scatter a flock of sheep. The loss of the allies in this engagement was ten times that of their opponents.

The garrison, under command of General Fry, were in a desperate condition when Walker arrived; they had fired away all of their ammunition with the exception of some five rounds apiece, which they were reserving for the final charge of the allies. The allies immediately surrounding them numbered about eight hundred, while they had only one hundred and fifty, some of whom were sick and wounded. In those portions of the city over which they had obtained the mastery, the excesses of the allies had been frightful. The women had been given over to the brutality of the soldiery and noncombatants were murdered in cold blood. Amongst the latter an American Methodist preacher, named Ferguson, was shot down. This battle and recapture of Granada occurred on the 13th of October, just one year after the date of his first reduction of the city.

Mora, President of Costa Rica, seeing the weakness of Walker's force and the difficulties of his position, determined to seize the Transit Route so as to prevent the arrival of any more reinforcements. With this object Canas was dispatched to the Pacific coast to begin operations on that side, and seizing San Juan del Sur, he garrisoned it and then fortified himself strongly on the high *mesas* or table lands, lying between that place and Virgin Bay. A small force of Americans attacked him in his entrenchments, but were

unable to effect anything until they were reinforced by Walker, who in a fierce assault with his inferior numbers dashed over the breastworks and drove Canas in a perfect rout to the allies at Rivas. His next move was to capture San Juan del Sur and garrison it with one hundred and fifty men and then return to Virgin Bay, having completely frustrated the plans of Canas and Mora.

On the 15th of November he marched against the allies, who in large numbers were strongly fortified at Masaya. In the attacking party were only four hundred and fifty men. The attempt to dis-



SAN JUAN DEL SUR.

lodge the allies proved a failure. The Filibusters fought for three days with the ferocity of men despising danger and death, but all of their charges proving futile, they at last sullenly retired toward Granada, the thousands of the allies not daring to move out of their strong walls in pursuit.

At Granada, Walker determined to evacuate the city, so as to protect his posts along the Transit Route from the allies, who were swarming into Nicaragua from all of the other States. Marching with a small force to San Jorge, Henningsen, his second in command, was

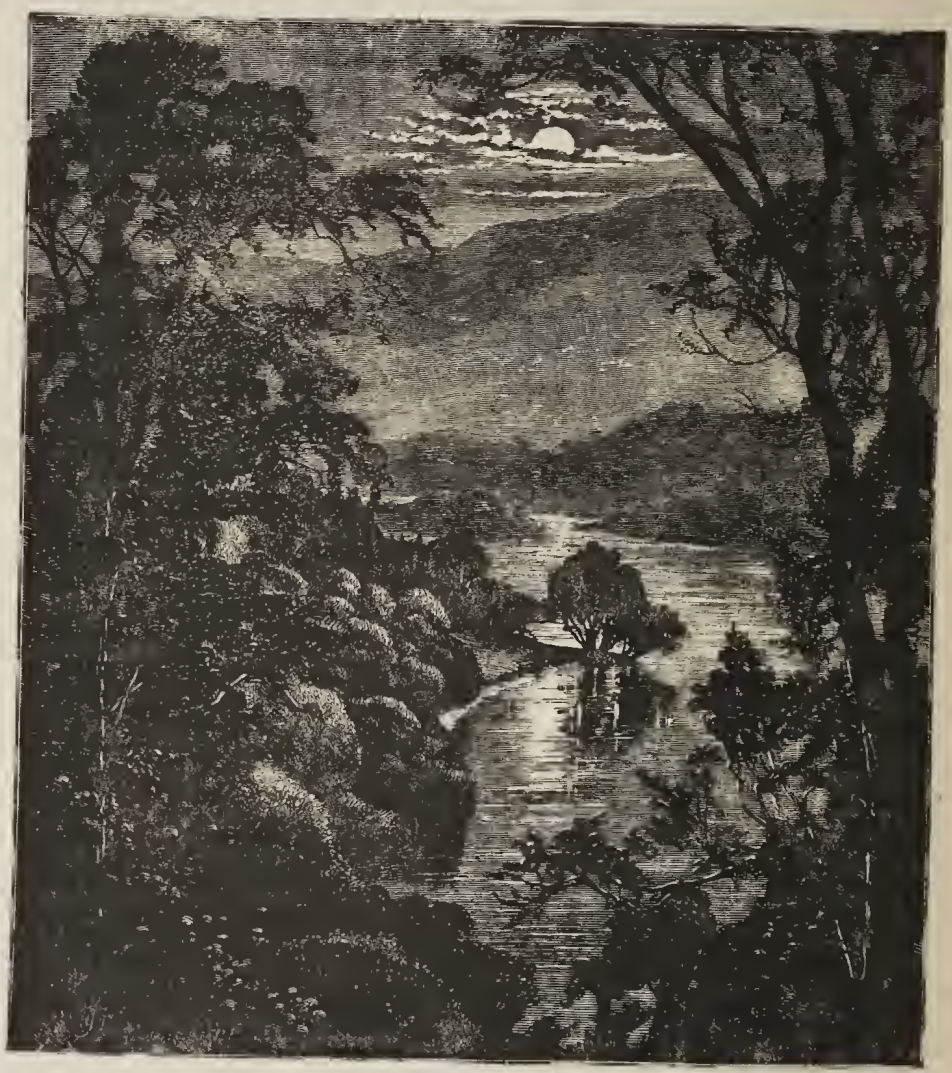
left at Granada with instructions to collect all stores, gather in the few small parties who were operating as scouts and join him at San Jorge. The native forces under Walker were almost to a man Leonese and when the order was given to evacuate Granada they freely applied the torch and also sacked the city. These outrages the British charged to Walker, when his whole history in Nicaragua shows that he never tolerated such license amongst his troops.

Hearing that the Filibusters had evacuated Granada, the allies hurriedly moved on the town and finding Henningsen encumbered with his sick, wounded and stores, they divided their forces into two columns and marched to the attack from opposite quarters. Each of these columns numbered from fifteen hundred to two thousand men. On the side from which one of the columns attacked was an old dismantled fort, into which twenty-nine Americans had been thrown to check the onset of the enemy until Henningsen could arrange the order of his march. It was a forlorn hope, but it was cheerfully accepted and manfully did they do their duty. Charge after charge of the attacking column was beaten off and the ground around the fort was covered with dead and dying men.

The allies were astounded; here were twenty-nine Americans holding in check one of their columns. Driving their men to the charge, with a line of bayonets behind them, they determined to win the redoubt or perish before it. Charge after charge was thus made, hour after hour wore on and still the little band of heroes kept the thousands at bay. Some had been shot, nearly all were wounded, but looking for no succor and seeing that it was impossible to cut their way through the swarms of the natives, they fought on, begrimmed with blood and powder and almost fainting with the intense heat. At last what they had feared came to pass, their ammunition gave out and with a mighty surge the wave of battle passed over them, still fighting and killing with breech of gun, butt of pistol and deadly Bowie-knife.

When the allies succeeded in taking the fortress, they found that the besieged had not a single load of powder left, they were almost famished for water, and not a one of them but had one or more wounds on his person. With truly Spanish cowardice, they murdered every one of these men, twelve in number, fourteen having been killed during the fight and three having died of their wounds after capture. The redoubt in their possession—its capture had cost them one hundred and sixty-seven men dead and many

wounded—they pressed in pursuit after Henningsen, who had begun a retreat toward the lake, but being intercepted in that direction, had cut his way through one column of the allies and took possession of an old church, this being his only resource in order to save his wounded.



NIGHT SCENE ON THE RIO SAN JUAN—IN NICARAGUA.

The old church, which had echoed to the soft sounds of prayer and praise, was now to hear a sterner music. The loud cheer of the Filibuster and the sharp crack of his rifle were to ring out where the chaunt of the priest and the chime of silvery bells had erstwhile filled the vaulted roof. Full soon did the martial diapason begin.

Flushed with their success, the allies, disdaining their former policy of fighting only behind breastwork and barricade, rushed upon the church in overpowering force. So great were their numbers that those behind prevented those in front from retreating, and the havoc amongst them was terrible. After their first poorly aimed volley, they were so tightly wedged in that they could not re-load and the pistols and guns of the Filibusters showered bullets into their tightly packed masses. Some of them had been forced into the church, where they were cut down with sabres and Bowie-knives, and the doorway and porch of the temple of peace reeked with the blood of the allies.

At last those in the rear comprehended the terrible position of their comrades in front and fell back to allow them a chance to retreat. As soon as they turned, those of the Americans who had sabres and knives, rushed upon them and cut them down by dozens. The retreat degenerated into a panic-stricken flight and their officers were unable to reform them until they put nearly a mile between themselves and the terrible Americans. In this first assault the Filibusters lost two killed and had about twenty men wounded, none seriously, while lying around the door of the church were eighty-seven dead men, and fully two hundred of the allies were wounded. A flag of truce was now sent by the allies for permission to collect and bury their dead, which was readily granted.

This siege was kept up for a month, the Filibusters making daily sallies and doing great harm to the allies; in fact, so frequent and disastrous were their raids that at the end of thirty days the allies raised the siege, having lost over three hundred men killed and some four or five hundred wounded. Henningsen now effected a junction with Walker and marching on Rivas, they put Canas to flight and occupied that town. Here, owing to its strong strategetical position, Walker determined to establish his headquarters.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH OF GENERAL WILLIAM S. WALKER.

A CONTEMPTIBLE CREATURE——TREACHERY——A FIERCE ATTACK——A FILIBUSTER SUCCESS——COLONEL LOCKRIDGE——A BRAVE MAN——DEFEATED ——WALKER AT BAY——THE UNITED STATES INTERFERES——SURRENDERS—— A FATAL MISTAKE——GOES TO NEW ORLEANS——ANOTHER EXPEDITION—— ARRESTED——BUCHANAN DECLINES TO PROSECUTE——A DECLINING STAR ——AGAIN A PRISONER——A DESCENT ON HONDURAS——CAPTURED NEAR TRUXILLO——FUTILE INTERCESSION——A MAIDEN'S PRAYERS——THE LAST THOUGHT——A WAITING SWEETHEART——TRIED AND SHOT——A HERO'S DEATH——THE PIONEER OF FILIBUSTERS.

The intrigues of the contemptible monopolist, Vanderbilt, were now about to bear fruit. The swarming forces of the allies seemed to promise him the revenge for which he had so longed waited and he determined at one blow to destroy all of Walker's prospects of success. This contemptible creature—whose heart was in his pocket and whose god was the almighty dollar—had around him other creatures fully as foul and beastly as himself and one of these, named Spencer, piloted a large force of Costa Ricans down the Transit Route, seizing by treachery the posts and calmly looking on at the murder, in cold blood, of fifty of his countrymen by the brutal wretches under his guidance. He did not lift his hand nor utter a word of protest to save these victims of his treachery, but rejoiced at the success with which the Costa Ricans were doing the work of his master, Vanderbilt. Hastening to Greytown, they seized the few steamers of the new Transit Company and with the aid of these vessels and Spencer's treachery succeeded in taking Castillo Viejo, one of the strongest posts upon the route. Walker's two lake steamers were next seized. These vessels had been sent, with only about a dozen men each, as guards, to bring up some reinforcements, and becoming uneasy at their not returning, Walker sent out a yawl with eight men, which also fell into the hands of Mora, who now was in a position to cut off all of Walker's reinforcements.

The allies, to the number of thirty-two hundred men, were fortified at San Jorge, which Walker had evacuated to seize Rivas. In addition to these troops, those who were operating along the Transit Route must be reckoned, and to oppose these thousands, the Filibusters had only seven hundred men, the sick and wounded being included in this number. The situation was desperate and Walker deter-



SPENCER.

mined to try a desperate remedy, though with but little hopes of success. The allies at San Jorge had worked like beavers to strengthen their fortifications, and though the Filibusters attacked them with desperation, yet they effected nothing and drawing off they retired, the allies not leaving their lines to pursue them, and for over thirty days neither party made any hostile movement. A

few reinforcements had collected at Greytown, but were unable to reach Walker, owing to the steamers being in possession of his enemies. At last they found an old hulk that had long been dismantled and lay rotting at her wharf. This they patched up with true American pluck and set sail for Serapiqui, where there was an allied garrison of five hundred men. The post was strongly fortified, but going at it with a rush, the Filibusters drove out the garrison with small loss.

These reinforcements were two hundred in number and were under the command of Colonel Lockridge. Leaving nearly half of his men to garrison Serapiqui, Lockridge made a fatal mistake, for his attack on the fort of Castillo Viejo showed the enemy in heavy force there. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, the Americans had inflicted heavy losses upon the allies and might eventually have captured the post, had it not been for the treachery of an Englishman in command there. His name was Canty and he was no doubt one of the instruments through whom the British operated.

Asking for a truce in order to bury his dead and remove his sick and wounded, it was incautiously granted by Lockridge, and Canty improved the opportunity to send a courier for reinforcements, which fell upon the rear of the Filibusters, when they were engaged with the garrison, and forced them to retreat. Falling back to Greytown, Lockridge, seeing no way of reaching his chief, disbanded his men and they and some new arrivals, three hundred and fifty in all, were taken to New Orleans by a British man-of-war.

But to return to Walker. When forced to retire, after his attack on San Jorge, he had returned to Rivas and here, throughout the months of March and April, (1857), he held out against the combined forces of the allies, now numbering some seven thousand men. Numbers of his men were sick and wounded, his supplies of ammunition were nearly exhausted, his men were subsisting on the flesh of horses and mules, but they doggedly fought on. The bullets fell amongst them thick as the ice pellets in a hail storm, but in the midst of his dead and dying the Filibuster's courage never wavered. Cheering on his men by voice and example, he determined to bury, beneath the ruins of Rivas, at once his golden visions and his last handful of heroic followers.

Day and night the battle raged and one by one his gallant Americans, sons of a long line of heroic sires who had fought as stubbornly on other fields, fell beside him. Worn down by want of

sleep, haggard and gaunt from famine, their clothing shot to pieces and their faces blackened by the smoke of battle, the commander of the United States sloop-of-war, "St. Mary," who entered their works under a flag of truce, read in their blood-shot eyes the determination to fight to the bitter end. Sympathizing with these brave men in their desperate situation, and impelled to admiration of a valor he had never seen equaled, he endeavored to point out to Walker the folly of their course.

"If in my dreams of conquest," said Walker in reply, "I have



EL PASO DEL MUERTE, WHERE WALKER WAS EXECUTED.

been mistaken, I am willing to atone for every mistake with my life blood; more I cannot do."

"Yes," replied the officer, "but remember your men, whom you subject to the same untimely fate."

"I do think of them," said Walker, "I have always thought of them, and I say to them now, in your presence, what I have long ago said to them, that any of them who wishes to surrender, is at liberty to do so. Any or all of them may go if they desire."

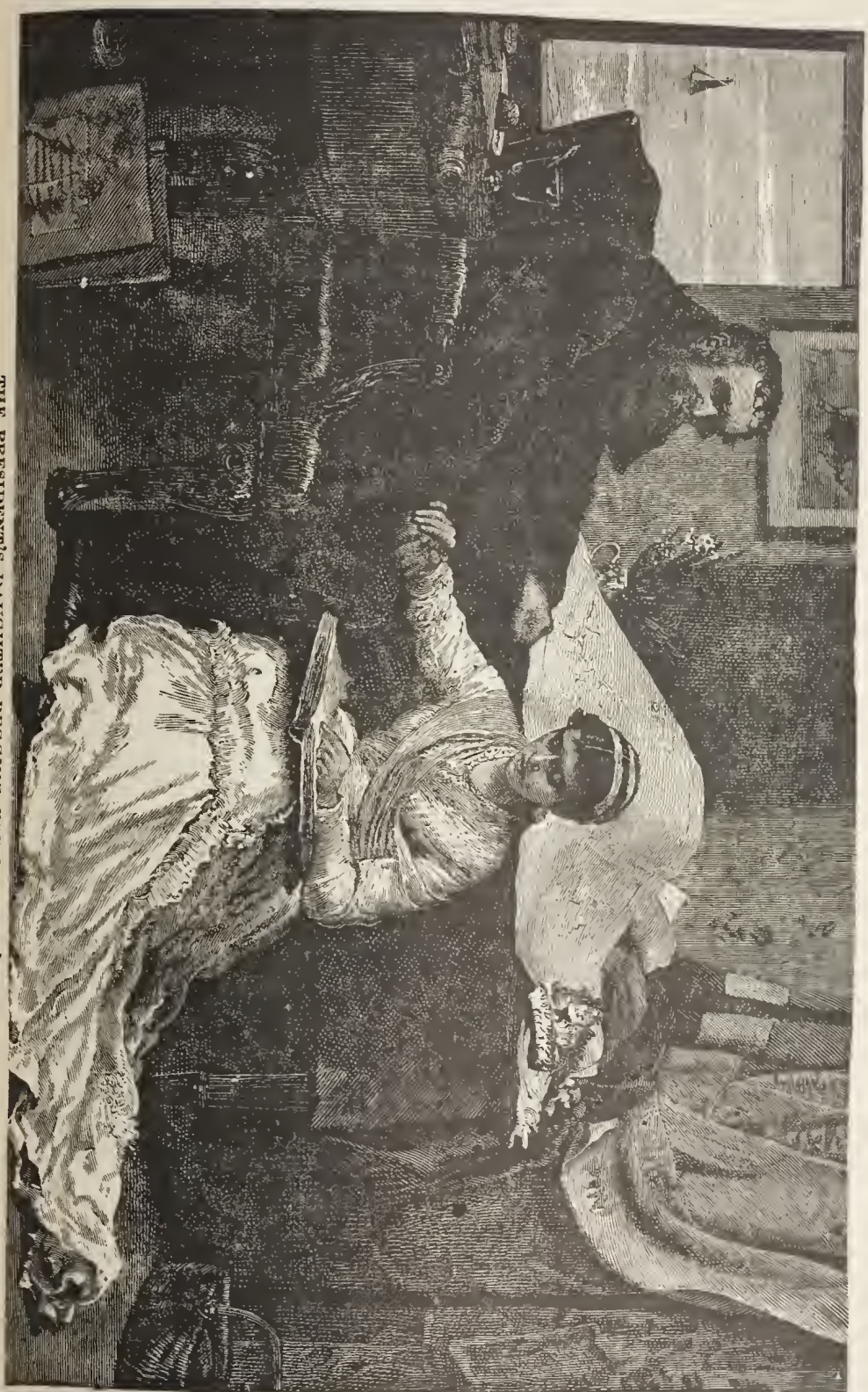
"Never, never!" yelled the men fiercely. Seeing that entreaty was useless, the officer now told the Filibuster that if he remained obstinate it would become his duty to take the schooner, "Granada,"

the last of Walker's flotilla. He then quoted the old-maxim of "he that fights and runs away," and Walker, hoping to still effect his object at a future date, was induced to reluctantly capitulate on the 1st day of May, 1857. On this day he marched out of Rivas with four hundred men all told, and embarking at San Juan del Sur, sailed away from the scene of his glorious dreams and bitter realities. Thus ended the second attempt of the great Filibuster to found an Anglo-American empire amongst the Latin nations of America.

Walker's fatal mistake had been in not holding, with a firm grasp and by all means in his power, the Transit Route upon which his reinforcements, in fact his very existence, so greatly depended. With this under his control, he was insured a rapidity of movement that would have baffled his enemies and enabled him to strike them at any time they detached parties for operations. I know it has been urged that Rivas was a point from which he could readily fall upon the other cities of Nicaragua, but his continual attacks upon fortified places should have taught him that that was only playing into his enemies' hands.

After his capitulation, Commander C. H. Davis, of the "St. Mary," conveyed him and his men to Panama, from whence they made their way to New Orleans. Here the Filibuster was put under bonds to keep the peace, but we find him again in Nicaragua in November, 1857. In December of that year, while preparing for an expedition against Rivas and Leon, he was compelled by Commodore Paulding, of the United States Navy, to surrender himself and one hundred and thirty-two followers and they were carried to New York as government prisoners. Buchanan was then President of the United States, and being advised by the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General that the arrest of these men on foreign soil was illegal, he declined to prosecute them and they were discharged from custody.

Nothing but misfortune seems now to have followed Walker, who had lost his golden opportunity. The star of his destiny had begun its decline and was soon to set in the black night of Fate. In October, 1858, he sailed from Mobile in a schooner without having obtained clearance papers and was brought to off the mouth of the Mississippi and carried a prisoner into New Orleans. Here he was again prosecuted and again triumphantly acquitted and in June,



THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER BEGGING FOR WALKER'S LIFE.

1860, he sailed from New Orleans with a few followers for Truxillo, in the State of Honduras.

He was captured in the vicinity of Truxillo and tried on a charge of treason and inciting rebellion. His condemnation was, from the



WALKER'S BETROTHED.

first, a foregone conclusion and he was sentenced to be shot. It is said that the daughter of the President begged him for mercy for the condemned man; quoting from the divinest of books, but all

in vain, the blessings which are offered to the merciful and the happiness which shall be theirs who show it. When led out to execution he marched with as firm a port as if to ball or battle. On his lips was a smile as peaceful as that which wreathes the roseate mouth of a sleeping child and in his clear, gray eyes shone the light of a courage that even death could not daunt. To his followers; strong, bearded men in tears, he spoke a few cheering words, then bade them a last adieu and faced his executioners. Dropping to the ground the handkerchief with which they proposed to bind his eyes, he told them that he had faced death too often to fear it now, and throwing back his head, he lightly touched his heart with the fingers of his right hand and said calmly, "fuego," (fire), his eyes fixed in a wistful gaze upon the setting sun.

What were his thoughts at that supreme moment none but the heroic can guess. They might have been regrets for his vanished empire and his faded visions; they might have been wandering toward the busy city beside the Golden Gate, where life had been to him a blaze of perpetual excitement; they might have lingered lovingly upon some dear one, who would wait in anguish and in tears for the hero who would never come again; or they might have been the sad remembrances of those comrades who had preceded him into the silent, shadowy realm—only this we know, that in them was naught of fear.

As the word of command fell from his lips a line of rifles was levelled, there was a flash, one loud simultaneous report of a dozen rifles and the Filibuster chief lay stretched upon the sands. Thus perished, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, the Pioneer American Filibuster, William S. Walker.

CHAPTER XXII.

COUNT RAOUSSET-BOULBON.

A FRENCH FILIBUSTER——A FORGOTTEN PAGE OF AMERICAN HISTORY——A POOR NOBLE——A BRAVE MAN——RUMORS——A CONFESSION——AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY——GASCONY——A SHREWD GUESS——UPS AND DOWNS——EVERYBODY'S FRIEND——A SUNNY DISPOSITION——A SCHEME——TAYLOR, THE GAMBLER ——A FRIEND IN NEED——THE COUNT LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO——A NOVEL PROPOSITION——ACCEPTED——PLANS OF ACTION——RECRUITS——IN ARIZONA —— A WILY COMMANDER —— MEXICAN JEALOUSY —— FRIGATE CAPTURED——BOUGHT OFF——RETURNS TO CALIFORNIA——RICH AND HAPPY—— TAYLOR'S FRIENDSHIP——SAILS FOR FRANCE——BELL, OF TENNESSEE.

There is a chapter of the history of the Pacific Slope that seems to have escaped the grasp of the historian and even of the newspaper, that more persistent gatherer of small parts and parcels of biography and adventure of which the mosaic work of history is composed. The disposition of a people to gossip and to collect bits of scandal, news and personal biography is in perfect proportion to their ability to make true and minute histories. The French possess these traits in a high degree and we know a thousand times more of the history of Napoleon than that of Wellington; the English being a more reserved nation and not given to recording their impressions of men and things in the agreeable, chatty manner of their more mercurial neighbors across the channel.

In America there has developed a profession, called interviewing, which has for its object the ferreting out and depicting for the benefit of the reading public, the qualities, opinions and daily habits of celebrated and notorious persons and this, together with the immense collection of biographical and autobiographical sketches which fill the columns of our present periodical literature, will afford to the future chronicler the richest of materials for reliable history. It is a pity that these sources of information did not earlier exist, so that fuller biographies of the border pioneers, filibusters and other Western notables might have been obtained. As it is we are in many

cases obliged to content ourselves with the meagre accounts that yet survive time's Lethean touch.

In the early days of the great gold excitement, there arrived in San Francisco a young, handsome and distinguished looking French-



COUNT RAOUSSET-BOULBON.

man, who was known amongst his acquaintances as the Count Raousset de Boulbon. His bearing was noble and but few doubted his claim to the title of Count. He admitted that he was poor and did not think that the avowal was at all discreditable. He had come to

California to gain money—"would he leave fair France for *any* other object?" he asked with a shrug of his shoulders that would anywhere have proclaimed his nationality. He was willing to turn his hand to anything to obtain money;—if he could barber, well; if he could black boots, still well; the gold would wash off the stains of the labor and with the wealth thus acquired he could buy back his ancestral home in Gascony. This was the province of his birth; this sunny land of vines and flowers that has furnished to our language a term for braggadocio and to the world so many of her adventurers and soldiers of Fortune.

When the whole of Europe was one immense battle-ground, to be a Gascon was to be a boaster, but unlike the braggart of other nations, the sword of the Gascon made good the bravado of his tongue and the man of words, in peace, became the man of deeds, when action was necessary. Raousset-Boulbon, descended from this strain, but wanting their boastfulness, was as brave as a lion, as gentle as a child, and the bearded miner and the burly "hound" soon learned to respect this man, whose words were soft as the sigh of a maiden, but whose strong right arm could deal a blow or handle a pistol, knife or sword with the best of them.

In regard to him a hundred rumors filled the camps and the city wherever he went. It was whispered of him that he was of royal birth. A charming countess, it was said, unable to resist the suit of a crowned head, had for a time gone into retirement and the count was the fruit of her imprudence. In a darkened chapel, on a stormy night, the chamberlain of a mighty monarch, young, brave and warlike, had stood sponsor for the puny infant, which afterward bore the name of our hero. Others said that he was a mere adventurer, the son of the gutter, born of the slime of Parisian alleys and educated in the school of European knavery.

He was, said these, the offspring of a noted novelist, and a lovely coryphee of the variety stage, who had, for a short time, reigned in his capricious heart, until displaced by a fresher rival. The boy, according to this account, was reared and educated at the father's expense and had remained in Paris until the latter was unable to longer endure his continual extravagances, and he had procured the youth a ticket for America, gave to him a few thousand francs, kissed him upon either cheek—after the manner of Gallic fathers—bestowed his benediction and told him to go to the devil. As the

nearest point of debarkation for the home of that much-abused personage he had selected San Francisco, and at this point of the narration, all of the auditors would loudly applaud the shrewdness of his selection and chuckle long and loudly at this exhibition of threadbare wit.

Another faction said the man was just what he claimed to be; neither more nor less. He was a Frenchman and a count, for counts were no great rarity in France. His tale, they said, was true, so far as it went, but, they added mysteriously, it didn't go far enough. He was, in their opinion, a sort of spy and was looking out for a foothold on the slope for his people, who had become jealous of the spread of the American Republic. They had got some pointers (*pinters* they called them) and a few days would show folks whether they were right or wrong. He was a shrewd one and they wouldn't be surprised at any time to see him backed up by the whole French fleet, loaded down with little monkey-looking marines.

Ludicrous as this last surmise in regard to the aims and motives of the count may seem, it was probably nearer to the truth than any of the other tales, except that of the count himself.

To one of his bosom friends, like himself self-exiled from the sunny land of sparkling vintages, the count would sometimes whisper confidentially of a maiden, fairer than the first blushes of the virgin morning, whose joyous eyes had laughed into his own and whose voice, with its heavenly melody, had sunk into his heart. "She will be *Madame le Comptesse*, when I have, in this California, my object attained." And then, with true Gallic devotion, he would bring out from near his heart a little ringlet of hair, whose golden auburn tinge would shame the lustre of the brightest nugget that ever the auriferous placers of California yielded to the miner's toil.

This demoiselle was a cousin—a French cousin, very, very far removed—and had been his little playmate and sweetheart since they were children. She was a little angel—"*tres charmant, mon ami, parole d'honneur!*" as he would aver. The love of the gentle maiden had twined around his simple but manly heart and in the *cafes* and upon the *boulevards* of Paris, as well as in the mines of California and amidst the iniquities of San Francisco, had kept it fresh and pure; so full of its tender worship that nothing vile might intrude. It was easy to believe that a being, who could inspire

so true a sentiment, was everything that the enthusiastic count claimed for her, and surely no poet's inamorata ever had a more faithful chronicler. "She sang like Saint Cecelia, she played like a *maestro*, she painted like Titian," according to the count.



BOULBON AND HIS BETROTHED.

How he longed for the day when, seated near her he should once more drink in the solace of her beauty and his ear and his heart should be gladdened with the liquid notes of her mellow tones. Then he should be happy—that would be paradise—and it would

repay him for all of his toil, all of his danger and all of his homesickness in this far-away land of the stranger. Yes, that would be paradise, and she, the angel of his Eden. Thus would the poor fellow rave of the little Marie, who waited with a heart as true and as pure as his own, for this son of chivalrous, but braggart Gascony.

His struggles to acquire the fortune with which he was to redeem his lost estates were many, manly and pitiable from their continual failure. He worked in the mines, but made barely a living, though he labored as long and as hard as any of his more robust comrades. He turned his Gallic taste for the culinary arts to advantage and the gay gallant, who in ladies' boudoirs had listened to joyous madrigals, with a paper cap on his head and the traditional apron around his waist, made delicious little *entrees* and enticing *buillons* for a frontier hotel. Here he accumulated a little money, but this was soon gone. The count was everybody's friend; no invalid appealed to him in vain; no peripatetic beat—of which delectable specimen San Francisco furnished a multiplicity—"struck him" for "the few pennies necessary to get him a lodging for the night" and was denied, and so the money he had industriously saved to start a *cafe*, evaporated. A homesick "hoosier," with tears in his eyes, begged him to give him the ten dollars he lacked of having enough "ter git back ter Injianny with," and with a mingled pity and contempt, the count drew forth the last of his hoard and bestowed it, saying: "It is too little for me to do anything with, take it, I am yet young, I am strong, I am a man," and he turned on his heel penniless, avoiding the thanks of the creature, whose form proclaimed him a man, but whose words and tears bespoke him a caricature upon that "paragon of animals."

So the count gravitated between the ups and downs of that strange delirious existence that rendered San Francisco a paradise to some and a hades to others. At one time he was in the trough of Fortune's waves, at another time he was borne almost to their crested summits, but Fate seemed determined never to gratify the gallant gentleman in his aspirations. Notwithstanding his many reverses, he never murmured; like noble Horatio, he was truly "equal to either fortune." Light hearted, as when a joyous child, he had flown his kite amidst the floating clouds of his lovely Gascon skies, or wandered amongst her gently sloping hills and flowery vales, the

count continued his search for the ever-fleeing Fortune. In the summer of 1852 matters were at their lowest ebb with the Gascon. The golden delirium had begun to subside and the numbers of disappointed miners rushing in from the hills filled every situation; strong men often working for their board. At this time the count



CHILDHOOD OF COUNT RAOUSSET-BOULBON.

often went hungry to his couch and sometimes had neither bed nor meal. Still he was uncomplaining and as debonnair as ever. Had he mentioned his want, a hundred purses would have been at his disposal, for everyone had come to admire and like the brave Gascon. This, however, he could not bring himself to do; he did not know

when he could repay it and he could not accept an alms. When the worst came to the worst, he could die, but he—the descendant of men who had fought upon the burning sands of Syria and Palestine in the ranks of the Crusaders—could never beg.

At last his fate came to him. In October of that year, (1852), he went to an acquaintance, a Kentucky gambler named Taylor, and gently calling him to one side said, in his quaint, broken English, with its strange idioms and its Latin accents: "Mistare Taylor, you have often to me offer money and I must confess, that I several times have need it much, but I not know how I shall evair repay it you, so I must refuse, though I often have for a day or two nothing eat and nowhere but upon the streets slept—but that is nothing," and here he smiled gaily, as if it was a very enjoyable frolic to be without bed or board. "But now, Mistaire Taylor," he said earnestly, "I shall myself to you application make, if you have the money to now spare—at last, sair, my fortune, she have smiled upon me," and here he shut his eyes, spread out his hands and made, with his lips, that caressing motion so peculiar to his race, when they wish to express ecstatic joy, "I shall either get back my home or I shall die like my forefathers, a brave man. Very soon I shall be able to repay you it, or I shall be dead and between brave men that must cancel all debt." With the generosity of his class, Taylor lent him the money, pressing him to take all that he needed and angry that he had permitted himself to suffer while his friends had money and were living in luxury. "That is but nothing, *mon brave*," said the Gascon, "it shall be what you call the—the reminiscence, when I am once more in Gascony—I shall think of it all, many times.—this strange land—this California. You will come with me and we will grow old together and talk of our life in the mines—everywhere." The next morning after an affectionate farewell, the count, mounted upon a good, serviceable steed and armed with saber, rifle and revolver, rode out of San Francisco toward the South. His disappearance was a nine day's wonder and then he ceased to be a topic of conversation; other affairs replacing the sunny-hearted count in the rapid succession of events, which blessed (or cursed) California.

Taylor was twitted by a "sure thing" gambler—who had seen him give money to the Gascon—with being a sucker to lend money to a fellow who couldn't even keep the money he worked hard for, and

was answered by the open-hearted fellow with the scorn he deserved. "Look here" he said, "if it had been you, I'd have refused the money d——d quick, but the Frenchman is a white man and a gentleman, every inch of him, and as you wouldn't dare to tell him that he was a beat if he was here, so you won't find it safe to say so to me." With this rebuke he turned off and left the "short trick" operator to his meditations.

When he left San Francisco, the count had matured a plan of action that, after long deliberation, he felt sure would be successful. After many perilous adventures he made his way to the City of Mexico and laid his plans before the government. He had noticed, he said, that the Indians in Sonora, by their continual raids and marauding, had rendered life so unsafe that it must eventually be abandoned. From being a very productive State, it had already become almost a waste and in a few years it would cease to support any save those who could live by hunting, as the growing crops and domestic stock of the haciendas were being continually destroyed. This he was confident could be remedied and with all due modesty he believed that he could bring about, in a short time, a very different state of affairs from that at present existing there. At any rate he was willing to risk his life, if the government would risk the paltry sum of two hundred thousand francs and the arms necessary to outfit his followers. Convinced by his earnest and honest demeanor, the government agreed to place at his command the money and arms necessary and furnish him with ten thousand men. To this proposition the count replied that he had been educated at the French military school, had seen some service and had already matured his plans of action. Their men he did not want; they would only be in his way, but if they would give him the means and arms required he would immediately set about the task.

He wanted, so he informed them, men, but men upon whom he could depend and those men he wished to be as nearly as was possible situated like himself and not overmuch in love with life. He knew where he could secure as many Frenchmen as he would need, and being a Frenchman himself, he would better understand them than men of any other nationality. According to his terms, he returned to California and enlisted in his enterprise a sufficient number of his countrymen and again entering Sonora, proceeded to carry out his contract. With him it was, as the steeple-chaser puts

it, "a winning leap or a broken neck," and as is the case with almost everything undertaken by the desperate, it proved a success. Examining carefully the topography of the State, he began his campaign by marking out certain parallels running east and west and he drove the Indians from one to another of them, until he had almost cleared the country of its savage marauders.

He began by making the Indians fear him. He asked for nothing, he demanded everything. He took no prisoners. Every soul found in a hostile camp must perish. He struck at any and all times, when least expected. His battles were continual surprises. If an Indian surrendered, by coming into his camp, he made him guide him secretly to the strongholds of his comrades and thus prove his faith by his works. To the ferocity of the savage he added the broader wisdom and greater shrewdness of the white man and he kept his enemies so continually on the move that they were unable to supply themselves with game and as much almost from hunger and thirst, as from fear of this gentle Frenchman turned, from policy and circumstances, a human tiger, they abandoned Sonora and fled northward to other mountain fastnesses.

The merchants and the owners of the large haciendas hailed the count as a savior, and for fear he might be forced to abandon the good work, raised him supplies of money and commissaries. His success had made him popular with all classes of adventurers and he enlisted quite a number, intending to drive every savage from the borders of the State, but the Mexican government, becoming alarmed at his rapidly accumulating power, sent a frigate to blockade the port from which he drew his supplies. Secretly encouraged by the Sonorans, the Gascon captured the man-of-war, upon which the government sent General Blanco with a large force, which overpowered the gallant Frenchman.

Even after they had him a prisoner the Mexicans, alarmed at the mutterings of the people of Sonora, made a treaty with the Frenchman, and in order to secure an amicable adjustment of the difficulty, paid him a large amount of money to leave the country. At last fortune had smiled upon his brave and long continued struggle against adversity, and with a sum of money variously estimated at from two hundred and fifty thousand to one million dollars, the Gascon returned to San Francisco. Seeking his friend, Taylor, the grateful count endeavored to force large sums upon him; all of

which the gambler refused. All he asked was to have charge of the Gascon until he could obtain a passage to the shores of France, as he feared that his generosity would be taken advantage of to rob him, and at last he saw him safely on board of a French vessel and sailing out toward that Golden Gate, through which had passed so many burdens of human joy and human sorrow. As the proud ship, like some snowy-winged bird, gracefully sped upon her onward way, the setting sun burst from behind a mass of sombre clouds and cast a golden halo on sea and ship and shore.

Whether he went back to his lonely mother, the once beautiful coryphee; or to his father, upon whose brow rested the dazzling crown of an empire; whether he returned to the splendid offices of State; or whether, in sunny Gascony, he once again inhabited the castle of his sires and gathered around him the triple household blessings of "wife, children and friends," we may never learn, but it was the wish of every one who knew the gentle Gascon that the sun-burst which greeted his outward sailing ship might be typical of a brightness which perpetually waited on his after voyage of life.

In regard to the surmises of a certain class of his commentators, that his mission was a political one, it may be well to state that no less a personage than the far-seeing and patriotic Senator Bell, of Tennessee, entertained somewhat similar notions in regard to the count's adventures in Sonora and so expressed himself in the Senate of the United States; calling the attention of his colleagues to this adventurer and denouncing his actions as a jealous attempt of France to check the aggression of the Americans in that direction and to set up for themselves a colonial power, which might eventually absorb the rest of Mexico and perhaps Central America. The fact that this soldier of fortune enlisted only Frenchmen in his scheme and, later, the attempt of Louis Napoleon to establish an empire in Mexico, give color to the assertions of the Tennessee Senator.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COLONEL JAMES BOWIE.

THE TEXAN ERA——WHY PLACED IN THIS DEPARTMENT——AARON BURR'S DUEL ——DREAMS OF EMPIRE——THE BOWIE KNIFE——THE PIRATE LAFITTE—— AN INDIAN FIGHT——A FIERCE STRUGGLE——SAVAGES RETREAT——IN THE TEXAN ARMY——AT SAN ANTONIO——CROSS-PURPOSES——HOUSTON'S LINE OF DEFENSE——IN FEEBLE HEALTH——A DEVOTED BAND——THE FATAL 6TH OF MARCH, 1836——THE ALAMO SURROUNDED——HOW HEROES DIE—— BOWIE'S NOBLE DEFENSE——MEXICAN MURDERERS——A GLORIOUS DEATH.

The two most distinguishing traits of the American pioneer, a love of adventure and a desire for colonization, were never more strongly exhibited, than in the movement which began by planting colonies in Texas, and which culminated in the conquest and annexation of that country. That this spirit early possessed the descendants of the pioneers, is shown by the fact, that as early as the time of Aaron Burr, there was an anxiety to extend the American dominion over the Spanish possessions, east of the Rio Grande. The acute mind of Jefferson clearly perceived, that if Burr ever meditated treason against the United States, it was very speedily merged into the all absorbing desire—which took possession of him —to seize and colonize the territory alluded to.

Whether Burr intended to set up on the American continent an empire, something after the fashion of Louis Napoleon at a later day, can only be matter for conjecture, but had he not been betrayed by Wilkinson, there can be no doubt but that he would have led a band of hardy Americans to dispossess the Spaniard of Texas. The treachery of his associate and the hostility of the same spirit in the East which afterward decried the Mexican war, broke up his plans, scattered his associates and left him a political wreck, without influence or following.

His duel with Alexander Hamilton, about which there has been more sentimental bosh and twaddle written, than about any other event in American history, offended a class of politicians who had determined to build up, in the United States, an aristocracy of office—

holders; which, could it have been effected, would have eventually subverted all republican simplicity, and along with it would have destroyed all save the mere semblance of liberty and popular goverment. At the head of this movement was Alexander Hamilton, a man of considerable financial ability and some talents, but base, cold and cowardly. Aaron Burr was his opposite in almost everything. He was warm, impulsive, magnetic and essentially a man of the people. Brave to a fault, his temper was quick and his passions but poorly restrained, and this unfortunate combination of hot blood and high temper led to the perpetration of grievous faults, of which Burr himself felt the enormity and which caused him immeasurable anguish and remorse. It is but fair to say that he never, even in the slightest degree, regretted his duel with Hamilton, into which he was forced by the contemptible slanders of the latter; a cold, selfish libertine, far more guilty than the victim of his attack.

When, by his animadversions and accusations, he had forced Burr to send him the fatal challenge, the coward spirit of the traducer trembled with fearful presentiments. He had hounded the man, whose ruined fame and broken fortunes seemed to make it safe, until he had forced him to assert himself and now he quailed with dastardly fear before his righteous wrath. In speaking of their meeting upon the lonely shore of the river—on that cold, gray morning, that was to be the last of earth for one of them—Burr said, years after: "As we met, I looked at him full in the face, but he turned pale, trembled, and couldn't meet my eye, and then I knew I had him." The sequel is well known. Hamilton fell, and Burr, under the persecution of the powerful spirit before alluded to, became a shadow among men; as powerless and almost as unreal. To others was left the task he had assumed and well did they carry out the plans of fate; the fruition denied to him, not being withheld from the gallant spirits which succeeded him.

In the department of the Pacific slope, we have placed the deeds of the Texan heroes, since the conquest of Texas and that of California and New Mexico, are parts of one era, and the spirit that led to the annexation of Texas, provoked the conflict with Mexico, in which that republic was curtailed of so large a portion of her territory. In the course of time we should, in any event, have become possessed of the territory west of the Rockies, but had it not been

for the conquest of Texas, it is doubtful if the occupation of "the slope" would have been so speedily attempted, or so easily carried out. Of the national morality of these conquests and their effect upon after events, we shall not speculate. Certain it is, however, that the very political party that most strenuously opposed the acquisition of further territory, has been most greatly benefitted by it. Thus it is easy to see how blind are the most sapient of the politicians, in regard to matters yet in the future. Providence has certainly smiled upon this attempt to show the divinity of the doctrine of "manifest destiny," and if "the end justifies the means," this robbery of a weaker neighbor would seem to have been merely the carrying out of the predestined plans of Fate.

So much have we considered the Texan and Californian epoch one and the same, that we have seen no necessity for assigning to them separate classifications, but have joined them in this department of our work, since they are almost identical in point of time, character and incentive. Of Oregon, a part of the Pacific seaboard, we have said nothing, that being the only portion of our great republic which was acquired by the uneventful method of discovery; all of the rest having been purchased or won in battle.

James Bowie was a native of Georgia, but removed as early as 1802, with his family, to Chatahoula Parish, Louisiana, where he resided until his expedition to Texas, from which he never returned. Contrary to the generally received opinion, Bowie was a delicate man, of mild manners and averse to bloodshed, but when roused by insult or injury, his courage was desperate. It has been usual to picture him as a typical desperado, ever ready to impose a quarrel, or join in a melee. Novelists have described him as a robust giant, whose prowess with the knife which bears his family name, was miraculous, and ascribe the very invention of that knife to an encounter in which he had broken his sword and found the shortened blade an admirable weapon.

The truth is, that Rezin P. Bowie, his brother, invented the knife, and its length, shape and temper, were the results of accident. Fashioning a knife for hunting purposes, he chose a blacksmith's rasp, on account of the admirable quality of its steel, and from it the most formidable of all close-quarter weapons was manufactured. The exact length of the original bowie knife, was nine and a quarter inches, and its blade one and a half inches wide. Its length and

weight made it a weapon with which either a cut or thrust might be delivered, and in a measure, it answered the end of both a sabre and a dagger. Making himself a second one, the original was by him presented to his brother James, with the words: "You may some time find it useful. Should the occasion ever come, you may depend upon its temper and its strength."

It was not long after, that the occasion did come. Bowie had been waylaid and badly wounded and knowing that at any time another attack might occur, he went constantly prepared. On the 10th day of September, 1827, Bowie with a few friends met his antagonist, Norris Wright, similarly accompanied, upon a sand-bar in the Mississippi River and the combat immediately opened. Bowie, at the first fire, fell with a serious wound in the hip and Wright advanced rapidly upon him in order to finish his dreaded antagonist. It was now that his brother's gift proved itself worthy of all the praise that had been bestowed upon it. Wright thought that his shot had deprived his enemy of all power of resistance and rushing too carelessly upon the fallen man, Bowie made an upward thrust with his knife and Wright fell dead beside him. Thus in pure self-defense the terrible weapon was christened in human blood and from that day has been known as the Bowie-knife. Two others were killed in this fight. This was the first and only time the knife was ever used by either of the Bowies in duel with a human foe; in fact Rezin Bowie always claimed that neither of them had ever fought a regular duel, since the meeting above described was a chance one.

After Lafitte had been driven from Barataria, he established his piratical rendezvous on Galveston Island, where the ruins of his fort may still be seen, and from him the Bowie brothers were accustomed to purchase African slaves fresh from the tropical coasts of that country. One lot of these, numbering one hundred, escaped from Bowie one night and flying westward through the tangled cane-brakes and the terrible thickets, made good their escape, and it is no doubt from these negroes that many of the Mexicans as well as the black Kickapoo Indians obtained their sable tinge. Bowie was a member of the celebrated expedition known as "Long's Expedition," which occurred in 1819, and from thenceforth James Bowie was a citizen of the section afterwards denominated Texas. On the 5th day of October, 1830, he became a naturalized citizen of Mexico,

at Saltillo, and in a short time afterward married, at San Antonio, a Sigñorita Veramundi, daughter of the Vice-Governor.

A happy marriage seems not to have tamed the adventurous spirit of this pioneer and in November, 1831, we find him, his brother Rezin, seven other Americans and two negroes starting from San Antonio to search for the old silver mines of San Saba. The expedition was destined to produce more of excitement than of precious metal, for before they reached the old Mission of San Saba, they were surrounded by a war party of Caddo and Tehuacana Indians, one hundred and sixty-four in number. Nothing was left to the Americans but to entrench as best they might and fight as desperately as possible for their lives. A slight depression in the ground



RUINS OF LAFITTE'S FORT ON GALVESTON ISLAND.

was selected and as hastily as possible a slight breast-work covered them in a measure from the savages. The latter, seeing that they were nearly twenty to one, closed in on them at a swift circling gallop, but loosing half a dozen of their men at the first volley from the whites, they soon withdrew beyond reach of their bullets.

In a short time, however, they again came sweeping on to the charge, only to meet with a similar reception and to retire as before, with several dead and wounded. Every stratagem of savage warfare was put in force, but still the little band of heroes held out. Laying flat in the tall grass, they crawled as slyly as snakes toward the breast-works, when the whites arose and being thus enabled to see their foes, picked them off by the dozen. At last they rose to the charge when

the whites sank to the ground and slaying their chiefs, again repulsed them. The combat had lasted for hours and the plain was dotted with Indian corpses, while within the little fort, if it may be so dignified, was but one dead and one wounded man. The Indians,



BOWIE'S FIGHT WITH THE CADDO AND TEHUACANA INDIANS.

despairing of capturing the party by assault, now set fire to the high grass, determined to follow its fierce and irresistible rush and finish at one blow their flying enemy, but even in this they were doomed to disappointment. For a few minutes the fire rushed with fearful

velocity toward the heroic whites, but just when it seemed as if escape were impossible, the wind changed and the smoke and flame were driven full into the faces of the rapidly advancing savages. Thrown into the utmost confusion, they had only time to fire a hasty volley, which wounded two men of the whites, and they turned in flight. Into their densely packed and bewildered masses the Americans poured volley after volley and the combat was at an end. Regaining their horses the Indians fled, leaving their dead upon the field. The fight had lasted for hours, and nearly one half of the savage assailants lay dead. The expedition to the mines, however, was at an end Bowie returned to San Antonio.

During the stirring events of 1832, Bowie was prominent upon the scene and in August of that year, was at Nacogdoches and, after the surrender of Piedras, took charge of the prisoners and conveyed them to San Antonio, from whence they were sent on to Tampico. In 1838 he was with the army of Texas and was second in command at the battle of Concepcion. At this time Bowie was Fannin's superior in rank; the latter bearing a captain's commission, while the former had attained to the rank of colonel. To satisfy some private pique, however, Austin had sent Fannin out in command of the party of reconnoisance and Bowie, to avoid all embarrassments and unwilling to be made the tool of petty jealousies on the part of Houston, resigned his commission on the 2nd of November.

After the capture of San Antonio, Bowie was with the army at Goliad for a time, but had left that point before receiving Houston's order to organize forces for a descent on Matamoras, and the order never reached him. It was well known that Houston was opposed to any movement against Matamoras and everyone thought that his order to Bowie was only intended to harrass Johnson and Grant, who were preparing for a march to the Rio Grande. Upon the return of Bowie to Goliad, in 1836, he met Houston there, on the 16th day of January, and Houston sent him back to San Antonio with imperative orders to Colonel Neil to dismantle the fort there and to retire promptly to the east side of the Guadeloupe River, which Houston intended making his line of defense. Had this order been obeyed, it would have prevented the terrible massacre of the Alamo, in the succeeding march, but Bowie found, instead of Neil, that Travis was in command at San Antonio and acting, as he said, under

special orders of Governor Smith or Lieutenant-Governor Robinson. Bowie's health at this time was very feeble, and when Santa Anna sat down before San Antonio, he with the other Texans entered the ill-fated Alamo, from which not one of that heroic band was ever to emerge. During the siege, when Travis asked that all who were willing to die with him should place themselves upon a certain line, every man responded instantly. Bowie, lying sick upon his cot, asked that it be carried into the line along with his gallant comrades and this was done. The rest is the property of the world. It is the struggle of heroes against numbers so great that even courage as undying as their's could not make head.

On the 23d day of February the action began and on the 6th of March it terminated in the death of every one of the gallant Americans. Bowie's death was the apotheosis of his heroic life and was doubtless just such as he would have chosen. When the oncoming hordes of the Mexicans swept into and through the battered breaches in the walls of the Alamo, they found Bowie stretched upon his cot, his life fast ebbing away from the attacks of his dread disease, consumption. With an unqualing eye he looked on the approaching death and seizing his pistols he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Two of the cowards who dashed toward him, fell beneath his steady aim and then he grasped the trusty knife that had served him so well upon that sandy battle-ground on the far-off Mississippi. The blood of the hero for a moment gave him strength and the noble steel was plunged into the bodies of three of his murderers, before his gallant spirit took its flight from that frail tenement, now pierced by almost a hundred wounds.

This, in brief, is the history of James Bowie: those who would read it in detail will find it written in stirring episodes from his boyhood home in Georgia, to the mountain chains of old Mexico. His deeds of daring would of themselves fill volumes and in none of them do we find a single trace of the braggart, the tyrant or the desperado. His life had been that of a hero, his death was not less glorious and well may he be ranked with the pioneers of freedom in the annals of the grand State of the Lone Star.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS—THE HERO OF THE ALAMO.

SCHOOL TEACHER AND LAWYER——IN TEXAS——ESCAPES ARREST——A CAPTURE ——HOUSTON'S ERROR——IN COMMAND AT SAN ANTONIO——ASKS FOR REINFORCEMENTS——BRAVE AND SKILLFUL——HIS DETERMINATION——A CALL FOR AID —— THE DOOMED ALAMO —— A NOBLE MEXICAN —— THE FINAL CHARGE——HEROIC DEFENDERS——THE ALAMO TAKEN——A BLOODY MASSACRE——MAJOR EVAN'S DARING——DEATH OF TRAVIS——THE TRAGEDY OVER——INHUMAN VENGEANCE——A RUDE BUT HEROIC MONUMENT——STIRRING INSCRIPTIONS.

William Barrett Travis, the "Hero of the Alamo," was born in North Carolina, but his parents removed to Alabama while he was but a child and here he remained until he had become a grown man. In early life he taught school and while engaged in this profession studied that of law. Like many another pedagogue, one of his pupils to whom he gave lessons in the English branches, taught to him the rudiments of the art of love and they were finally married. Travis at this time was about twenty-six years of age, was a fine looking man, about six feet high, and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds. His hair was light, his eyes blue, his beard slightly auburn, his complexion fair and his face round. He was only twenty-eight years old when he met his tragic fate at the Alamo. On joining his fortunes with that of his adopted State, Texas, Travis was sent to San Felipe, but remained only a short time and returning, was elected Major of artillery. Smith now ordered Travis to San Antonio. Here he made every arrangement that a brave and skillful leader could, to receive the enemy that was about to overwhelm him with an avalanche of numbers. On the 24th of February, 1836, he wrote the following proclamation: "To the people of Texas and all Americans in the world. Fellow citizens and compatriots: I am besieged by a thousand or more Mexicans, under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The

enemy have demanded a 'surrender at discretion,' or that the garrison will be put to the sword when taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then I call upon you, in the name of liberty, patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with dispatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily and will doubtless in a few days be increased to three or four thousand. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier, who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. *Victory or death.*"



STORMING OF THE ALAMO.

On the 3rd of March he wrote to the convention at Washington, "I am still here, in fine spirits and well to do. With one hundred and forty-five men I have held the place against a force variously estimated at from 1,500 to 6,000 and I shall continue to hold it until I get relief from my countrymen or I will perish in its defense. * * * * * A blood-red banner waves from the church in Bexar and in the camp above us, in token that the war is one of vengeance against rebels, * * * * * * God and Texas! Victory or death!"



MONUMENT ERECTED

—TO—

THE HEROES OF THE ALAMO,

AND NOW STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STATE HOUSE AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SHAFT—NORTH FRONT.—To the God of the fearless and free is dedicated this altar made from the ruins of the Alamo. March 6th, 1836, A. D.

INSCRIPTION ON THE WEST FRONT.—Blood of Heroes hath stained me; let the stones of the Alamo speak that their immolation be not forgotten. March 6th, 1836, A. D.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SOUTH FRONT.—Be they enrolled with Leonidas in the host of the mighty dead. March 6th, 1836, A. D.

INSCRIPTION ON THE EAST FRONT.—Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none. March 6th, 1836, A. D.

In a private letter Travis writes to an intimate friend: "Take care of my little boy. If the country should be saved I may make him a splendid fortune; but if the country should be lost and I should perish, he will have nothing but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country." No aid came, and closer and closer pressed on the clouds of Mexicans. On the tenth day all hopes of succor were abandoned, and drawing with his sword a line across the main room of the building, Travis requested all that were willing to die for Texas to cross the line to him, while any who desired to surrender or attempt escape to remain on the other side. Every man crossed over to Travis, and the gallant Bowie, who was swiftly dying of consumption, had his friends carry the cot upon which he lay over the line of death.

There was no craven amongst the one hundred and forty-five men that the fortunes of war or the intangible nets of Fate had dragged together in the fatal old Catholic Mission. Under the lead of the gallant Castrellon, a Mexican hero, who deserved a nobler fate than to be associated with such creatures as Santa Anna and Ugartechea, the Mexicans, on the 6th day of March, 1836, advanced to the final charge. Twice were they driven back by the deadly shower of grape, cannister and rifle balls that poured its fury into their ranks, and twice were they rallied by their brave leader. Re-forming his men for the third time, their dense masses surged up to and over the fortifications and, like a gigantic wave, swept away its feeble but heroic garrison.

It had been agreed that, when further resistance seemed useless, any surviving Texan should fire the magazine and involve friend and foe in irretrievable ruin. Major Evans, torch in hand, was just in the act of firing the fuse when he fell dead, shot through by twenty bullets. The tragedy was over. The Alamo was in the hands of the Mexicans and not a single survivor lived to tell the tale of its heroic defense.

Riddling the lifeless bodies with balls, the human hyenas piled them together and partly burned them, thus wreaking their inhuman vengeance upon the dead.

CHAPTER XXV.

ELLIS P. BEAN AND OTHERS.

A YOUNG ADVENTURER——LEAVES HOME——SHIPWRECKED——GOES TO TEXAS ——CAPTURED——CHAINED——IN PRISON——A UNIVERSAL GENIUS——SHOEMAKER, HATTER AND QUARRYMAN——HIS ESCAPE——BETRAYED——RECAPTURE——BUILDS POWDER MILLS——GAINS HIS LIBERTY——WITH THE PATRIOT-PRIEST, MORELOS——BRAVE AND NOBLE——EMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES——SAILS WITH LAFITTE——SERVES AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS——VISITS HOME——INDIAN AGENT FOR TEXAS——HIS MARRIAGE ——OTHER HEROES.

The career of this Texan hero and pioneer is one of the most romantic imaginable. Born of respectable parentage, he was a native of the State of Tennessee and early discovered an inclination for roving and adventure. He was but sixteen years of age when he determined to cut loose from his home moorings and start out for himself on the voyage of life. He succeeded in persuading his father, a man in very comfortable circumstances, to outfit for him a flatboat with such produce as was suited to the river trade, and set out with the highest of hopes. At the Muscle Shoals he met with his first mishap, and it was one that would have dampened the ardor of most boys, but by Bean it was received as one of the inevitable changes of fortune. At these rapids, through some mismanagement of the boat it was capsized and the cargo went by a rapid stage to the bottom of the river, leaving its owner with only the few dollars with which he had been provided by his prudent parents.

Having set out to seek his fortune, Bean had no idea of retracing his steps at the very first calamity and he continued down the river until he had reached Natchez. Here he found a company of men under command of Philip Nolan, even then well known in the Lone Star State, about to start for Texas to engage in the capture of Mustang horses. It was just such a venture as suited the brave and hardy youth, and he became one of the number. His dash and good humor were soon recognized and he was unanimously elected as second officer, and the expedition set out. They reached Texas

and were proceeding peaceably about their business when the Spaniards, who always entertained a hatred of the republican Americans, pursued and overtook them near the block-house, which stood upon the present site of Tehuacana. This occurred on the 21st day of March, 1801.

The Spaniards, under command of the infamous Musquis, fired



ELLIS P. BEAN.

upon them and Nolan fell dead. Bean was now in command of his comrades and proposed to make a fight, declaring his confidence in their ability to whip the enemy, but he was opposed by all of his men and at last, though bitterly opposed to it, surrendered; having received the most positive promises of good treatment and that they should be sent with an escort to Natchez and there released.

The sequel shows how much dependence could be placed in the word of these treacherous scoundrels.

They were marched under a heavy guard to the Nacogdoches, and at that point were chained together in couples and marched on, first to San Antonio and then to the Rio Grande. It was the custom of the Spaniards to frequently move their prisoners from one prison to another, doubtless for fear that they might be able to corrupt their guards or perfect means of escape if left any considerable length of time in one place. At each of the different prisons, Bean, who had never learned any trade, but whose mechanical genius was of the highest order, followed a different avocation to obtain the money necessary to enable him to live with any degree of comfort. At San Louis Potosi he was a shoemaker. Here he was detained for more than twelve months.

He was next taken to Chihuahua and here he followed the hatter's trade, and his hats were so superior to all others, whether made there or imported, that he enjoyed a monopoly of this branch of business. After remaining some time at Chihuahua, Bean was removed to Acapulco and here he learned that the Spaniards were in despair since they could find no one to prepare and set fuses for government quarries there. He at once let them know that at that particular business he had no equal in the Western Hemisphere, and was speedily employed to superintend these works. The truth is, that Bean had never made nor set a fuse in his life, but he trusted to his ingenuity to carry him through, and having mastered the Spanish language, he thought he could have a better chance of escape from his open air employment.

In the first part of his attempt he succeeded admirably, and the Spaniards were immensely pleased with his knowledge of the business, but he made a lamentable failure in his attempted escape. He easily eluded his guard and escaping to a vessel lying in the harbor, he secreted himself in a large cask, but was betrayed by the Portugese cook, who true to the instincts of his race, was happy at being the instrument of condemning to unmerited misery an innocent man. Again he was locked into his gloomy cell and felt that he was farther from liberty than ever. A white lizard that he had succeeded in taming, frisked around joyously on his return and even this evidence of affection was grateful to the lonely captive.

Supposing the prisoner—who was by turns a hatter, shoemaker and preparer of fuses—to be a universal mechanic, the Mexicans removed him from his cell to enable him to prepare for them the machinery for the manufacture of powder. It is almost useless to say that this ingenious man readily accomplished this task. Again he was returned to his cell by the careful Spaniards, who had no idea of giving a single chance of escape to so serviceable a prisoner.

In 1811-12 the revolution was in full blast and Bean was offered his liberty and a commission in the line, if he would enlist in the Royal army. Thinking treachery toward such infamous scoundrels, as his oppressors, no crime, he at once accepted the proposition with the full determination, as he always avowed, of going over to the rebels at the very first opportunity. This was not long in offering and Morelos, the brave and patriotic priest, gave him a hearty welcome. To the struggling revolutionists, who needed everything, the bravery, talent and ingenuity of such a man as Bean was a god-send and Morelos did not hesitate to avow his admiration for and appreciation of the young American.

Brave as a lion in action, Bean never lost his coolness or his prudence and speedily rose to the rank of colonel, gaining each step of this promotion upon the field. When not fighting he was building powder mills, preparing the foundries necessary for casting cannon and the armories and machinery for turning out small arms and ammunition. He was given command of the troops who were besieging Acapulco, where he was so long imprisoned and where he first essayed his blasting operations. When he captured the city his generosity in the treatment of its garrison was in marked contrast to that which he had received from his cowardly captors. By this manly course he won the admiration of all; both friend and foe.

In the autumn of 1814 the revolutionists, who were fighting to free their country from the Spanish yoke, sent Bean to the United States to intercede for aid and recognition from the American Republic. At Nautla, Bean found one of the pirate Lafitte's ships, the "Tiger," under command of Captain Dominic, and sailed in her to Barataria. It was at this place that Bean first heard of the war between England and the United States, and he and Lafitte determined to visit General Jackson, who was then at New Orleans. The coast being blockaded by the British, the two daring men penetrated through the swamps, bayous and lagoons and thus made their way to the headquarters of "Old Hickory."

The old hero knew Bean well and favorably and he was at once placed in charge of a battery, and to the pirate a command was also assigned, and in the great and eventful battle that soon fol-



JEAN LAFITTE—THE PIRATE.

lowed, both acted gallant parts. The noble looking Lafitte, a man of desperate valor, almost wiped away the stain which his piracy had left upon his name and Bean, of course, proved himself worthy of

his former deeds. Owing to the troubled condition of affairs in the States, Bean was forced to return without meeting with the success he had hoped for. Sailing for his adopted country in another of Lafitte's vessels, he returned the following year, accompanied by the patriotic Herrara.

In 1818 Bean visited his parents in Tennessee and lingered some time at his boybood's home. Still restless, he next went to



STEPHEN F. AUSTIN.

Arkansas, but after a short stay in that State, went as a colonist to Texas and settled at Mound Prairie. In 1825, after the overthrow of Spanish dominion in Mexico, Bean went thither and was most cordially received by his old republican companions-in-arms who ever retained a warm affection for him. His commission as colonel was restored to him and he was appointed Indian agent for Texas,

to which State he returned and where, in 1832, he built Fort Teran, on the Neches River.

Here his services were invaluable to the Americans during the struggle, in 1836, as by his firm policy the Indians of East Texas remained quiet spectators of affairs. He was a personal and intimate friend of Houston, but after the conclusion of the revolution, again returned to Mexico, where he had, during his adhesion to the



SAM. HOUSTON.

army of the republic, married a lovely lady, then a refugee in his camp; her property having been sequestered by the royal party, on account of her sentiments of devotion to the Republic. After the conclusion of the revolution, when the Mexicans had gained the day, his wife recovered her large estates and the hero spent his declining years at her hacienda, near the city of Jalapa.

Here, after a long course of eventful deeds and filled with honor, the evening of his life passed quietly by and here, on the 3rd day of October, 1846, he died.



HOUSTON AT TALLAPOOSA.

The pioneer heroes of Texas are too numerous for us to give extended sketches of each. It would take more pages than this history of pioneers could spare, to recount the exploits of such men as

brave Edward Burleson, "the hero of thirty battles and not a single retreat." Of Houston, grim, tyrannical, but brave and devoted. Every American is already familiar with his strange and eventful history. Of Ewen Cameron, who in early youth left the shores of "bonnie Scotia," and who fell in far-off Texas, a victim to the murderous hate of infamous Canalis. Of noble, modest Fannin, whose only ambition was to serve his country, and who, on the fatal Palm Sunday that followed the disaster at Colita, when told that if he would kneel his life would be spared, answered: "If I wished for life I would not kneel, but I do not desire it since my men have been murdered—do your worst." Of Jean Lafitte, "the Pirate of the Gulf," who killing a rival in a duel in Charleston, became a buccaneer, and in 1810 established his fort at Barataria. In 1811 Governor Claiborne, of Louisiana, offered a reward of $500 for his head, and the pirate retaliated by offering $5,000 for that of Claiborne. In 1812 he was offered and refused a commission in the British navy and in 1814 was driven from Barataria by Commodore Patterson. In 1815 his gallant conduct in defense of New Orleans procured a full pardon for all his crimes. In 1817 he established himself on Galveston Island, with a commission from the Mexican government and the title of Governor of Galveston. His men disobeying his orders, to respect American vessels, he was warned, in 1821, by Lieutenant Harney, of the brig "Enterprise" of the American navy, and calling together his men, he paid all of them what was due them, selected one hundred of the bravest, and in his favorite ship, the "Pride," sailed forever from the Texas coast and died in Silan, Yucatan, in 1826. He rendered to Texas many and important services.

Every school history and geography contains a sketch of the gallant chevalier, Robert de LaSalle, the brave Norman, who, educated as a priest, became illustrious as an adventurer, and who was of all pioneers, the first in Texas. His vicissitudes, his exploits and his melancholy death belong to history and are too well known to need repetition. Benjamin R. Milam—the "Hero of San Antonio"—noble "old Ben," stern and incorruptible; who lived a patriot and who died a hero, needs no further record than the history of his deeds within the heart and upon the tongue of every Texan.

These and many other names are all written deeply upon the hearts of their countrymen, and while the human mind dwells with pride upon heroic deeds and god-like courage, they will never fade from the deathless rolls of fame.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DAVY CROCKETT.

A GALLANT SOUL——A YOUTH OF POVERTY——BOYISH HARDSHIPS——HOMESICK——HIS EDUCATION——RUNS AWAY——HIS RETURN——HIS LABOR——COURTSHIPS——MARRIAGE——A SOLDIER——A POLITICIAN——GOES TO THE LEGISLATURE——ELECTED COLONEL——BECOMES A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE ——IN CONGRESS——HIS READY WIT——A YANKEE TRICK——ELECTIONEERING——GOES WEST——HIS DEFEAT——LAST SPEECH TO HIS CONSTITUENTS ——STARTS FOR TEXAS——THE THIMBLE RIGGER——THE BEE HUNTER——IN THE ALAMO——CASTRELLON, THE NOBLE MEXICAN——A TERRIBLE DRAMA ——DEATH OF CROCKETT.

This hero was the first of American humorists who made popular the vein afterward enlarged upon by Artemus Ward and his imitators. Brave as a demi-god and gentle as a woman this man seems to have possessed all the virtues of the one without any of the weaknesses of the other. His whole career typifies these extremes of his gallant soul and his gayety and his daring serve to show us

"How mirth is mixed with madness
And laughter linked to tears."

One of the purest and noblest of those heroic souls who perished in that grand sacrifice of the Alamo, fate seems to have led him on, step by step, to this goal of honor and liberty that a fitting climax might end and crown a life without a stain and without a fear.

David Crockett was born in the eastern part of Tennessee on the 17th day of August, 1786, when the Indians still roamed over a portion of that State and committed their midnight murders and other atrocities. One of his uncles was a captive with the Creek Indians for eighteen years; his infirmities, he being a deaf mute, rendering it almost impossible for him to effect his escape. Crockett's childhood and youth possessed more than the usual share of trouble, but he surmounted all of them in a manly way.

In 1809, having married, he moved across the mountains to Lincoln County, where he remained two years and from there went to Franklin County. While living here the war of 1812 broke out and in

1813 the Indians, stirred up by the British emissaries, began hostilities. At the first call for recruits Crockett volunteered under Andrew Jackson and distinguished himself as a spy, scout and



DAVID CROCKETT.

sharp-shooter. His wife having died during his term of service, Crockett married again and was now elected magistrate, and from the necessity which arose for a knowledge of legal forms, obtained

the best part of his education. He studied hard to understand the duties of his office and to perform them honestly and conscientiously. His next office was that of colonel of militia, which at that time was an important position. He was next elected to the State Legislature, where he performed his duties with the good, common sense that in every phase of life distinguished him.

Loosing what money he had accumulated, by a disastrous fire, Crockett moved farther West. While in his new location he followed his favorite sport of bear hunting with renewed relish, and many of these animals fell beneath his deadly aim. Once when out of ammunition he was forced to cross a stream known as Rutherford's Fork to obtain a fresh supply. It was in the dead of winter and the stream had flooded a large extent of country, rendering its passage both difficult and dangerous. So nearly frozen was Crockett when he had made his way by wading, swimming and ferrying himself over on a log, that he was scarcely able to move. He was gone for three days and when he had, with scarcely less difficulty, made his way back, he found that his family had given him up for dead. Entering politics again he met with alternate success and discomfiture, and about this time his wife, thinking that there was money in flatboating to New Orleans, advised him to try it and much against his judgment he did so. On his way down the turbulent current of the Mississippi both of his two large boats were wrecked and Crockett, partially undressed, barely escaped with his life. Returning on a steamer to Memphis, he again reached home a poorer, sadder and wiser man, having forsworn navigation in all its shapes, except that unavoidable one of crossing ferries.

At the next election he again entered the race for Congress, and in spite of all of the wire-working of the politicians and the money spent by the corruptionists, he was triumphantly elected. Reports of his wit and humor had preceded him to the national capital and wherever he went he found himself a noted personage. His originality and good sense enabled him to extend his celebrity and his fame was soon spread over the whole country. He was welcomed in every society and his adaptability prevented him from making any of the numerous blunders, into which a man of less judgment would have fallen. He served two terms in Congress, was beaten the third, through the Jackson influence, but again elected the succeeding term and made a tour of the northern cities, where he

created quite a furore and his visit was a continual round of dinners and festivities. At Baltimore he was presented with a magnificent rifle.

Returning to his native State, he again offered for Congress, but his opponents, by an unscrupulous use of money and in various nefarious ways succeeded, in spite of all of his popularity, in defeating him. Assembling his former constituents, Crockett pointed out to them whither the country was drifting when the votes of its citi-



SANTA ANNA.

zens could be purchased and when bribery became an open instrument in politics. In concluding this farewell address, he told the people that they might, if they did not like his plain manner of speech, go to the devil and that he would go to Texas. This was in the autumn of 1835 and he at once started for his destination. Making his way after many difficulties and adventures to that State, he finally entered the fatal fortress of the Alamo, where he was welcomed by the bravest band of heroes that ever held a forlorn hope against the overwhelming numbers of injustice and tyranny. The bee hunter

and the poor thimble rigger, comrades he had enlisted in the noble cause, fell in one of the desperate sallies of the garrison during the early part of the siege. Both fought like lions and died like heroes. The bee hunter was sadly missed by the garrison, to whom his sweet lays had so often brought cheer, and all remembered the song, which he had frequently told them was the last his sweetheart ever sang to him, just before he left her. Its sadness had ever brought a momentary gloom, which was soon dissipated by some roystering martial chorus, but now its wierd and solemn refrain haunted all:

"Home came the bridle all bloody to see,
Home came horse and saddle, but never came he."

Her song had proved a prophetic chaunt and far to the south, by the old Catholic mission of the Alamo, the brave and noble young fellow had given his life for the god-like cause of liberty.

It is said, that in the desperate extremity of the gallant Texans, the noble Castrellon, whose honor and nobility of soul is the only bright spot on the bloody back-ground of infamy and murder that characterized the Mexican conduct of this war, went repeatedly to the cowardly and brutal Santa Anna, who was shivering with fear behind an adobe house, five hundred yards from the fortifications, and asked him for mercy for the brave Texans.

"I have told you," said the dastard "that every one of them must die; not a single one shall be spared." Castrellon's place was to obey orders however repugnant they might be, and like a hero he led his men for the last time to the assault. The terrible drama was at an end. The Alamo was captured and all of its garrison were corpses. Amongst them was gentle, brave and noble David Crockett. During the siege his rifle had slain scores of the Mexicans and at the supreme moment he stood like a lion at bay, rending his foes. Around his mangled body were found the corpses of a dozen of the enemy, who had fallen by his single hand. In death his lips wore the simple smile of childhood and at last the brave, but restless spirit of the mighty hunter was at peace. His noble life of usefulness and honesty had been crowned with the heroe's death in a cause where the brave and noble had offered themselves as a sacrifice to the brutality of tyranny and numbers. In the glorious hecatomb of freedom's victims can be found no more shining name than that of David Crockett.